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RODERICK HUDSON.

VIII.

PROVOCATION.

ABOUT a month later, Rowland addressed to his cousin Cecilia a letter of which the following is a portion:—

... "So much for myself; yet I tell you but a tithe of my own story unless I let you know how matters stand with poor Hudson, for he gives me more to think about just now than anything else in the world. I need a good deal of courage to begin this subject. You warned me, you know, and I made rather light of your warning. I have had all kinds of hopes and fears, but hitherto, in writing to you, I have resolutely put the hopes foremost. Now, however, my pride has forsaken me, and I should like hugely to give expression to a little comfortable despair. I should like to say, 'My dear wise woman, you were right and I was wrong; you were a shrewd observer and I was a meddlesome donkey.' When I think of a little talk we had about the 'salubrity of genius,' I feel my ears tingle. If this is salubrity, give me raging disease! I'm pestered to death; I go about with a chronic heart-ache; there are moments when I could shed salt tears. There's a pretty portrait of the most placid of men! I wish I could make you understand; or rather,

I wish you could make me! I don't understand a jot; it's a hideous, mocking mystery; I give it up! I don't in the least give it up, you know; I'm incapable of giving it up. I sit holding my head by the hour, racking my brain, wondering what under heaven is to be done. You told me at Northampton that I took the thing too easily; you would tell me now, perhaps, that I take it too hard. I do, altogether; but it can't be helped. Without flattering myself, I may say I'm sympathetic. Many another man before this would have cast his perplexities to the winds and declared that Mr. Hudson must lie on his bed as he had made it. Some men, perhaps, would even say that I am making a mighty ado about nothing; that I have only to give him rope and he will tire himself out. But he tugs at his rope altogether too hard for me to hold it comfortably. I certainly never pretended the thing was anything else than an experiment; I promised nothing, I answered for nothing; I only said the case was hopeful, and that it would be a shame to neglect it. I have done my best, and if the machine is running down I have a right to stand aside and let it scuttle. Amen, amen! No, I can write that, but I can't feel it. I can't be just; I can only be generous. I love the poor fellow and I can't give him up. As for understand-

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ing him, that's another matter; nowadays I don't believe even you would. One's wits are sadly pestered over here, I assure you, and I'm in the way of seeing more than one puzzling specimen of human nature. Roderick and Miss Light, between them! . . . Have n't I already told you about Miss Light? Last winter everything was perfection. Roderick struck out bravely, did really great things, and proved himself, as I supposed, thoroughly solid. He was strong, he was first-rate; I felt perfectly secure and sang private pæans of joy. We had passed at a bound into the open sea, and left danger behind. But in the summer I began to be puzzled, though I succeeded in not being alarmed. When we came back to Rome, however, I saw that the tide had turned and that we were close upon the rocks. It is, in fact, another case of Ulysses alongside of the Sirens; only Roderick refuses to be tied to the mast. He is the most extraordinary being, the strangest mixture of qualities. I don't understand so much force going with so much weakness — such a brilliant gift being subject to such lapses. The poor fellow is incomplete, and it is really not his own fault; Nature has given him the faculty out of hand and bidden him be hanged with it. I never knew a man harder to advise or assist, if he is not in the mood for listening. I suppose there is some key or other to his character, but I try in vain to find it; and yet I can't believe that Providence is so cruel as to have turned the lock and thrown the key away. He perplexes me, as I say, to death, and though he tires out my patience, he still fascinates me. Sometimes I think he has n't a grain of conscience, and sometimes I think that, in a way, he has an excess. He takes things at once too easily and too hard; he is both too lax and too tense, too reckless and too ambitious, too cold and too passionate. He has developed faster even than you prophesied, and for good and evil alike he takes up a formidable space. There's too much of him for me, at any rate. Yes, he is hard; there is no mistake about that. He's inflexible, he's brit-

tle; and though he has plenty of spirit, plenty of soul, he has n't what I call a heart. He has something that Miss Garland took for one, and I'm pretty sure she's a judge. But she judged on scanty evidence. He has something that Christina Light, here, makes believe at times that she takes for one, but she is no judge at all! I think it is established that, in the long run, egotism makes a failure in conduct: is it also true that it makes a failure in the arts? . . . Roderick's standard is immensely high; I must do him that justice. He will do nothing beneath it, and while he is waiting for inspiration, his imagination, his nerves, his senses must have something to amuse them. This is a highly philosophical way of saying that he has taken to dissipation and that he has just been spending a month at Naples — a city where 'pleasure' is actively cultivated — in very bad company. Are they all like that, all the men of genius? There are a great many artists here who hammer away at their trade with exemplary industry; in fact I am surprised at their success in reducing the matter to a steady, daily grind: but I really don't think that one of them has his exquisite quality of talent. It is in the matter of quantity that he has broken down. The bottle won't pour; he turns it upside down; it's no use! Sometimes he declares it's empty — that he has done all he was made to do. This I consider great nonsense; but I would nevertheless take him on his own terms if it was only I that was concerned. But I keep thinking of those two praying, trusting neighbors of yours, and I feel wretchedly like a swindler. If his working mood came but once in five years I would willingly wait for it and maintain him in leisure, if need be, in the intervals; but that would be a sorry account to present to them. Five years of this sort of thing, moreover, would effectually settle the question. I wish he were less of a genius and more of a charlatan! He's too confoundedly all of one piece; he won't throw overboard a grain of the cargo to save the rest. Fancy him thus with all his brilliant personal charm, his hand-

some head, his careless step, his look as of a nervous nineteenth-century Apollo, and you will understand that there is mighty little comfort in seeing him in a bad way. He was tolerably foolish last summer at Baden Baden, but he got on his feet, and for a while he was steady. Then he began to waver again, and at last toppled over. Now, literally, he's lying prone. He came into my room last night, miserably tipsy. I assure you, it didn't amuse me. . . . About Miss Light it's a long story. She is one of the great beauties of all time, and worth coming barefoot to Rome, like the pilgrims of old, to see. Her complexion, her glance, her step, her dusky tresses, may have been seen before in a goddess, but never in a woman. And you may take this for truth, because I'm not in love with her. On the contrary! Her education has been simply infernal. She is corrupt, perverse, as proud as the Queen of Sheba, and an appalling coquette; but she is generous, and with patience and skill you may enlist her imagination in a good cause as well as in a bad one. The other day I tried to manipulate it a little. Chance offered me an interview to which it was possible to give a serious turn, and I boldly broke ground and begged her to suffer my poor friend to go in peace. After a good deal of finessing she consented, and the next day, with a single word, packed him off to Naples to drown his sorrow in debauchery. I have come to the conclusion that she is more dangerous in her virtuous moods than in her vicious ones, and that she probably has a way of turning her back which is the most provoking thing in the world. She's an actress, she couldn't forego doing the thing dramatically, and it was the dramatic touch that made it fatal. I wished her, of course, to let him down easily; but she desired to have the curtain drop on an attitude, and her attitudes deprive inflammable young artists of their reason. . . . Roderick made an admirable bust of her at the beginning of the winter, and a dozen women came rushing to him to be done, *mutatis mutandis*, in the same style. They were all

great ladies and ready to take him by the hand, but he told them all their faces did n't interest him, and sent them away vowing his destruction!"

At this point of his long effusion, Rowland had paused and put by his letter. He kept it three days and then read it over. He was disposed at first to destroy it, but he decided finally to keep it, in the hope that it might strike a spark of useful suggestion from the flint of Cecilia's good sense. We know he had a talent for taking advice. And then it might be, he reflected, that his cousin's answer would throw some light on Mary Garland's present vision of things. In his altered mood he added these few lines:—

"I unburdened myself the other day of this monstrous load of perplexity; I think it did me good, and I let it stand. I was in a melancholy muddle, and I was trying to work myself free. You know I like discussion, in a quiet way, and there is no one with whom I can have it as quietly as with you, most sagacious of cousins! There is an excellent old lady with whom I often chat, and who talks very much to the point. But Madame Grandoni has disliked Roderick from the first, and if I were to take her advice I would wash my hands of him. You will laugh at me for my long face, but you would do that in any circumstances. I am half ashamed of my letter, for I have a faith in my friend that is deeper than my doubts. He was here last evening, talking about the Naples Museum, the Alcibiades, the bronzes, the Pompeian frescoes, with such a beautiful intelligence that doubt of the ultimate future seemed blasphemy. I walked back to his lodging with him, and he was as mild as midsummer moonlight. He has the ineffable something that charms and convinces; my last word about him shall not be a harsh one."

Shortly after sending his letter, going one day into his friend's studio, he found Roderick suffering from the grave infliction of a visit from Mr. Leavenworth. Roderick submitted with extreme ill grace to being bored, and he

was now evidently in a state of high exasperation. He had lately begun a representation of a *lazzarone* lounging in the sun; an image of serene, irresponsible, sensuous life. The real *lazzarone*, he had admitted, was a vile fellow; but the ideal *lazzarone*—and his own had been subtly idealized—was a precursor of the millennium.

Mr. Leavenworth had apparently just transferred his unhurrying gaze to the figure.

"Something in the style of the Dying Gladiator?" he sympathetically observed.

"Oh no," said Roderick seriously, "he's not dying, he's only drunk!"

"Ah, but intoxication, you know," Mr. Leavenworth rejoined, "is not a proper subject for sculpture. Sculpture should not deal with transitory attitudes."

"Lying dead drunk is not a transitory attitude! Nothing is more permanent, more sculptural, more monumental!"

"An entertaining paradox," said Mr. Leavenworth, "if we had time to exercise our wits upon it. I remember at Florence an intoxicated figure by Michael Angelo which seemed to me a deplorable aberration of a great mind. I myself touch liquor in no shape whatever. I have traveled through Europe on cold water. The most varied and attractive lists of wines are offered me, but I brush them aside. No cork has ever been drawn at my command!"

"The movement of drawing a cork calls into play a very pretty set of muscles," said Roderick. "I think I will make a figure in that position."

"A Bacchus, realistically treated! My dear young friend, never trifle with your lofty mission. Spotless marble should represent virtue, not vice!" And Mr. Leavenworth placidly waved his hand, as if to exorcise the spirit of levity, while his glance journeyed with leisurely benignity to another object—a marble replica of the bust of Miss Light. "An ideal head, I presume," he went on; "a fanciful representation of one of the pagan goddesses—a Diana,

a Flora, a naiad or dryad? I often regret that our American artists should not boldly cast off that extinct nomenclature."

"She is neither a naiad nor a dryad," said Roderick, "and her name is as good as yours or mine."

"You call her"—Mr. Leavenworth blandly inquired.

"Miss Light," Rowland interposed, in charity.

"Ah, our great American beauty! Not a pagan goddess—an American, Christian lady! Yes, I have had the pleasure of conversing with Miss Light. Her conversational powers are not remarkable, but her beauty is of a high order. I observed her the other evening at a large party, where some of the proudest members of the European aristocracy were present—duchesses, princesses, countesses, and others distinguished by similar titles. But for beauty, grace, and elegance my fair countrywoman left them all nowhere. What women can compare with a truly refined American lady? The duchesses the other night had no attractions for my eyes; they looked coarse and sensual! It seemed to me that the tyranny of class distinctions must indeed be terrible when such countenances could inspire admiration. You see more beautiful girls in an hour on Broadway than in the whole tour of Europe. Miss Light, now, on Broadway, would excite no particular remark."

"She has never been there!" cried Roderick, triumphantly.

"I'm afraid she never will be there. I suppose you have heard the news about her."

"What news?" Roderick had stood with his back turned, fiercely poking at his *Lazzarone*; but at Mr. Leavenworth's last words he faced quickly about.

"It's the news of the hour, I believe. Miss Light is admired by the highest people here. They tacitly recognize her superiority. She has had offers of marriage from various great lords. I was extremely happy to learn this circumstance, and to know that they all had been left sighing. She has not been

dazzled by their titles and their gilded coronets. She has judged them simply as *men*, and found them wanting. One of them, however, a young Neapolitan prince, I believe, has after a long probation succeeded in making himself acceptable. Miss Light has at last said yes, and the engagement has just been announced. I am not generally a retailer of gossip of this description, but the fact was alluded to an hour ago by a lady with whom I was conversing, and here, in Europe, these conversational trifles usurp the lion's share of one's attention. I therefore retained the circumstance. Yes, I regret that Miss Light should marry one of these used-up foreigners. Americans should stand by each other. If she wanted a brilliant match we could have fixed it for her. If she wanted a fine fellow—a fine, sharp, enterprising modern man—I would have undertaken to find him for her without going out of the city of New York. And if she wanted a big fortune, I would have found her twenty that she would have had hard work to spend: money down—not tied up in fever-stricken lands and worm-eaten villas! What is the name of the young man? Prince Castaway, or some such thing!”

It was well for Mr. Leavenworth that he was a voluminous and imperturbable talker; for the current of his eloquence floated him past the short, sharp, startled cry with which Roderick greeted his “conversational trifle.” The young man stood looking at him with parted lips and an excited eye.

“The position of woman,” Mr. Leavenworth placidly resumed, “is certainly a very degraded one in these countries. I doubt whether a European princess can command the respect which in our country is exhibited toward the obscurest females. The civilization of a country should be measured by the deference shown to the weaker sex. Judged by that standard, where are they, over here?”

Though Mr. Leavenworth had not observed Roderick's emotion, it was not lost upon Rowland, who was making

certain uncomfortable reflections upon it. He saw that it had instantly become one with the acute irritation produced by the poor gentleman's oppressive personality, and that an explosion of some sort was imminent. Mr. Leavenworth, with calm unconsciousness, proceeded to fire the mine.

“And now for our Culture!” he said, in the same sonorous tones, demanding with a gesture the unveiling of the figure, which stood somewhat apart, muffled in a great sheet.

Roderick stood looking at him for a moment with concentrated rancor, and then strode to the statue and twitched off the cover. Mr. Leavenworth settled himself into his chair with an air of flattered proprietorship, and scanned the unfinished image. “I can conscientiously express myself as gratified with the general conception,” he said. “The figure has considerable majesty, and the countenance wears a fine, open expression. The forehead, however, strikes me as not sufficiently intellectual. In a statue of Culture, you know, that should be the great point. The eye should instinctively seek the forehead. Could n't you heighten it up a little?”

Roderick, for all answer, tossed the sheet back over the statue. “Oblige me, sir,” he said, “oblige me! Never mention that thing again.”

“Never mention it? Why my dear sir”—

“Never mention it. It's an abomination!”

“An abomination! My Culture!”

“Yours indeed!” cried Roderick.

“It's none of mine. I disown it.”

“Disown it, if you please,” said Mr. Leavenworth sternly, “but finish it first!”

“I'd rather smash it!” cried Roderick.

“This is folly, sir. You must keep your engagements.”

“I made no engagement. A sculptor is n't a tailor. Did you ever hear of inspiration? Mine is dead! And it's no laughing matter. You yourself killed it.”

“I—I—killed your inspiration?”

cried Mr. Leavenworth, with the accent of righteous wrath. "You're a very ungrateful boy! If ever I encouraged and cheered along any one, I'm sure I've done so to you."

"I appreciate your good intentions, and I don't wish to be uncivil. But your encouragement is — superfluous. I can't work for you!"

"I call this ill-humor, young man!" said Mr. Leavenworth, as if he had found the damning word.

"Oh, I'm in infernal humor!" Roderick answered.

"Pray, sir, is it my infelicitous allusion to Miss Light's marriage?"

"It's your infelicitous everything! I don't say that to offend you; I beg your pardon if it does. I say it by way of making our rupture complete, irretrievable!"

Rowland had stood by in silence, but he now interfered. "Listen to me," he said, laying his hand on Roderick's arm. "You are standing on the edge of a gulf. If you suffer anything that has passed to interrupt your work on that figure, you take your plunge. It's no matter that you don't like it; you will do the wisest thing you ever did if you make that effort of will necessary for finishing it. Destroy the statue then, if you like, but make the effort. I speak the truth!"

Roderick looked at him with eyes that still inexorableness made almost tender. "You too!" he simply said.

Rowland felt that he might as well attempt to squeeze water from a polished crystal as hope to move him. He turned away and walked into the adjoining room with a sense of sickening helplessness. In a few moments he came back and found that Mr. Leavenworth had departed — presumably in a manner somewhat portentous. Roderick was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

Rowland made one more attempt. "You decline to think of what I urge?"

"Absolutely."

"There's one more point — that you should n't, for a month, go to Mrs. Light's."

"I go there this evening."

"That too is an utter folly."

"There are such things as necessary follies."

"You're not reflecting; you're speaking in passion."

"Why then do you make me speak?"

Rowland meditated a moment. "Is it also necessary that you should lose the best friend you have?"

Roderick looked up. "That's for you to settle!"

His best friend clapped on his hat and strode away; in a moment the door closed behind him. Rowland walked hard for nearly a couple of hours. He passed up the Corso, out of the Porta del Popolo and into the Villa Borghese, of which he made a complete circuit. The keenness of his irritation subsided, but it left him with an intolerable weight upon his heart. When dusk had fallen, he found himself near the lodging of his friend Madame Grandoni. He frequently paid her a visit during the hour which preceded dinner, and he now ascended her unilluminated staircase and rang at her relaxed bell-rope with an especial desire for diversion. He was told that, for the moment, she was occupied, but that if he would come in and wait, she would presently be with him. He had not sat musing in the firelight for ten minutes when he heard the jingle of the door-bell and then a rustling and murmuring in the hall. The door of the little salon opened, but before the visitor appeared he had recognized her voice. Christina Light swept forward, preceded by her poodle, and almost filling the narrow parlor with the train of her dress. She was colored here and there by the flickering firelight.

"They told me you were here," she said simply, as she took a seat.

"And yet you came in? It's very brave," said Rowland.

"You are the brave one, when one thinks of it! Where is the padrona?"

"Occupied for the moment. But she's coming."

"How soon?"

"I have already waited ten minutes; I expect her from moment to moment."

"Meanwhile we are alone?" And she glanced into the dusky corners of the room.

"Unless Stenterello counts," said Rowland.

"Oh, he knows my secrets — unfortunate brute!" She sat silent awhile, looking into the firelight. Then at last, glancing at Rowland, "Come! say something pleasant!" she exclaimed.

"I have been very happy to hear of your engagement."

"No, I don't mean that. I have heard that so often, only since breakfast, that it has lost all sense. I mean some of those unexpected, charming things that you said to me a month ago at Saint Cecilia's."

"I offended you, then," said Rowland. "I was afraid I had."

"Ah, it occurred to you? Why have n't I seen you since?"

"Really, I don't know." And he began to hesitate for an explanation. "I have called, but you have never been at home."

"You were careful to choose the wrong times. You have a way with a poor girl! You sit down and inform her that she is a person with whom a respectable young man cannot associate without contamination; your friend is a very nice fellow, you are very careful of his morals, you wish him to know none but nice people, and you beg me therefore to desist. You request me to take these suggestions to heart and to act upon them as promptly as possible. They are not particularly flattering to my vanity. Vanity, however, is a sin, and I listen submissively, with an immense desire to be just. If I have many faults I know it, in a general way, and I try on the whole to do my best. '*Voyons*,' I say to myself, 'it is n't particularly charming to hear one's self made out such a low person, but it is worth thinking over; there's probably a good deal of truth in it, and at any rate we must be as good a girl as we can. That's the great point! And then here's a magnificent chance for humility. If there's doubt in the matter, let the doubt count against one's self. That is what Saint

Catherine did, and Saint Theresa, and all the others, and they are said to have had in consequence the most ineffable joys. Let us go in for a little ineffable joy!' I tried it; I swallowed my rising sobs, I made you my courtesy, I determined I would not be spiteful, nor passionate, nor vengeful, nor anything that is supposed to be particularly feminine. I was a better girl than you made out — better at least than you thought; but I would let the difference go and do magnificently right, lest I should n't do right enough. I thought of it a deal for six hours when I know I did n't seem to be, and then at last I did it! *Dio buono!*"

"My dear Miss Light, my dear Miss Light!" said Rowland, pleadingly.

"Since then," the young girl went on, "I have been waiting for the ineffable joys. They have n't yet turned up!"

"Pray listen to me!" Rowland urged.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing has come of it. I have passed the dreariest month of my life!"

"My dear Miss Light, you are a very terrible young lady!" cried Rowland.

"What do you mean by that?"

"A good many things. We'll talk them over. But first, forgive me if I have offended you!"

She looked at him a moment, hesitating, and then thrust her hands into her muff. "That means nothing. Forgiveness is between equals, and you don't regard me as your equal."

"Really, I don't understand!"

Christina rose and moved for a moment about the room. Then turning suddenly, "You don't believe in me!" she cried; "not a grain! I don't know what I would n't give to *force* you to believe in me!"

Rowland sprang up, protesting, but before he had time to go far one of the scanty *portières* was raised, and Madame Grandoni came in, pulling her wig straight. "But you shall believe in me yet," murmured Christina, as she passed toward her hostess.

Madame Grandoni turned tenderly to Christina. "I must give you a very solemn kiss, my dear; you are the hero-

ine of the hour. You have really accepted him, eh?"

"So they say!"

"But you ought to know best."

"I don't know — I don't care!" She stood with her hand in Madame Grandoni's, but looking askance at Rowland.

"That 's a pretty state of mind," said the old lady, "for a young person who is going to become a princess."

Christina shrugged her shoulders. "Every one expects me to go into ecstasies over that! Could anything be more vulgar? They may chuckle by themselves! Will you let me stay to dinner?"

"If you can dine on a *risotto*. But I imagine you are expected at home."

"You are right. Prince Casamassima dines there, *en famille*. But I'm not in his family, yet!"

"Do you know you are very wicked? I have half a mind not to keep you."

Christina dropped her eyes, reflectively. "I beg you will let me stay," she said. "If you wish to cure me of my wickedness you must be very patient and kind with me. It will be worth the trouble. You must show confidence in me." And she gave another glance at Rowland. Then suddenly, in a different tone, "I don't know what I'm saying!" she cried. "I'm weary, I'm more lonely than ever, I wish I were dead!" The tears rose to her eyes, she struggled with them an instant, and buried her face in her muff; but at last she burst into uncontrollable sobs and flung her arms upon Madame Grandoni's neck. This shrewd woman gave Rowland a significant nod, and a little shrug, over the young girl's beautiful bowed head, and then led Christina tenderly away into the adjoining room. Rowland, left alone, stood there for an instant, intolerably puzzled, face to face with Miss Light's poodle, who had set up a sharp, unearthly cry of sympathy with his mistress. Rowland vented his confusion in dealing a rap with his stick at the animal's unmelodious muzzle, and then rapidly left the house. He saw Mrs. Light's carriage waiting at the door, and heard afterwards that Christina went home to dinner.

A couple of days later he went, for a fortnight, to Florence. He had twenty minds to leave Italy altogether; and at Florence he could at least more freely decide upon his future movements. He felt profoundly, incurably disgusted. Reflective benevolence stood prudently aside, and for the time touched the source of his irritation with no softening side-lights.

It was the middle of March, and by the middle of March in Florence the spring is already warm and deep. He had an infinite relish for the place and the season, but as he strolled by the Arno and paused here and there in the great galleries, they failed to soothe his irritation. He was sore at heart, and as the days went by the soreness deepened rather than healed. He felt as if he had a complaint against fortune; good-natured as he was, his good-nature this time quite declined to let it pass. He had tried to be wise, he had tried to be kind, he had embarked upon an estimable enterprise; but his wisdom, his kindness, his energy, had been thrown back in his face. He was disappointed, and his disappointment had an angry spark in it. The sense of wasted time, of wasted hope and faith, kept him constant company. There were times when the beautiful things about him only exasperated his discontent. He went to the Pitti Palace, and Raphael's Madonna of the Chair seemed, in its soft serenity, to mock him with the suggestion of unattainable repose. He lingered on the bridges at sunset and knew that the light was enchanting and the mountains divine, but there seemed to be something horribly invidious and unwelcome in the fact. He felt, in a word, like a man who has been cruelly defrauded and who wishes to have his revenge. Life owed him, he thought, a compensation, and he would be restless and resentful until he found it. He knew — or he seemed to know — where he should find it; but he hardly told himself, and thought of the thing under mental protest, as a man in want of money may think of certain funds that he holds in trust. In his melancholy meditations the idea of some-

thing better than all this, something that might softly, richly interpose, something that might reconcile him to the future, something that might make one's tenure of life deep and zealous instead of harsh and uneven — the idea of concrete compensation, in a word — shaped itself sooner or later into the image of Mary Garland.

Very odd, you may say, that at this time of day Rowland should still be brooding over a plain girl of whom he had had but the lightest of glimpses two years before; very odd that so deep an impression should have been made by so lightly-pressed an instrument. We must admit the oddity and offer simply in explanation that his sentiment apparently belonged to that species of emotion of which, by the testimony of the poets, the very name and essence is oddity. One night he slept but half an hour; he found his thoughts taking a turn which excited him portentously. He walked up and down his room half the night. It looked out on the Arno; the noise of the river came in at the open window; he felt like dressing and going down into the streets. Toward morning he flung himself into a chair; though he was wide awake he was less excited. It seemed to him that he saw his idea from the outside, that he judged it and condemned it; yet it stood there before him, distinct, and in a certain way imperious. During the day he tried to banish it and forget it; but it fascinated, haunted, at moments frightened him. He tried to amuse himself, paid visits, resorted to several rather violent devices for diverting his thoughts. If on the morrow he had committed a crime, the persons whom he had seen that day would have testified that he had talked strangely and had not seemed like himself. He felt certainly very unlike himself; long afterwards, in retrospect, he used to reflect that during those days he had for a while been literally *beside* himself. His idea persisted; it clung to him like a sturdy beggar. The sense of the matter, roughly expressed, was this: If Roderick was really going, as he himself had phrased it, to "fizzle out," one

might help him on the way — one might smooth the *descensus Averni*. For forty-eight hours there swam before Rowland's eyes a vision of Roderick, graceful and beautiful as he passed, plunging, like a diver, from an eminence into a misty gulf. The gulf was destruction, annihilation, death; but if death was decreed, why should not the agony be brief? Beyond this vision there faintly glimmered another, as in the children's game of the "magic lantern" a picture is superposed on the white wall before the last one has quite faded. It represented Mary Garland standing there with eyes in which the horror seemed slowly, slowly to expire, and hanging, motionless hands which at last made no resistance when his own offered to take them. When, of old, a man was burnt at the stake it was cruel to have to be present; but if one was present it was kind to lend a hand to pile up the fuel and make the flames do their work quickly and the smoke muffle up the victim. With all deference to your kindness, this was perhaps an obligation you would especially feel if you had a reversionary interest in something the victim was to leave behind him.

One morning, in the midst of all this, Rowland walked heedlessly out of one of the city gates and found himself on the road to Fiesole. It was a completely lovely day; the March sun felt like May, as the English poet of Florence says; the thick-blossomed shrubs and vines that hung over the walls of villa and *podere* flung their odororous promise into the warm, still air. Rowland followed the winding, climbing lanes; lingered, as he got higher, beneath the rusty cypresses, beside the low parapets, where you look down on the charming city and sweep the vale of the Arno; reached the little square before the cathedral, and rested awhile in the massive, dusky church; then climbed higher, to the Franciscan convent which is poised on the very apex of the mountain. He rang at the little gateway; a shabby, senile, red-faced brother admitted him with almost maudlin friendliness. There was a dreary chill in the chapel and the

corridors, and he passed rapidly through them into the delightfully steep and tangled old garden which runs wild over the forehead of the great hill. He had been in it before, and he was very fond of it. The garden hangs in the air, and you ramble from terrace to terrace and wonder how it keeps from slipping down, in full consummation of its bereaved forlornness, into the nakedly romantic gorge beneath. It was just noon when Rowland went in, and after roaming about awhile he flung himself in the sun on a mossy stone bench and pulled his hat over his eyes. The short shadows of the brown-coated cypresses above him had grown very long, and yet he had not passed back through the convent. One of the monks, in his faded snuff-colored robe, came wandering out into the garden, reading his greasy little breviary. Suddenly he came toward the bench on which Rowland had stretched himself, and paused a moment, attentively. Rowland was lingering there still; he was sitting with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees. He seemed not to have heard the sandaled tread of the good brother, but as the monk remained watching him, he at last looked up. It was not the ignoble old man who had admitted him, but a pale, gaunt personage of a graver and more ascetic, and yet of a benignant, aspect. Rowland's face bore the traces of extreme trouble. The *frate* kept his finger in his little book, and folded his arms picturesquely across his breast. It can hardly be determined whether his attitude, as he bent his sympathetic Italian eye upon Rowland, was a happy accident or the result of an exquisite spiritual discernment. To Rowland, at any rate, under the emotion of that moment, it seemed blessedly opportune. He rose and approached the monk, and laid his hand on his arm.

"My brother," he said, "did you ever see the Devil?"

The *frate* gazed, gravely, and crossed himself. "Heaven forbid!"

"He was here," Rowland went on, "here in this lovely garden, as he was once in Paradise, half an hour ago.

But have no fear; I drove him out." And Rowland stooped and picked up his hat, which had rolled away into a bed of cyclamen, in vague symbolism of an actual physical tussle.

"You have been tempted, my brother?" asked the friar, tenderly.

"Hideously!"

"And you have resisted — and conquered?"

"I believe I have conquered."

"The blessed Saint Francis be praised! It is well done. If you like, we will offer a mass for you."

"I'm not a Catholic," said Rowland.

The *frate* smiled with dignity. "That is a reason the more."

"But it's for you, then, to choose. Shake hands with me," Rowland added; "that will do as well; and suffer me, as I go out, to stop a moment in your chapel."

They shook hands and separated. The *frate* crossed himself, opened his book, and wandered away, in relief against the western sky. Rowland passed back into the convent, and paused long enough in the chapel to look for the alms-box. He had had what is vulgarly termed a great scare; he believed, very poignantly for the time, in the Devil, and he felt an irresistible need to subscribe to any institution which engaged to keep him at a distance.

The next day he returned to Rome, and the day afterwards he went in search of Roderick. He found him on the Pincian with his back turned to the crowd, looking at the sunset. "I went to Florence," Rowland said, "and I thought of going farther; but I came back on purpose to give you another piece of advice. Once more, you refuse to leave Rome?"

"Never!" said Roderick.

"The only chance that I see, then, of your reviving your sense of responsibility to — to those various sacred things you have forgotten, is in sending for your mother to join you here."

Roderick stared. "For my mother?"

"For your mother — and for Miss Garland."

Roderick still stared; and then, slowly and faintly, his face flushed. "For Mary Garland — for my mother?" he repeated. "Send for them?"

"Tell me this; I have often wondered, but till now I've forbore to ask. You are still engaged to Miss Garland?"

Roderick frowned darkly, but assented.

"It would give you pleasure, then, to see her?"

Roderick turned away and for some moments answered nothing. "Pleasure!" he said at last, huskily. "Call it pain."

"I regard you as a sick man," Rowland continued. "In such a case Miss Garland would say that her place was at your side."

Roderick looked at him some time askance, mistrustfully. "Is this a deep-laid snare?" he asked slowly.

Rowland had come back with all his patience rekindled, but these words gave it an almost fatal chill. "Heaven forgive you!" he cried bitterly. "My idea has been simply this. Try, in decency, to understand it. I have tried to befriend you, to help you, to inspire you with confidence, and I have failed. I took you from the hands of your mother and your betrothed, and it seemed to me my duty to restore you to their hands. That's all I have to say."

He was going, but Roderick forcibly detained him. It would have been but a rough way of expressing it to say that one could never know how Roderick would take a thing. It had happened more than once that when hit hard, deservedly, he had received the blow with touching gentleness. On the other hand, he had often resented the softest taps. The secondary effect of Rowland's present admonition seemed reassuring. "I beg you to wait," he said, "to forgive that shabby speech, and to let me reflect." And he walked up and down awhile, reflecting. At last he stopped, with a look in his face that Rowland had not seen all winter. It was a strikingly beautiful look.

"How strange it is," he said, "that

the simplest devices are the last that occur to one!" And he broke into a light laugh. "To see Mary Garland is just what I want. And my mother — my mother can't hurt me now."

"You'll write, then?"

"I'll telegraph. They must come, at whatever cost. Striker can arrange it all for them."

In a couple of days he told Rowland that he had received a telegraphic answer to his message, informing him that the two ladies were to sail immediately for Leghorn, in one of the small steamers which ply between that port and New York. They would arrive, therefore, in less than a month. Rowland passed this month of expectation in no very serene frame of mind. His suggestion had had its source in the deepest places of his agitated conscience; but there was something intolerable in the thought of the suffering to which the event was probably subjecting those undefended women. They had scraped together their scanty funds and embarked, at twenty-four hours' notice, upon the dreadful sea, to journey tremulously to shores darkened by the shadow of deeper alarms. He could only promise himself to be their devoted friend and servant. Preoccupied as he was, he was able to observe that expectation, with Roderick, took a form which seemed singular even among his characteristic singularities. If redemption — Roderick seemed to reason — was to arrive with his mother and his affianced bride, these last moments of error should be doubly erratic. He did nothing; but inaction, with him, took on an unwonted air of gentle gayety. He laughed and whistled and went often to Mrs. Light's; though Rowland knew not in what fashion present circumstances had modified his relations with Christina. The month ebbed away and Rowland daily expected to hear from Roderick that he had gone to Leghorn to meet the ship. He heard nothing, and late one evening, not having seen his friend in three or four days, he stopped at Roderick's lodging to assure himself that he had gone at last. A cab was standing in the street, but as

it was a couple of doors off he hardly heeded it. The hall at the foot of the staircase was dark, like most Roman halls, and he paused in the street-doorway on hearing the advancing foot-step of a person with whom he wished to avoid coming into collision. While he did so he heard another footstep behind him, and turning round found that Roderick in person had just overtaken him. At the same moment a woman's figure advanced from within, into the light of the street-lamp, and a face, half-startled, glanced at him out of the darkness. He

gave a cry — it was the face of Mary Garland. Her glance flew past him to Roderick, and in a second a startled exclamation broke from her own lips. It made Rowland turn again. Roderick stood there, pale, apparently trying to speak, but saying nothing. His lips were parted and he was wavering slightly with a strange movement — the movement of a man who has drunk too much. Then Rowland's eyes met Miss Garland's again, and her own, which had rested a moment on Roderick's, were formidable!

Henry James, Jr.

THE LONGEST DEATH-WATCH.¹

THE woman is a picture now.

The Spanish suns have touched her face;
The coil of gold upon her brow
Shines back on an imperial race
With most forlorn and bitter grace.

Old palace-lamps behind her burn,
The ermine molders on her train.
Her ever-constant eyes still yearn
For one who came not back to Spain;
And dim and hollow is her brain.

One only thing she knew in life,
Four hundred ghostly years ago —
That she was Flemish Philip's wife:
Nor much beyond she cared to know;
Without a voice she tells me so.

Philip the Beautiful — whose eyes
Might win a woman's heart, I fear,
E'en from his grave! "He will arise,"
The monks had murmured by his bier,
"And reign once more among us here."

She heard their whisper, and forgot
Castile and Aragon, and all
Save Philip, who had loved her not;
The cruel darkness of his pall
Seemed on an empty world to fall.

¹ Joanna, the wife of Philip the Handsome, was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sister of Catherine of Aragon, and mother of the Emperor Charles V

She took the dead man, — to her sight
A prince in death's disguise, as fair
As when his wayward smile could light
The throne he wedded her to share, —
And followed, hardly knowing where.

Almost as dumb as he, she fled,
Pallid and wasted, toward the place
Where he, the priestly promise said,
Must wait the hour when God's sweet grace
Should breathe into his breathless face.

Once, when the night was weird with rain,
She sought a convent's shelter. When
The tapers showed a veiled train
Of nuns, instead of cowlèd men,
She stole into the night again:

"These women, sainted though they be,"
She moaned through all her jealous mind,
"Are women still, and shall not see
Philip the Fair — though he is blind!
Favor with him I yet shall find."

Then, with her piteous yearning wild:
"Unclose his coffin quick, I pray."
Fiercely the sudden lightning smiled —
When they had laid the lid away —
Like scorn, upon the regal clay.

She kissed the dead of many days,
As though he were an hour asleep.
Dark men with swords to guard her way
Wept for her — but she did not weep;
She had her vigil left to keep.

They reached the appointed cloister. While
The heart of Philip withering lay,
She, without moan, or tear, or smile,
Watched from her window, legends say, —
Watched seven and forty years away!

Winds blew the blossoms to and fro,
Into the world and out again:
"He will come back to me, I know" —
Poor whisper of a wandering brain
To peerless patience, peerless pain.

Ah, longest, loneliest, saddest tryst
Was ever kept on earth! And yet
Had he arisen would he have kissed
The gray wan woman he had met,
Or — taught her how the dead forget?

Could she have won, discrowned and old,
 The love she could not win, in sooth,
 When queenly purple, fold on fold,
 And all the subtle grace of youth,
 Helped her to hide a hapless truth?

Did she not fancy, — should she see
 That coffin, watched so long, unclosed, —
 The royal tenant there would be
 Still young, still fair, when he arose,
 Beside her withered leaves and snows?

He would have laughed to breathe the tale
 Of this crazed stranger's love, I fear,
 'Neath moon and rose and nightingale,
 With courtly jewels glimmering near,
 Into some lovely lady's ear.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

TEN DAYS' SPORT ON SALMON RIVERS.

ONE morning last March I was accosted by my friend, the general, as follows: "How would you like to go salmon-fishing next June? Sir Hugh Allan has just invited me to bring two friends to his river, the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick, and I at once thought of you and Haines as the two most likely to appreciate such a chance."

The unexpectedness of this proposition added to its charm; both Haines and I accepted it joyfully and quickly; and the months intervening were passed largely in anticipating and preparing for our destined sport.

Several delays occurred in getting off, owing to the backwardness of the season and the immense preparations which the general deemed indispensable; but on the 28th of June, having received intelligence that the salmon had commenced ascending the Restigouche River, of which the Upsalquitch is a tributary, we started for Boston on the Sound steamer, with enough impedimenta to supply a modest regiment. For our tent, as we expected to camp out, our military friend had provided one of the kind known as "hospital," as large as a

small house, and which with its long poles was the terror of all who were obliged to handle it. Boxes of canned fruits, meats, and soups we also had, besides Bermuda onions and other necessities. Onions should never be neglected in a trip of this kind. They cannot be had in Canada in the early summer, and camp-life invests them with a charm which they never have in cities. Our fishing equipment consisted of two split bamboo rods seventeen and one half feet long, two green-heart rods made by Clerk and one made by Conroy, and tackle for trout-fishing which we found not worth the trouble of taking with us. We reached St. John, New Brunswick, by the steamer from Boston, and passing Sunday and Monday there, took the railroad for Point du Chêne near Shediac, and thence by the Gulf Port steamer *Miramichi*, an old blockade-runner, arrived at Dalhousie on the Bay of Chaleurs after a three days' voyage. From St. John we had the company of Mr. Nicholson of that place, a very eminent salmon fisher, and the inventor of a most killing fly which will bear his name, with that of Jack Scott, a fellow inventor, to

posterity. He was on his way with a friend to the Nippsesquit River, of which he is the lessee, and we derived from him much valuable information as to the conduct we should pursue when we actually reached our theatre of operations.

From Dalhousie we engaged two large wagons to transport us and our luggage to Metapedia, thirty-five miles distant. Our road lay along the borders of the bay and the banks of the Restigouche which forms it. We could see now and then, after reaching the river, a salmon jumping, and the stream was so beautiful that we could hardly resist the impulse to alight and try a cast or two on the way. It was dark when we reached Metapedia, a very small town for its name, but having a fair hotel, built, I think, in anticipation of a much larger patronage than it has received. We found to our joy that the first run of fish was at its height, and going to the cellar saw six noble salmon, killed that day by an English officer, who was stopping at the house, and Mr. Shaw the acting landlord. None of these fish were below twenty pounds, and the heaviest was above twenty-seven pounds. The confluence of the Metapedia River with the Restigouche at this point forms a succession of pools, four, I think, in both rivers; and most of the fish taken here are large, the average weight in 1873 being above twenty-one pounds, in 1874 about nineteen pounds. The salmon that annually ascend the Restigouche River are natives of it and its tributaries, the Metapedia and Upsalquitch, and vary considerably in size and shape. The Metapedia and Restigouche fish are large but easily distinguishable from each other by persons familiar with them. The Metapedia pools seem to be the first resting-place of these fish on their journey from tide-water, about six miles below. The Upsalquitch salmon are smaller, more silvery, and shorter and thicker for their weight than those of the other rivers, and very seldom stop at these pools on their way to their own river, which they find six miles above.

The next day was the 4th of July, very cold, rainy, and windy, with the

thermometer at forty degrees. Early in the morning Mr. Mowat, the guardian of the Restigouche and the Upsalquitch, came down to see us. He said the Upsalquitch was, or should be, full of fish, and as we did not want to start for it that day, he gave us permission to fish where we were.

Haines and I, in the utmost trepidation and haste commenced getting ready amid the ill-concealed sneers of the surrounding natives, who regarded our split bamboo rods with distrust and aversion, and predicted misfortune to them should they get hold of large fish. Just as we were setting out our ardor was increased by the appearance of our English captain, followed by his two Indians bearing three large salmon, the result of his early fishing in one pool. He showed us the fly he had used, which had a dark silver-tinseled claret body, with dark turkey wings; and selecting those we had nearest like it, we, with our Indians, sallied forth.

It takes two Indians and one bark canoe to every fisherman. An Indian sits in each end, the fisherman in the middle; the canoe is paddled or poled to the head of a pool, where it is anchored by the man in the stern, he in the bow keeping it steady and straight in the stream with his paddle. As soon as possible after a fish is hooked the canoe is taken to shore; one man remains by it and the other stays by the fisherman to gaff the fish when the time comes.

Haines decided to try the Metapedia pool, and I went to the one below, where the captain had been fishing. Arrived there I found Mr. Shaw in possession, but he said the pool was large enough for both of us, and so, anchoring the canoe, I made my first cast for salmon. The split bamboo worked beautifully, and I found that my long experience with a one-handed rod in trout-fishing was of great service in assisting me to a quick knowledge in casting with both hands. After making one or two casts, Mr. Shaw, who was but a short distance from me, called out that he had a fish, and looking around I saw his rod bent half double, heard his reel whir like a mill,

and the next instant saw his fish, fifty yards away, jump six feet out of water. A half hour's play brought him to gaff, and I resumed my own operations. After a few casts I saw a break in the water below my fly, which Peter, one of my Indians, assured me was caused by a salmon. Giving him, as I had been instructed, about five minutes' rest (it seemed an hour) after his fruitless exertion, I made another cast, letting my fly go down just above where he rose, and this time he came in earnest.

I saw the boil of the water as he took the fly, the line started slowly from the reel as he turned downward, a foot or so of his broad tail appeared in the air waving a farewell to me, and then, forgetful of all I had been told to do at this point, the instinct of the trout fisher overcame me, and I struck, hard and sharp. The fish, a large one, was going away from me to the bottom of the stream, and the result of my striking as I did was very much as though I had attempted the same thing with my line attached to a runaway horse. My line, with about half my leader, flew back high over my head, and at once realizing and cursing my folly, I put on a new leader and fly and resumed fishing. In half an hour, Shaw having killed another meantime, I had a rise, hooked my fish, and snapped off my fly in exactly the same way I had done before, being unable in my excitement to resist striking as the fish turned. Peter, at this, began talking to André, his fellow Micmac, in their native tongue, and I am sure was indulging in the most unfavorable criticism of my skill, which I cut short by telling them we would return to the house. After they landed me I went up to the Metapedia pool to see what success had attended Haines, and found he had just killed a fish of about twelve pounds, over which he felt very proud of course. Leaving him there I went to the house, where he soon joined me, bringing with his first salmon one of thirty-two pounds, the largest that had been taken on the river that season. He was a magnificent fish in shape and color, and had taken the fly within five yards of the

canoe, just as Haines was reeling up his line to go in.

We found the general had improved our absence by arranging for a ton or two more of provisions, and gaining the active friendship, which was afterwards extended to all of us, of John Mitchell, an Irishman of gigantic proportions, a contractor for a portion of the Intercolonial Railway, a sportsman by instinct, and capable of forming in five minutes from first sight the bitterest enmity or most devoted friendship. The general had exercised his fascinations over Mitchell to so much purpose that he proposed to leave his two hundred laborers to their own devices that afternoon, and he would take the general out in his boat, "none of yer tipsy canoes," and show him how to kill a salmon. He also assured us we need have no anxiety about getting ourselves and supplies to our camping-ground on the Upsalquitch next day, as he was going to give us a scow, four good horses, and three good men who would see us safely through.

Birch or log canoes can be got up these rapid streams by poling, taking care to keep close to the shore, where the water is shallow and least swift; but of course large loads cannot be carried, and they are taken up on scows drawn by three or four horses, which walk through the water where it is not too deep, and where it is, are taken on board, and the scow poled through until they can get footing again.

In the afternoon, according to agreement, Mitchell took the general to the lower pool; my Indians paddled me to the same spot, while Haines remained at the house to cultivate one of the under guardians of the river, Ferguson by name, who evidently had his doubts concerning our party.

I hooked two fish and snapped off two more flies through my confounded propensity to strike too soon, and fell still further in the esteem of Peter and André. The general, who had never even seen a fly thrown, and who with an exertion which almost made him black in the face could heave out about ten feet of line, was patiently laboring near me, when at

last he had a rise, and Mitchell shouted, "Holy Moses, is n't them fireworks!" The fish made a double jump out of water, showing his glittering sides, and darted off, making the reel sing and rousing the general to an activity of which I had deemed him incapable. After a manful struggle he landed his fish, and immediately afterwards another one, when, as it was Saturday night and nearly six o'clock, I gave up and started for shore.

One of the fishing regulations of Canada provides that from six P. M. each Saturday until six A. M. the following Monday, all tideway and other nets must be lifted and fishing of every kind stopped on all salmon rivers. The penalty for violating this law is immediate confiscation of the fishing implements of the offending party and a fine besides, all collectible by the river guardian who may bring him to justice. At 6.30 P. M. of this Saturday the general was still belaboring the river, when, instigated by Haines, Ferguson, the guardian, went down the bank of the stream, peremptorily ordered the general ashore, and shortly after appeared at the house bearing his two rods, his gaff, and fly-book. The general came next, looking very crestfallen and despondent. He called us off one side and said, "Well, boys, that d—d Ferguson has robbed me of my tackle, and I'm going home to-morrow morning; I've done all I came for, killed a salmon, and you can take the things and go on and have a good time." We endeavored to change his decision, and after a long discussion succeeded, by threatening to accompany him if he insisted on leaving, and the general brought himself down to commencing negotiations with Ferguson for the recovery of his tackle. By a course of flattery and a final appeal to his generosity he succeeded in *borrowing* it for the trip, with the promise that he would return it when we came back. The general was so elated with this successful issue of his troubles that, in honor of it and of the day, he immediately gave invitations to all the inmates of the hotel to attend an entertainment he proposed giving that even-

ing. It came off as advertised, and was a most brilliant success. Mitchell paid us a delicate compliment by appearing in his choicest attire, which, as is not uncommon, kept him in a silent and depressed state until late in the evening. He finally overcame the untoward influence of dress, and, prefacing them by the assertion that he had as much music in him as any man alive but never could get the right tune, gave us *The Harp* that once through Tara's Halls, and *Pulling Hard* against the Stream, which although at certain parts he accompanied with smiles seemed an exquisitely mournful ditty. Before we parted the general had made a personal friend of every man present, and *Metapedia* regarded the whole Yankee nation as an ally, known late, but for that reason all the more appreciated.

The next morning, true to his promise, Mitchell had his scow and men ready; plenty of willing hands helped us on with our luggage, and bidding farewell to our friends we started the horses, not however before Mitchell, as a last tender remembrance, had presented us with two bottles of sherry, which he said we might need before returning.

The journey up the river was delightful, though very slow on account of the high water and swift current, and our difficulties were increased when we entered the Upsalquitch, which is a more rapid river than the Restigouche.

It took us all day to get twelve miles, which brought us to the first fall, above which we found we could not get our scow. So there we halted, made camp, and passed the night, among swarms of mosquitoes, midgets, and black flies. Fortunately the last-named always cease operations at dark, though they try to make up for it by beginning very early mornings.

At four A. M. Monday, with Peter and André I started for the second falls about five miles up-stream, thinking that there I surely would kill my maiden salmon. Two hours' poling brought us there and over the fall, which is more properly a long rapid. The way in which the Indians took the canoe up this was admira-

ble. In some places there were little falls, two or three feet high, straight up which the canoe had to go. This was effected by stopping at the foot of the falls, choosing the spot of ascent, and getting over it by a sudden spurt, in which the greatest skill and quickness with the poles is required. The most trifling slip of the canoe from the direct line of the current is likely to result in an overturn, which would be no joke amongst those sharp rocks and mad waters. At the top of the falls were two beautiful rocky pools, very deep under one bank and shoaling gradually upstream, where the water flowed with a quiet ripple, just the place for salmon to enjoy a rest after ascending the turbulent rapid. From one of these pools Mowat had taken, the season before, eighteen fish as fast as he could land them, but this morning I found none there. This we learned afterwards was owing to their being scared back by the coming downstream of the logs which had been put in the headwaters the winter before.

After faithfully and vainly trying the pools we started for camp, and the excitement of running the rapids almost consoled me for my bad luck. At the camp I found the general reposing after a most exciting and successful conflict with a beautiful salmon of eighteen pounds, the handsomest one I ever saw, and fresh run. The fellow was very different from the Restigouche fish we had seen, being short and broad, and of a brilliancy of silveriness utterly indescribable. He had kept the general busy for three quarters of an hour, and had nearly used him up before giving in. From this fish we made our breakfast, and Haines tasted salmon for the first time since leaving home, having vowed not to eat a mouthful before getting in camp, while the general and I had become thoroughly tired of it, having eaten scarcely anything else since leaving Boston.

After breakfast I summoned Peter and André and asked them if they felt too tired to take me to the pool at the mouth of the Upsalquitch, which, being formed by that river and the Resti-

gouche, we decided was included in our water. Peter called me one side, and, after expressing his willingness to go down, produced a spear head from his pocket and suggested that instead of going then we should wait until night and then go out spearing. Although this appeared to be the only way in which I could get a fish, I declined the proposition and administered a severe rebuke to Peter for suggesting such illegal proceedings. We then embarked, and in less than an hour had gone down the six miles and were at the Upsalquitch pool, which is long and deep, with a fine beach on one side, and terminating in a long stretch of smooth and very swift running water of an average depth of six or seven feet. Half a mile of this brings you to a gradual turn in the river (the Restigouche) where the water deepens for quite a distance without actually forming a pool, with an abrupt bank at least seventy-five feet high on one side, and a good beach on the other. Just as we came to the pool proper we saw a salmon jump, and I drew a happy augury from the sight. Anchoring the canoe at the head of the pool I began casting, having on a small fly with a yellow tail, black body, and mallard wings. I had not to wait long, when with about fifteen yards of line out I had a strike, and summoning all my resolution, kept perfectly quiet until the fish made his first halt at the bottom of the river. Then, giving a sharp but gentle twitch, to my intense joy I felt my first salmon firmly hooked, and my lost manhood partially restored. The fish was very active, but did not seem particularly strong. I soon got ashore, and a few moments later Peter gaffed and held up by the gills a creature which I recognized from descriptions as a "mended kelt," that is, a fish which had been very late in spawning the preceding fall, had remained in the river all winter, and on going down to the sea in the spring to recuperate had met some of his kind on their way to fresh water, and turning back had gone with them. My fish was nearly three feet long, but weighed only fourteen pounds and was almost black,

with a head disproportionately large. As he was mortally wounded by the gaff we killed him and gave him to some Indians who were passing down the river. This was not the fish we had seen jump, and inspired with fresh confidence I had the canoe anchored a few rods below the first place. Just as André dropped his stone overboard I saw a fish jump about twenty yards down the stream from us, and, commencing on a short cast and gradually lengthening my line, at last reached the spot where he had shown himself. A moment of anxiety as the fly passed right over where I knew the fish must be, and then with a swirl, and showing half his side, he rose and went down, taking the fly with him. So soon as he stopped I struck firmly, and the fish, feeling the steel, started off like lightning diagonally across and down the river, taking out about fifty yards of line with a rapidity which made the reel sing like a buzz-saw and the rod tremble from tip to butt. At the end of this run the fish, partially turning, made his first leap out of water, then dashing across the stream jumped again and sought the bottom for a moment's rest. This moment I improved in getting to shore; but before I was fairly out of the canoe the fish had started off again, and in spite of my running down the beach after him had gained about fifty feet more of my line, and brought up sulky behind a large stone under the opposite bank. This gave me an opportunity to reel up and collect my scattered senses, but I could not get the fish to do anything more than now and then give a succession of short and vicious tugs at the line, and at last I had to send André over with the canoe to start him out. Leaving the rock with a speed which made my reel hum, he went sailing down-stream steadily, stopping occasionally for an instant to try and rub the hook out against some stone. This trick of a salmon's, which is often successful, communicates a very peculiar vibration through the line to the rod, which shakes as if it had been sharply tapped with a stick at the butt. The water was good for half a mile further

down, so I did not check my fish as sharply as I might, not wanting to throw away a single chance. His runs began to grow shorter and he to yield a little to the pressure exercised to bring him towards the beach. At last I got him up within ten feet of the shore, and told Peter to go down and try to gaff him, getting below the fish, which I should then, by easing on the line, let go down past him tail foremost. Peter was a very poor gaffer, however, and made a motion which the fish saw, and off he went again with seemingly a new supply of strength and game. This time, at the end of his run, he came to the surface of the water and thrashed about, trying to break the line with his tail. It took twenty minutes more to get him in position to be gaffed, and when finally Peter terminated his gallant fight I was quite used up, as much from excitement as exertion, and lay down on the beach by the side of my victim deliciously fatigued and joyful "ad unguem."

This fish weighed twenty-three pounds and was the finest in condition and color of any I killed. Peter, who had gaffed him very awkwardly, bragged a good deal of the skill he had displayed, and he and André assumed a much more deferential air towards me than they had hitherto used. Both Indians were remarkable for a stupidity which each fully appreciated in the other; for example, on one occasion when Peter had made several futile attempts to gaff a fish, André, who was standing near me, remarked as though to himself, "Peter dam fool." Not five minutes later André, despite my remonstrances, allowed the canoe to drop down directly through a part of the pool where we had seen a fish jump, when Peter, turning around to me, said in a whisper, "Dat André dam fool." Both, in their rude, untutored way, had approximated to the truth.

Going back to the pool I very soon killed another smaller fish, and as it was getting late in the afternoon started back to the camp with the two salmon in front of me in the canoe, where I could feast my eyes upon them without turning. I

found the general and Haines had given up salmon-fishing, not having seen one since I left, and with their light tackle had had a good afternoon with the trout at the mouth of a little brook which flowed into the river. The next day the general went to Metapedia, and in the afternoon sent back a messenger with the welcome news that the lessee of the Restigouche, whom he had met there, had kindly given us permission to fish his river. Accordingly we made a raft to transport our luggage down, and that night pitched our tent on a beautiful bluff at the junction of the Upsalquitch and Restigouche, and just over the pool. Here we were comparatively free from flies, with good fishing all about us and a delightful view up and down both rivers.

Friday evening, Mowat, the indefatigable guardian of the river, stopped to see us on his way down to visit the tide-way nets, and left his canoe, a very long and narrow log one, in the still water behind the point of the bluff. Haines and I went down to greet Mowat, and as we complimented him on the beauty of his craft, he asked us to get in it and see how steady it was despite its apparent crankiness. I accepted the invitation, and, having had considerable previous experience of the kind, walked the length of the canoe, rocked it, and reached shore in safety. Haines, a portly man, was seized by a spirit of emulation, and with a little encouragement mounted the canoe, walked to the end of it, returned to the middle, and, animated by his success, commenced rocking it. This brought the performance to an immediate end. Two hundred pounds thrown to one side of that canoe overturned it with great ease and quickness, and the acrobat disappeared beneath the flood. The water was not more than waist deep however, and he floundered ashore bringing with him Mowat's valise which had shared his misfortune.

This disaster, especially to the valise, was so much greater than I had anticipated that I felt it my duty to condole instead of to rejoice; but as I climbed

the bluff the sight of the general, recumbent on an onion box, exhausted with laughter, overcame me, and Haines himself, who, dripping, joined us, added his voice to ours.

Mowat remained to dinner that night, and we accepted an invitation to visit him the next day at his home, *Dee Side*, three miles up the Restigouche. When we reached Mowat's, the next morning, we found he had a very comfortable house, beautifully situated near the river, and bearing more evidences of taste and culture inside and out than anything we had seen in the Province. The oldest boy, a lad of eleven or twelve years, was already a good fisherman and could handle a canoe remarkably well for his age. After looking about the premises, and examining the propagating house, whence this season eight hundred thousand salmon fry have been turned into the river, the general and I started out to a pool above the house to try our luck with the fish, Haines going some distance down. Just below this pool was a stretch of smooth and swift water very like that near our camp, except that it was about three quarters of a mile long. Finding nothing in the pool we gradually dropped down into this shallower place, and had no sooner reached there than we each hooked a fish. Mine was soon brought to gaff and weighed fourteen and a half pounds. The general had more trouble with his, but landed him in half an hour, — the second largest fish killed, though not a remarkably strong or active one. He turned the scale at twenty-nine pounds, and the general, covered with glory, immediately retired to Mowat's house, where he remained the rest of the day, a prey to the liveliest satisfaction.

And now I come to the saddest, as well as the most delightful part of my experience, of which I can't even write without emotion, — the contest with my "big fish," in which I came out second best.

I hooked him just in front of Mowat's house; he rose to the same small dark Nicholson fly I had killed the other salmon with. His first rush was not

rapid as he started off, but a steady, lasting gait that showed conscious power. As he went on his speed increased, until he had about sixty yards of line out, which I was obliged to give him in order not to take the canoe past the only spot where, for some distance, we could land. When he jumped he showed larger than any fish I have seen, and made me very doubtful of my ability to land him. As soon as I reached the beach I started down and began to reel in, but had only gained a few feet of line when the fish took another rush down-stream, and for a couple of hundred yards kept me going at full speed over a very rough country composed chiefly of driftwood, stumps, and large rocks. When he halted, which he did after jumping twice more, I had about ten yards of line left, and despite my fatigue and bruises (I had fallen flat over a large rock) had to keep on as fast as I could reel up. I had hardly gained half my line when off went the fish again, and I had another foot-race which left my reel almost bare. At the conclusion of this burst he jumped again and then began coming towards me. This is an exceedingly dangerous thing for a salmon to do, and if not soon checked certainly results in his breaking loose, as the current makes the line sag down-stream, and it is sure to catch on some of the rocks, which all have their sharp edges pointed in the direction of the current. Fortunately the canoe was some distance above me, and the Indians brought it over the fish and turned him down-stream before he had done any harm. He then took refuge behind a rock and sulked for half an hour, I being perfectly willing to have him do so until I could get my second wind. It took a good deal of stoning and one pike-pole to start him going again, but at last, after as arduous an hour and a half as I ever spent, during which the fish had jumped nine times and fought with unsurpassable resolution and intelligence, he was induced to come within ten yards of me, where I held him, his fins erect and his mouth open, while Peter with many a caution went just below to gaff him. When he got in position I eased up a little on the

reel, the fish slid down-stream, Peter made a dash at him out of reach and missed; the salmon made one last effort, parted the frayed gut, rolled over utterly exhausted, and disappeared. Mowat saw him that evening lying by a large stone at the edge of the rapid just moving his fins, and with about a yard of my leader hanging out of his mouth. So severe were the rushes of this fish that I found the brass ring at the end of my rod-tip cut so nearly through by the friction of the line that I was afraid to use it again. I sincerely hope that salmon lived and will populate the Restigouche with his kind, for a nobler and gamer one never swam. Mowat thought he would weigh above forty pounds, the Indians over fifty, and I, at least sixty. I don't think I had hold of so large a salmon as this again, though the next Monday I lost two leaders with heavy fish I did not see, which started up stream instead of down, as soon as hooked, and could not be checked.

The next day, Sunday, we had company, Mitchell and two gentlemen on their way up the river. In the afternoon one of the visitors got up a canoe race between his and the general's Indians, the course being about half a mile up the river, around a stake boat, and return, to pole up and paddle down. The prizes were three dollars to the first and two dollars to the second canoe. When they were in position for the word and had received it, they did not start, and on being asked the reason, Jem, the best linguist of the four, replied that they were all good Indians and belonged to the mission, and as it was Sunday they had concluded not to start unless we would make the second prize equal to the first. This proposition being indignantly negatived they fell back upon the original offer, and made a far better race than if they had received the extra dollar.

Our last day's fishing was Monday, July 13th, when in the morning and from one pool, the Upsalquitch, Haines and I killed eleven salmon and one grilse. By a series of misfortunes we lost between us on that morning twelve fish.

They had had a rest over Sunday and were just in the humor to take. For three hours we were neither of us five minutes without being fast to a fish, and not infrequently would get a rise to the first cast. The heaviest I killed weighed twenty-nine pounds, and rose five times before I hooked him; a very unusual thing, as generally after two, or rarely three misses a salmon gives up in disgust and nothing can be done with him. The score of that day's take from that pool may be interesting, and here it is: 29 pounds, $12\frac{1}{2}$, $10\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$, 24, 10, 10, $15\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 27; and the grilse 3 pounds. Four of these were killed with a fly of my own tying, my first attempt, which shows that the fish were not at all particular as to what they jumped at. The next morning we struck our tent, loaded our canoes and raft, and started homeward. Reaching Metapedia we stopped there to bid our friends farewell, and came near converting the most active one into an enemy by offering to pay Mitchell for a portion of the service he had done us. The general skillfully smothered Mitchell's wrath by volunteering to let him harness his team and drive him to Dalhousie, thirty-five miles, which satisfied Mitchell completely. Haines and I went to Campbellton — half-way, in our canoes. There we dined, and dismissed and paid off our Indians, with whom we felt really sorry to part. Before we left, however, four of them had converted enough of their money into whisky to make them dead drunk, and the other two were following their example as fast as they could. At Campbellton there is a large salmon canning establishment owned by two Americans, and I think the fish they put up are better, as well as cheaper, than any of the so called fresh salmon which have been several days out of water. The fish there are put up the day they are caught; many in less than an hour after they are taken from the nets, and the slight boiling they undergo before being sealed in the cans detracts very little from their freshness of taste. Under the wise administration of the Dominion government the salmon fisheries are become

quite profitable to it and to the large number of men engaged in them. About five years since a system of protection was inaugurated and rigidly enforced. Fishing during the spawning season was put a stop to, spearing at any time was prohibited, the number and use of nets in the tideways were restricted, and channels were marked out which were to be kept open at all times. Many of the rivers were leased, reserving to those living upon them the right to rod-fishing, and making the lessees see that the regulations were observed. On the Restigouche, where the law has been enforced by John Mowat and his subordinates without fear or favor, the result has been most successful. Four years ago, with more nets at the mouth of the river than there are now, the channel was closed by them so completely that a rod fisherman above was lucky if he killed one or two salmon in a day; and the total take from the nets averaged little over two hundred fish per day. Last year the daily catch during the season averaged, I think, four thousand, certainly over three thousand, and the river was full of fish. Mr. Fleming told me that in one large pool high up the river, where the water was low and every fish could be seen, he made a careful estimate of the salmon, and found there were over three thousand. The other rivers on the Bay of Chaleurs are improving in the same way, and yielding a rich return for the sensible and determined course pursued in their management.

We have many rivers in the Eastern States which with equal care could be made equally productive of this finest of fish. The Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Penobscot, and others, might at a small cost be filled with salmon, and made to furnish a cheap and abundant supply of food as nutritious, pound for pound, as beef, if our legislators could be brought to force their free-born constituents to the belief that they have not an indefeasible right to net, spear, or poison any fish that ventures into their waters at any season. I suppose the introduction and enforcement of the

Canadian fishery regulations here would almost create a revolution, but we can never have salmon without a strict system of protection.

At Dalhousie our trip virtually ended, and until we parted at Albany its pleasures formed the chief topic of our discourse. We concluded that salmon-fishing was far ahead of any sport we knew about, and needed but one improvement to make it perfect; and that in the way in which the fly is taken. In most accounts of salmon-fishing we read about the fly being dropped "like a snowflake," or something of the kind, just over the fish, and he darting at it, on the surface of the water, like a large trout. Of all the salmon I saw killed, and in all I heard of from experienced fishermen, not one was known to do this. They always take the fly from two inches to a foot under water, often

their rise cannot be seen at all, and generally the only visible indication is a slight swirl in the water. If a fisherman knows just where a salmon is lying he commences casting above and to the right or left of him, by degrees letting the fly float down towards him under water. I have never seen a salmon rise at a fly the instant it touched water, as trout often do, and consequently so much skill in casting is not necessary, though late in the season, when the water is low and clear, one should be able to put out twenty-five or thirty yards of line.

After a fresh run salmon has taken the fly he disarms all criticism on his previous conduct, and hard to please must be the man who does not consider the sport he then affords ample compensation for any amount of long journeying and hard fare it takes to procure it.

Dean Sage.

SONG.

I WORE your roses yesterday :

About this light robe's folds of white,
Wherein their gathered sweetness lay,
Still clings their perfume of delight.

And all in vain the warm wind sweeps
These airy folds like vapor fine,
Among them still the odor sleeps,
And haunts me with a dream divine.

So to my heart your memory clings,
So sweet, so rich, so delicate:
Eternal summer-time it brings,
Defying all the storms of fate;

A power to turn the darkness bright,
Till life with matchless beauty glows;
Each moment touched with tender light,
And every thought of you a rose!

Celia Thaxter.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

I.

A FEW years ago I received from the friend to whom they had been addressed a collection of my own letters, written during a period of forty years and amounting to thousands—a history of my life.

It has occurred to me that when I am dead some ingenious person may undertake to publish some record of me, similar to those with which the more celebrated members of my family have been honored. Sketches and notices (more or less mendacious and veracious) I have already been favored with, and so I think my “*post mortem* examination” a not impossible event.

My letters constitute a ready written autobiography; and though it would not be easy to find a less important or valuable subject for literary illustration than myself, they contain reminiscences of people and events that may have interest for some of my contemporaries, and furnish entertainment to those who come after me.

The passion for universal history (*i. e.* any and every body's story) nowadays seems to render anything in the shape of personal recollections good enough to be printed and read; and as the public appetite for gossip appears to be insatiable, and is not unlikely some time or other to be gratified at my expense, I have thought that my own gossip about myself may be as acceptable to it as gossip about me written by another.

I have come to the garrulous time of life—to the remembering days, which only by a little precede the forgetting ones; I have much leisure, and feel sure that it will amuse me to write my own reminiscences; perhaps reading them may amuse others who have no more to do than I have. To the idle, then, I offer these lightest of leaves gathered in the idle end of autumn days, which have succeeded years of labor often severe

and sad enough, though its ostensible purpose was only that of affording recreation to the public.

There are two lives of my aunt Siddons, one by Boaden and one by the poet Campbell. In these biographies due mention is made of my paternal grandfather and grandmother. To the latter, Mrs. Roger Kemble, I am proud to see, by Lawrence's portrait of her, I bear a personal resemblance; and I please myself with imagining that the likeness is more than “skin deep.” She was an energetic, brave woman, who, in the humblest sphere of life and most difficult circumstances, together with her husband fought manfully a hard battle with poverty, in maintaining and as well as they could training a family of twelve children, of whom four died in childhood. But I am persuaded that whatever qualities of mind or character I inherit from my father's family, I am more strongly stamped with those which I derive from my mother, a woman who, possessing no specific gift in such perfection as the dramatic talent of the Kembles, had in a higher degree than any of them the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized nature, she joined an acute instinct of correct criticism in all matters of art, and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression, that made her conversation delightful. Had she possessed half the advantages of education which she and my father labored to bestow upon us, she would, I think, have been one of the most remarkable persons of her time.

My mother was the daughter of Captain Decamp, an officer in one of the armies that revolutionary France sent to invade Switzerland. He married the daughter of a farmer from the neighborhood of Berne. From my grandmother's home you could see the great Yungfrau

range of the Alps, and I sometimes wonder whether it is her blood in my veins that so loves and longs for those supremely beautiful mountains.

Not long after his marriage my grandfather went to Vienna, where, on the anniversary of the birth of the great Empress-King, my mother was born, and named, after her, Maria Theresa. In Vienna, Captain Decamp made the acquaintance of a young English nobleman, Lord Monson (afterwards the Earl of Essex), who, with an enthusiasm more friendly than wise, eagerly urged the accomplished Frenchman to come and settle in London, where his talents as a draughtsman and musician, which were much above those of a mere amateur, combined with the protection of such friends as he could not fail to find, would easily enable him to maintain himself and his young wife and child.

In evil hour my grandfather adopted this advice, and came to England. It was the time when the emigration of the French nobility had filled London with objects of sympathy, and society with sympathizers with their misfortunes. Among the means resorted to for assisting the many interesting victims of the Revolution were representations, given under the direction of Le Texier, of Berquin's and Madame De Genlis's juvenile dramas, by young French children. These performances, combined with his own extraordinary readings, became one of the fashionable fancies of the day. I quote from Walter Scott's review of Boaden's life of my uncle the following notice of Le Texier: "On one of these incidental topics we must pause for a moment, with delighted recollection. We mean the readings of the celebrated Le Texier, who, seated at a desk and dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice and such exquisite point of dialogue as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first-rate actor. We have only to add to a very good account given by Mr. Boaden of this extraordinary entertainment, that when it commenced, Mr. Le Texier read over the

dramatis personæ, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards read the part; and so accurate was the key-note given that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not fail to recognize them."

Among the little actors of Le Texier's troupe, my mother attracted the greatest share of public attention by her beauty and grace, and the truth and spirit of her performances.

The little French fairy was eagerly seized upon by admiring fine ladies and gentlemen, and snatched up into their society, where she was fondled and fooled and petted and played with; passing whole days in Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, and many a half-hour on the knees of her royal and disloyal husband, the prince regent, one of whose favorite jokes was to place my mother under a huge glass bell, made to cover some large group of precious Dresden china, where her tiny figure and flashing face produced even a more beautiful effect than the costly work of art whose crystal covering was made her momentary cage. I have often heard my mother refer to this season of her childhood's favoritism with the fine folk of that day, one of her most vivid impressions of which was the extraordinary beauty of person and royal charm of manner and deportment of the Prince of Wales, and — his enormous appetite: enormous perhaps, after all, only by comparison with her own, which he compassionately used to pity, saying frequently, when she declined the delicacies that he pressed upon her, "Why, you poor child! Heaven has not blessed you with an appetite." Of the precocious feeling and imagination of the poor little girl, thus taken out of her own sphere of life into one so different and so dangerous, I remember a very curious instance, told me by herself. One of the houses where she was a most frequent visitor, and treated almost like a child of the family, was that of Lady Rivers, whose brother, Mr. Rigby, while in the min-

istry, fought a duel with some political opponent. Mr. Rigby had taken great notice of the little French child treated with such affectionate familiarity by his sister, and she had attached herself so strongly to him that on hearing the circumstance of his duel suddenly mentioned for the first time, she fainted away: a story that always reminded me of the little Spanish girl Florian mentions in his *Mémoires d'un jeune Espagnol*, who at six years of age, having asked a young man of upwards of five-and-twenty if he loved her, so resented his repeating her question to her elder sister, that she never could be induced to speak to him again.

Meantime, while the homes of the great and gay were her constant resort, the child's home was becoming sadder, and her existence and that of her parents more precarious and penurious day by day. From my grandfather's first arrival in London, his chest had suffered from the climate; the instrument he taught was the flute, and it was not long before decided disease of the lungs rendered that industry impossible. He endeavored to supply its place by giving French and drawing lessons (I have several small sketches of his, taken in the Netherlands, the firm, free delicacy of which attest a good artist's handling), and so struggled on, under the dark London sky and in the damp, foggy, smoky atmosphere, while the poor foreign wife bore and nursed four children.

It is impossible to imagine anything sadder than the condition of such a family, with its dark fortune closing round and over it, and its one little human jewel, sent forth from its dingy case to sparkle and glitter and become of hard necessity the single source of light in the growing gloom of its daily existence. And the contrast must have been cruel enough between the scenes into which the child's genius spasmodically lifted her, both in the assumed parts she performed and in the great London world where her success in their performance carried her, and the poor home where sickness and sorrow were becoming abiding inmates, and poverty and privation

the customary conditions of life: poverty and privation doubtless often increased by the very outlay necessary to fit her for her public appearances, and not seldom by the fear of offending or the hope of conciliating the fastidious taste of the wealthy and refined patrons, whose favor towards the poor little child-actress might prove infinitely helpful to her and to those who owned her.

The lives of artists of every description in England are not unapt to have such opening chapters as this; but the calling of a player alone has the grotesque element of fiction, with all the fantastic accompaniments of sham splendor thrust into close companionship with the sordid details of poverty; for the actor alone the livery of labor is a harlequin's jerkin lined with tatters, and the jester's cap and bells tied to the beggar's wallet. I have said artist life in England is apt to have such chapters; artist life everywhere, probably. But it is only in England, I think, that the full bitterness of such experience is felt; for what knows the foreign artist of the inexorable element of Respectability? In England alone is the pervading atmosphere of respectability that which artists breathe in common with all other men — respectability, that English moral climate, with its neutral tint and temperate tone, so often sneered at in these days by its new German title of Philistinism, so often deserving of the bitterest scorn in some of its inexpressibly mean manifestations — respectability, the preëminently unattractive characteristic of British existence, but which, all deductions made for its vulgar alloys, is, in truth, only the general result of the individual self-respect of individual Englishmen: a wholesome, purifying, and preserving element in the homes and lives of many, where without it the recklessness bred of insecure means and obscure position would run miserable riot: a tremendous power of omnipotent compression, repression, and oppression, no doubt, quite consistent with the stern liberty whose severe beauty the people of those islands love, but absolutely incompatible with license,

or even lightness of life, controlling a thousand disorders rampant in societies where it does not exist; a power which, tyrannical as it is, and ludicrously tragical as are the sacrifices sometimes exacted by it, saves especially the artist class of England from those worst forms of irregularity which characterize the Bohemianism of foreign literary, artistic, and dramatic life.

Of course, the pleasure-and-beauty-loving, artistic temperament, which is the one most likely to be exposed to such an ordeal as that of my mother's childhood, is also the one liable to be most injured by it, and to communicate through its influence peculiar mischief to the moral nature. It is the price of peril paid for all that brilliant order of gifts that have for their scope the exercise of the imagination through the senses, no less than for that crown of gifts, the poet's passionate inspiration, speaking to the senses through the imagination.

How far my mother was hurt by the combination of circumstances that influenced her childhood, I know not. As I remember her, she was a frank, fearless, generous, and unworldly woman, and had probably found in the subsequent independent exercise of her abilities the shield for these virtues. How much the passionate, vehement, susceptible, and most suffering nature was banefully fostered at the same time, I can better judge from the sad vantage-ground of my own experience.

After six years spent in a bitter struggle with disease and difficulties of every kind, my grandfather, still a young man, died of consumption, leaving a widow and five little children, of whom the eldest, my mother, not yet in her teens, became from that time the bread-winner and sole support.

Nor was it many years before she established her claim to the approbation of the general public, fulfilling the promise of her childish years by performances of such singular originality as to deserve the name of genuine artistic creations, and which have hardly ever been successfully attempted since her

time: such as *The Blind Boy*, and *Deaf and Dumb*; the latter, particularly in its speechless power and pathos of expression, resembling the celebrated exhibitions of Parisot and Bigottini, in the great tragic ballets in which dancing was a subordinate element to the highest dramatic effects of passion and emotion expressed by pantomime. After her marriage, my mother remained but a few years on the stage, to which she bequeathed, as specimens of her ability as a dramatic writer, the charming English version of *La jeune Femme colère*, called *The Day after the Wedding*; the little burlesque of *Personation*, of which her own exquisitely humorous performance, aided by her admirably pure French accent, has never been equaled; and a play in five acts called *Smiles and Tears*, taken from Mrs. Opie's tale of *Father and Daughter*.

She had a fine and powerful voice, and a rarely accurate musical ear; she moved so gracefully that I have known persons who went to certain provincial promenades frequented by her, only to see her walk; she was a capital horsewoman; her figure was beautiful, and her face very handsome and strikingly expressive; and she talked better, with more originality and vivacity, than any Englishwoman I have ever known: to all which good gifts she added that of being a first-rate *cook*. And oh, how often and how bitterly, in my transatlantic household tribulations, have I deplored that her apron had not fallen on my shoulders, or round my waist! Whether she derived this taste and talent from her French blood, I know not, but it amounted to genius, and might have made her a preëminent *ordon bleu*, if she had not been the wife, and *chef-fe*, of a poor professional gentleman, whose moderate means were so skillfully turned to account in her provision for his modest table that he was accused by ill-natured people of indulging in the expensive luxury of a French cook. Well do I remember the endless supplies of potted gravies, sauces, meat jellies, game jellies, fish jellies, the white ranges of which filled the shelves of her store-room, — which

she laughingly called her boudoir, — almost to the exclusion of the usual currant jellies and raspberry jams of such receptacles: for she had the real *bon vivant's* preference of the savory to the sweet, and left all the latter branch of the art to her subordinates, confining the exercise of her own talents, or immediate superintendence, to the production of the above-named "elegant extracts." She never, I am sorry to say, encouraged either my sister or myself in the same useful occupation, alleging that we had what she called better ones; but I would joyfully, many a time in America, have exchanged all my boarding-school smatterings for her knowledge how to produce a wholesome and palatable dinner. As it was, all I learned of her, to my sorrow, was a detestation of bad cookery and a firm conviction that that which was exquisite was both wholesomer and more economical than any other. Dr. Kitchenier, the clever and amiable author of that amusing book *The Cook's Oracle* (his name was a *bona fide* appellation, and not a drolly devised appropriate *nom de plume*, and he was a doctor of music and not physic), was a great friend and admirer of hers; and she is the "accomplished lady" by whom several pages of that entertaining kitchen companion were furnished to him.

The mode of opening one of her chapters, "I always bone my meat" (*bone* being the slang word of the day for *steal*), occasioned much merriment among her friends, and such a look of ludicrous surprise and reprobation from Liston, when he read it, as I still remember.

My mother, moreover, devised a most admirable kind of *jujube*, made of clarified gum-arabic, honey, and lemon, with which she kept my father supplied during all the time of his remaining on the stage; he never acted without having recourse to it, and found it more efficacious in sustaining the voice and relieving the throat under constant exertion than any other preparation that he ever tried: this she always made for him herself.

The great actors of my family have received their due of recorded admiration; my mother has always seemed to

me to have been overshadowed by their celebrity; my sister and myself, whose fate it has been to bear in public the name they have made distinguished, owe in great measure to her, I think, whatever ability has enabled us to do so not unworthily.

I was born on the 27th of November, 1809, in Newman Street, Oxford Road, the third child of my parents, whose eldest, Philip, named after my uncle, died in infancy. The second, John Mitchell, lived to distinguish himself as a scholar, devoting his life to the study of his own language and the history of his country in their earliest period, and to the kindred subject of Northern Archaeology.

Of Newman Street I have nothing to say, but regret to have heard that before we left our residence there my father was convicted, during an absence of my mother's from town, of having planted in my baby bosom the seeds of personal vanity, while indulging his own, by having an especially pretty and becoming lace cap at hand in the drawing-room, to be immediately substituted for some more homely daily adornment when I was exhibited to his visitors. In consequence (probably) of which, I am a disgracefully dress-loving old woman of near seventy, one of whose minor miseries is that she can no longer find *any* lace cap whatever that is either pretty or becoming to her gray head. If my father had not been so foolish then, I should not be so foolish now, — perhaps.

The famous French actress Mlle. Clairon, recalled, for the pleasure of some foreign royal personage passing through Paris, for one night to the stage, which she had left many years before, was extremely anxious to recover the pattern of a certain cap which she had worn in her young days, in *La Coquette corrigée*, the part she was about to repeat. The cap, as she wore it, had been a Parisian rage; she declared that half her success in the part had been the cap. The milliner who had made it, and whose fortune it had made, had retired from business, grown old; luckily, however, was not dead: she was hunted up

and adjured to reproduce, if possible, this marvel of her art, and came to her former patroness, bringing with her the identical head-gear. Clairon seized upon it: "Ah oui, c'est bien cela! c'est bien là le bonnet!" It was on her head in an instant, and she before the glass, in vain trying to reproduce with it the well-remembered effect. She pished and pshawed, frowned and shrugged, pulled the pretty *chiffon* this way and that on her forehead; and while so doing, coming nearer and nearer to the terrible looking-glass, suddenly stopped, looked at herself for a moment in silence, and then, covering her aged and faded face with her hands, exclaimed, "Ah, c'est bien le bonnet! mais ce n'est plus la figure!"

Our next home, after Newman Street, was at a place called Westbourne Green, now absorbed into endless avenues of "palatial" residences, which scoff with regular-featured, lofty scorn at the rural simplicity implied by such a name. The site of our dwelling was not far from the Paddington Canal, and was then so far out of town that our nearest neighbors, people of the name of Cockrell, were the owners of a charming residence in the middle of park-like grounds, of which I still have a faint, pleasurable remembrance. The young ladies, daughters of Mr. Cockrell, really made the first distinct mark I can detect on the *tabula rasa* of my memory, by giving me a charming pasteboard figure of a little girl, to whose serene and sweetly smiling countenance, and pretty person, a whole book full of painted pasteboard petticoats, cloaks, and bonnets could be adapted; it was a lovely being, and stood artlessly by a stile, an image of rustic beauty and simplicity. I still bless the Miss Cockrells, if they are alive, but if not, their memory, for it!

Of the curious effect of dress in producing the *sentiment* of a countenance, no better illustration can be had than a series of caps, curls, wreaths, ribbons, etc., painted so as to be adaptable to one face; the totally different *character* imparted by a helmet or a garland of roses, to the same set of features, is a "caution" to irregular beauties who console

themselves with the fascinating variety of their *expression*.

At this period of my life, I have been informed, I began, after the manner of most clever children, to be exceedingly troublesome and unmanageable, my principal crime being a general audacious contempt for all authority, which, coupled with a sweet-tempered, cheerful indifference to all punishment, made it extremely difficult to know how to obtain of me the minimum quantity of obedience indispensable in the relations of a tailless monkey of four years and its elders. I never cried, I never sulked, I never resented, lamented, or repented either my ill-doings or their ill-consequences, but accepted them alike with a philosophical buoyancy of spirit which was the despair of my poor, bewildered trainers.

Being hideously decorated once with a fool's cap of vast dimensions, and advised to hide, not my "diminished head," but my horrible disgrace, from all beholders, I took the earliest opportunity of dancing down the carriage-drive to meet the postman, a great friend of mine, and attract his observation and admiration to my "helmet," which I called aloud upon all wayfarers also to contemplate, until removed from an elevated bank I had selected for this public exhibition of myself and my penal costume, which was beginning to attract a small group of passers-by.

My next malefactions were met with an infliction of bread and water, which I joyfully accepted, observing, "Now I am like those poor dear French prisoners, that everybody pities so." Mrs. Siddons at that time lived next door to us; she came in one day when I had committed some of my daily offenses against manners or morals, and I was led, nothing daunted, into her awful presence, to be admonished by her.

Melpomene took me upon her lap, and, bending upon me her "controlling frown," discoursed to me of my evil ways in those accents which curdled the blood of the poor shopman, of whom she demanded if the printed calico she purchased of him "would wash." The tragic tones pausing, in the midst of

the impressed and impressive silence of the assembled family I tinkled forth, "What beautiful eyes you have!" all my small faculties having been absorbed in the steadfast upward gaze I fixed upon those magnificent orbs. Mrs. Siddons set me down with a smothered laugh, and I trotted off, apparently uninjured by my great aunt's solemn moral suasion.

A dangerous appeal of a higher order being made to me by my aunt's most intimate friend, Mrs. F——, a not very judicious person, to the effect: "Fanny, why don't you pray to God to make you better?" immediately received the conclusive reply, "So I do, and he makes me worse and worse." Parents and guardians should be chary of handling the deep chords upon whose truth and strength the highest harmonies of the fully developed soul are to depend.

In short, I was as hopelessly philosophical a subject as Madame Roland, when at six years old receiving her penal bread and water with the comment, "Bon pour la digestion!" and the retributive stripes which this drew upon her with the further observation, "Bon pour la circulation!" In spite of my "wickedness," as Topsy would say, I appear to have been not a little spoiled by my parents, and an especial pet and favorite of all their friends, among whom, though I do not remember him at this early period of our acquaintance, I know was Charles Young, that most kindly good man and pleasant gentleman, one of whose many amiable qualities was a genuine love for little children. He was an intimate friend of Mrs. Siddons and her brothers, and came frequently to our house; if the elders were not at home, he invariably made his way to the nursery, where, according to the amusing description he has often since given me of our early intercourse, one of his great diversions was to make me fold my little fat arms, — not an easy performance for small muscles, — and with a portentous frown which puckered up my mouth even more than my eyebrows, receive from him certain awfully unintelligible passages from Macbeth; replying to them,

with a lisp that must have greatly heightened the tragic effect of this terrible dialogue, "*My handth are of oo tolor*" (My hands are of your color). Years, how many! after this first lesson in declamation, dear Charles Young was acting Macbeth for the last time in London, and I was his "wicked wife;" and while I stood at the side scenes, painting my hands and arms with the vile red stuff that confirmed the bloody-minded woman's words, he said to me with a smile, "Ah ha! *My handth are of oo tolor*."

Not long after this we moved to another residence, still in the same neighborhood, but near the church-yard of Paddington church, which was a thoroughfare of gravel walks, cutting in various directions the green turf, where the flat tombstones formed frequent "play tables" for us; upon these our nursery maid, apparently not given to melancholy meditations among the tombs, used to allow us to manufacture whole delightful dinner sets of clay plates and dishes (I think I could make such now), out of which we used to have feasts, as we called them, of morsels of cake and fruit. Who knows what ancient funeral feasts we were unconsciously mimicking, or what imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, went to make up our soup tureens and salad bowls? I remember a story of my brother John at this time, which was curiously characteristic of the small schoolboy's precocious pedantry. The little male ragamuffins of the neighborhood had come to the knowledge that his weekly allowance of shirts assumed fictitious proportions by the "genteel" artifice of a fresh collar, undoubtedly of more frequent occurrence than the whole garment of which it was an outward and visible sign; and they made the boy's life troublesome with the clamorous outcry raised whenever he appeared, "Here comes the chap with the collar!" My father, crossing the church-yard one afternoon, came upon a juvenile mob surrounding our favorite tombstone, on which stood his son John, who delivered in his hearing, with good emphasis and discretion, the following pithy oration: "Sirs! whether I wear one or

two shirts a week, or whether I wear one or two collars a week, is, I presume, no concern of yours." And then, descending from the rostrum with much dignity, the eight-years old Cicero made his way through the small "sirs," by dint of fists and elbows, successfully to his own door.

At this time I was about five years old, and it was determined that I should be sent to the care of my father's sister, Mrs. Twiss, who kept a school at Bath, and who was my godmother. On the occasion of my setting forth on my travels, my brother John presented me with a whole collection of children's books, which he had read and carefully preserved, and now commended to my use. There were at least a round dozen, and, having finished reading them, it occurred to me that to make a bonfire of them would be an additional pleasure to be derived from them; and so I added to the intellectual recreation they afforded me the more *sensational* excitement of what I called "a blaze;" a proceeding of which the dangerous sinfulness was severely demonstrated to me by my new care-takers.

Cambden Place, Bath, was one of the lofty terraces built on the charming slopes that surround the site of the *Aquæ Solis* of the Romans, and here my aunt Twiss kept a girls' school, which participated in the favor which everything belonging to, or even remotely associated with, Mrs. Siddons received from the public. It was a decidedly "fashionable establishment for the education of young ladies," managed by my aunt, her husband, and her three daughters. Mrs. Twiss was, like every member of my father's family, at one time on the stage, but left it very soon to marry the grim-visaged, gaunt-figured, kind-hearted gentleman and profound scholar whose name she at this time bore, and who, I have heard it said, once nourished a hopeless passion for Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Twiss bore a soft and mitigated likeness to her celebrated sister; she had great sweetness of voice and countenance, and a graceful, refined, feminine manner, that gave her

great advantages in her intercourse with, and influence over, the young women whose training she undertook. Mr. Twiss was a very learned man, whose literary labors were, I believe, various, but whose Concordance of Shakespeare is the only one with which I am acquainted. He devoted himself, with extreme assiduity, to the education of his daughters, giving them the unusual advantage of a thorough classic training, and making of two of them learned women in the more restricted, as well as the more general, sense of the term. These ladies were what so few of their sex ever are, *really well informed*; they knew much, and they knew it all thoroughly; they were excellent Latin scholars and mathematicians, had read immensely and at the same time systematically, had prodigious memories stored with various and well classed knowledge, and above all were mistresses of the English language, and spoke and wrote it with perfect purity—an accomplishment out of fashion now, it appears to me, but of the advantage of which I retain a delightful impression in my memory of subsequent intercourse with these excellent and capitally educated women. My relations with them, all but totally interrupted for upwards of thirty years, were renewed late in the middle of my life and towards the end of theirs, when I visited them repeatedly at their pretty rural dwelling near Hereford, where they enjoyed in tranquil repose the easy independence they had earned by honorable toil. There the lovely garden, every flower of which looked fit to take the first prize at a horticultural show, the incomparable white strawberries, famous throughout the neighborhood, and a magnificent Angola cat, were the delights of my out-of-door life; and perfect kindness and various conversation, fed by an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, an immense knowledge of books, and a long and interesting acquaintance with society, made the in-door hours passed with these quiet old lady governesses some of the most delightful I have ever known. The two younger sisters died first; the eldest,

surviving them, felt the sad solitude of their once pleasant home at "The Laurels" intolerable, and removed her residence to Brighton, where, till the period of her death, I used to go and stay with her, and found her to the last one of the most agreeable companions I have ever known.

At the time of my first acquaintance with my cousins, however, neither their own studies nor those of their pupils so far engrossed them as to seclude them from society. Bath was then at certain seasons the gayest place of fashionable resort in England; and, little consonant as such a thing would appear at the present day with the prevailing ideas of the life of a teacher, balls, routs, plays, assemblies, the Pump Room, and all the fashionable dissipations of the place, were habitually resorted to by these very "stylish" school-mistresses, whose position at one time, oddly enough, was that of leaders of "the ton" in the pretty provincial capital of Somersetshire. It was, moreover, understood as part of the system of the establishment, that such of the pupils as were of an age to be introduced into society could enjoy the advantage of the chaperonage of these ladies, and several did avail themselves of it.

What profit I made under these kind and affectionate kinsfolk, I know not; little, I rather think, ostensibly; perhaps some beneath the surface, not very manifest either to them or myself at the time; but painstaking love sows more harvests than it wots of, wherever or whenever (or if never) it reaps them.

I did not become versed in any of my cousins' learned lore, or accomplished in the lighter labors of their leisure hours, to wit: the shoemaking, bread-seal manufacturing, and black and white Japan, table, and screen painting, which produced such an indescribable medley of materials in their rooms, and were fashionable female idle industries of that day.

Of all the pursuits and processes of this sort, from the silk and satin shoemaking of fine ladies then, to the marvels of modern point-lace achieved by

them now, a certain invention of my mother's has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful "lady's works" I have ever seen. It was an idea of her own, and was never, to my knowledge, practiced by anybody but herself. She had certain single figures and groups of figures carved on blocks of wood, precisely as they would have been for wood-cut engravings; with these, and the ink usually employed for wood-cuts, she stamped impressions upon cotton velvet of the most brilliant colors, and then with a solution of chemical acid (oxalic, I suppose) removed the whole color from the figure, leaving a pure white image, with all the lines of the wood-cut strongly defining the design, on the velvet surface, and producing the effect of a drawing on ivory, set in a ground of crimson, dark green, or dark blue. I have even known her execute figures of some of Raphael's cupids on the palest rose and straw color; a Greek or Italian scroll border executed in the same manner gave a finish to these tasteful articles, which were mounted as large screens, or made into cushion covers, and the smaller and more delicate ones into hand-bags, or hand-screens. I remember a beautiful figure of Mars, and one of Venus, taken from the Planets of Raphael in the Chigi chapel of the Santa Maria del Popolo, at Rome, that she so painted; and a group of exquisitely graceful figures from a sacrificial procession, also a composition of Raphael's, which was made into an antique-shaped stool. There was one reason why this process should not have become generally popular as a mere lady's amusement: it was expensive, as far as the necessary materials and implements were concerned, and of very uncertain success, for there was an extreme difficulty in confining the action of the acid within the exact lines of the design, and of course the least running of the white beyond the figure spoiled the whole. My mother often said that if she knew how to avoid that accident, she would take out a patent for her pretty device.

Remote from the theatre and all details of theatrical life as my existence

in my aunt's school was, there still were occasional infiltrations of that element which found their way into my small sphere. My cousin John Twiss, who died not very long ago, an elderly general in her Majesty's service, was at this time a young giant, studying to become an engineer officer, whose visits to his home were seasons of great delight to the family in general, not unmixed on my part with dread; for a favorite diversion of his was enacting my uncle John's famous rescue of Cora's child. in Pizarro, with me clutched in one hand and exalted to perilous proximity with the chandelier, while he rushed across the drawing-rooms to my exquisite terror and triumph.

I remember, too, his sisters, all three remarkably tall women (the eldest nearly six feet high, a portentous petticoat stature), amusing themselves with putting on, and sweeping about the rooms in, certain regal mantles and Grecian draperies of my aunt Mrs. Whitelock's, an actress, like the rest of the Kembles, who sought and found across the Atlantic a fortune and celebrity which it would have been difficult for her to have achieved under the disadvantage of proximity to, and comparison with, her sister, Mrs. Siddons. But I suppose the dramatic impression which then affected me with the greatest and most vivid pleasure was an experience which I have often remembered, when reading Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and the opening chapters of Wilhelm Meister. Within a pleasant summer afternoon's walk from Bath, through green meadows and by the river's side, lay a place called Claverton Park, the residence of a family of the name of A——. Who, I wonder, survives of those kind and clever people, with whom for many subsequent years my family kept up the friendliest relations! I remember nothing of the house but the stately and spacious hall, in the middle of which stood a portable theatre, or puppet-show, such as Punch inhabits, where the small figures, animated with voice and movement by George A——, the eldest son of the family, were tragic in-

stead of grotesque, and where, instead of the squeaking Don Giovanni of the London pavement, Macbeth and similar solemnities appeared before my enchanted eyes. The troupe might have been the very identical puppet performance of Harry Rowe, the famous Yorkshire trumpeter. These, I suppose, were the first plays I ever saw; they were Shakespearian, and doubtless directed my infant mind towards the genuine glories of that legitimate drama of which, in after years, I was destined to hear my whole family spoken of as among the foremost legitimate defenders. Those were pleasant walks to Claverton, and pleasant days at Claverton Hall! I wish Hans Breitmann and his *Avay in die Ewigkeit* did not come in, like a ludicrous, lugubrious burden, to all one's reminiscences of places and people one knew upwards of fifty years ago.

I have been accused of having acquired a bad habit of *punning from Shakespeare!* — a delightful idea, that made me laugh till I cried, the first time it was suggested to me. If so, I certainly began early to exhibit a result of which the cause was in some mysterious way long subsequent to the effect; unless the Puppet Plays of Claverton inspired my wit. However that may be, I developed at this period a decided facility for punning, and that is an unusual thing at that age. Children have considerable enjoyment of humor, as many of their favorite fairy and other stories attest; they are often themselves extremely droll and humorous in their assumed play characters and the stories they invent to divert their companions; but punning is a not very noble species of wit; it partakes of mental dexterity, requires neither fancy, humor, nor imagination, and deals in words with double meanings, a subtlety very little congenial to the simple and earnest intelligence of childhood. I have known one clever child of four years make a pun that would not have disgraced Hood, but I think generally very few children so exercise their brains. A far more common childish tendency was that with which I about this time (as I have been

told) vexed the souls of my elders and betters, by a series of Socratic inquiries upon every family event that attracted my attention; as on the occasion of their putting themselves in mourning for a little child: "Why have you all put on black frocks?"—"Because Mary W—— is dead, and we are very sorry."—"What is dead?"—"Gone out of this world."—"Where?"—"To heaven."—"Has Mary W—— gone to heaven?"—"Certainly."—"Is heaven a nice place?"—"The nicest of all places."—"Is Mary glad to be there?"—"Very glad."—"Then why do you put on black frocks, and be sorry that she is dead?" This and the like impertinent essays of thought may be met successfully enough, if elders and betters believe in truth; but woe betide the elder and better who has not that sustaining faith in dealing with the demonish spirit of an imp such as I then was. A certain very handsome, dashing, "stylish" (in the phrase of that day) Miss B——, who worshiped my uncle John, adored my aunt Siddons, doated on my cousins, and enveloped even me in her all-embracing Kemble mania, met me one day walking with Amelia Twiss, and, after various judicious observations with regard to me, wound up with the lines from Byron's *Giaour* (just then first intoxicating the young lady mind of Great Britain), declaimed with more emphasis than discretion at my mischievous black eyes, —

"Her eye's dark hue 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
And you shall know its lustre well;"

with which profitable remark the fair enthusiast left us. My cousin, mindful of the probable moral effect of this foolery on my small brain, but not careful enough as to the species of antidote she offered me against the pleasing poison of this poetical flattery, said with a grave face, "It was very good-natured of Miss B—— to say those verses to you; she did it because she thought it would please me." "Oh," said I with a face as grave as her own, "did she? I thought she said them to please me, and because my eyes are pretty."

Les enfans terribles say such things daily, and make their grandmothers' caps stand on end with their precocious astuteness; but the clever sayings of most clever children, repeated and reported by admiring friends and relations, are for the most part simply the result of unused faculties exercising themselves in, to them, an unused world; only therefore surprising to worn-out faculties, which have almost ceased to exercise themselves in, to them, an almost worn-out world.

We have all heard abundance of curious and striking things said by quite unremarkable children, but the only really extraordinary observation I ever heard made by a child was one that indicated a power of reflection and perception of the nature of mental phenomena certainly uncommon in a very young mind.

A little girl not eight years old, who had been reading the story of Hamlet, in Charles Lamb's *Shakespeare Tales*, asked if it was true; the reply was, "Partly true, perhaps; there may have been a King of Denmark of that name, some time or other, but the story you have been reading is a ghost story, and not likely to be true." "I know that," said the child, "but might not Hamlet have *imagined* that he saw his father's ghost? To be sure," she added after a pause, "I suppose Horatio and Marcellus would not have imagined it." This was really a remarkable observation for so young a child; the lady grew up, much addicted to metaphysics.

To the Miss B—— I have just mentioned I was indebted for the first doll I remember possessing; a gorgeous wax personage, in white muslin and cherry-colored ribbons, who by desire of the donor was to be called Philippa, in honor of my uncle. I never loved or liked dolls, though I remember taking some pride in the splendor of this, my first-born. They always affected me with a grim sense of being a mockery of the humanity they were supposed to represent; there was something uncanny, not to say ghastly, in the doll existence and its mimicry of babyhood, to me,

and I had a nervous dislike, not unmixed with fear, of the smiling simulacra that girls are all supposed to love with a species of prophetic maternal instinct. I think dolls, when not indifferent, were rather hateful to me, and that whenever I looked attentively at one, I had a sort of feeling of "*what is it?*" which would have tempted me to hunt for its soul in its sawdust, for "a satisfaction to my thoughts;" not like Madame Sand's wonderful little Venetian patrician, with hers, to see "*se avevano il sangue blu.*"

The only member of my aunt Twiss's family of whom I remember at this time little or nothing was the eldest son, Horace, who in subsequent years was one of the most intimate and familiar friends of my father and mother, and who became well known as a clever and successful public man, and a brilliant and agreeable member of the London society of his day.

My stay of a little more than a year at Bath had but one memorable event, in its course, to me. I was looking one evening, at bedtime, over the banisters, from the upper story into the hall below, with tip-toe eagerness that caused me to overbalance myself and turn over the rail, to which I clung on the wrong side, suspended, like Victor Hugo's miserable priest to the gutter of Notre Dame, and then fell four stories down on the stone pavement of the hall. I was not killed or apparently injured, but whether I was not really irreparably damaged no human being can possibly tell; and I adjure all Christian people inclined to "do me justice," to remember that from that time forward my brain may have been hopelessly cracked or *concussed*, a circumstance the moral and mental effect of which is quite beyond computation.

My next memories refer to a residence which my parents were occupying when I returned to London, called Covent Garden Chambers; now, I believe, celebrated as "*Evans's*," and where, I am told, it is confidently affirmed that I was born, which I was not; and where, I am told, a picture is shown that is confidently affirmed to be mine, which it is not. My sister Adelaide was born in Covent Garden Chambers, and the picture in

question is an oil sketch, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of my cousin Maria Siddons: quite near the truth enough for history, private or public. It was while we were living here that Mrs. Siddons returned to the stage for one night, and acted Lady Randolph for my father's benefit. Of course I heard much discourse about this, to us, important and exciting event, and used all my small powers of persuasion to be taken to see her.

My father, who loved me very much, and spoiled me not a little, carried me early in the afternoon into the market place, and showed me the dense mass of people which filled the whole Piazza, in patient expectation of admission to the still unopened doors. This was by way of proving to me how impossible it was to grant my request. However that might then appear, it was granted, for I was in the theatre at the beginning of the performance; but I can now remember nothing of it but the appearance of a solemn female figure in black, and the tremendous *roar* of public greeting which welcomed her, and must, I suppose, have terrified my childish senses, by the impression I still retain of it; and this is the only occasion on which I saw my aunt in public.

Another circumstance connected in my mind with Covent Garden Chambers was a terrible anguish about my youngest brother, Henry, who was for some hours lost. He was a most beautiful child of little more than three years old, and had been allowed to go out on the door-steps by an exceedingly foolish little nursery maid, to look at the traffic of the great market place. Returning without him, she declared that he had refused to come in with her, and had run to the corner of Henrietta Street, as she averred, where she had left him, to come and fetch authoritative assistance.

The child did not come home, and all search for him proved vain throughout the crowded market and the adjoining thoroughfares, thronged with people and choked with carts and wagons, and swarming with the blocked-up traffic which had to make its way to and from the great mart through avenues far narrower

and more difficult of access than they are now. There were not then, either, those invaluable beings, policemen (for whom be ever blessed the memory of Peel), standing at every corner to enforce order and assist the helpless: blue-coated heroes of the area railings, beloved of nurse-maids, kitchen-maids, house-maids, and maids of all work; peacefullest yet most efficient of *gens-d'armes* and *sbirri*; certainly combining the minimum of aggressive with the maximum of passive authority over the huge populace which they control, for the most part, so well, without unnecessarily provoking its dangerous ill-will. These there were not; and no inquiry brought back any tidings of the poor little lost boy. My mother was ill, and I do not think she was told of the child's disappearance, but my father went to and fro with the face and voice of a distracted man; and I well remember the look with which he climbed a narrow outside stair, leading only to a rain-water cistern, with the miserable apprehension that his child might have clambered up and fallen into it. The neighborhood was stirred with sympathy for the agony of the poor father, and pitying gossip spreading the news through the thronged market place, where my father's name and appearance was familiar enough to give a strong personal feeling to the compassion expressed, a baker's boy, lounging about, caught up the story of the lost child, and described having seen a "pretty little chap with curly hair, in a brown Holland pinafore," in St. James Square. Thither the searchers flew, and the child was found, tired out with his self-directed wandering, but apparently quite contented, fast asleep on the door-step of one of the lordly houses of that aristocratic square. He was so remarkably beautiful that he must have attracted attention before long, and *might* perhaps have been restored to his home; but God knows what an age of horror and anguish was lived through by my father and my poor aunt Dall in that short, miserable space of time till he was found.

My aunt Dall, of whom I now speak

for the first time, was my mother's sister, and had lived with us, I believe, ever since I was born. Her name was Adelaide, but the little fellow whose adventure I have just related, stumbling over this fine Norman appellation, turned it into Idallidy, and then conveniently shortened it of its two extremities and made it Dall, by which title she was called by us, and known to all our friends, and beloved by all who ever spoke or heard it. Her story was as sad a one as could well be; yet to my thinking she was one of the happiest persons I have ever known, as well as one of the best. She was my mother's second sister, and as her picture, taken when she was twenty, shows (and it was corroborated by her appearance till upwards of fifty) she was extremely pretty. Obligated, as all the rest of her family were, to earn her own bread, and naturally adopting the means of doing so that they did, she went upon the stage; but I cannot conceive that her nature can ever have had any affinity with her occupation. She had a robust and rather prosaic common-sense, opposed to anything exaggerated or sentimental, which gave her an excellent judgment of character and conduct, a strong genial vein of humor which very often made her repartees witty as well as wise, and a sunny sweetness of temper and soundness of moral nature that made her as good as she was easy and delightful to live with. Whenever everything went wrong and she was "vexed past her patience," she used to sing; it was the only indication by which we ever knew that she was what is termed "out of sorts." She had found employment in her profession under the kindly protection of Mr. Stephen Kemble, my father's brother, who lived for many years at Durham and was the manager of the theatre there, and according to the fashion of that time traveled with his company, at stated seasons, to Newcastle, Sunderland, and other places, which formed a sort of theatrical circuit in the northern counties, throughout which he was well known and generally respected.

In his company my aunt Dall found

employment, and in his daughter, Fanny Kemble, since well known as Mrs. Robert Arkwright, an inseparable friend and companion. My aunt lived with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who were excellent, worthy people, doing their duty in the very laborious and not very exalted vocation of country actors. They took good care of the two young girls under their charge, this linsey-woolsey Rosalind and Celia, — their own beautiful and most rarely endowed daughter and her light-hearted, lively companion; and I suppose that a merrier life than that of these lasses, in the midst of their quaint theatrical tasks and homely household duties, was seldom led by two girls in any sphere of life. They learned and acted their parts, devised and executed with small means and great industry their dresses; made pies and puddings, and patched and darned, in the morning, and by dint of paste and rouge became heroines in the evening; and withal were well-conducted, good young things, full of the irrepressible spirits of their age, and turning alike their hard home work and light stage labor into fun. My aunt has often told me how, walking with her in the cathedral close, more than one inhabitant of which was then a grave and benign patron of the drama and a kind friend of the manager, it was her delight suddenly to tell his daughter that she would make believe that she (Fanny Kemble) was tipsy, and that she was being conducted home by her sober and considerate companion. The joke never failed of its effect, and no sooner was the mischievous intention announced and poor Fanny Kemble's arm taken by my aunt with affectionately severe admonitions "to take care how she walked and not expose herself," than the most uncontrollable laughter would seize upon the helpless victim, who inherited her father's unyielding and ungainly figure; — she had also inherited the beauty of his family, which in her most lovely countenance had a character of childlike simplicity and serene sweetness that made it almost angelic.

Far on in middle age she retained this singularly tender beauty, which

added immensely to the exquisite effect of her pathetic voice in her incomparable rendering of the ballads she composed (the poetry as well as the music being often her own), and to which her singing of them gave so great a fashion at one time, in the great London world. It was in vain that far better musicians, with far finer voices, attempted to copy her inimitable musical recitation; nobody ever sang like her, and still less did anybody ever look like her while she sang. But on the occasions of which I was speaking, when she was being "carefully taken home" by my aunt, the poor girl's heavy figure, shaken with paroxysms of laughter, heaved and rolled about almost beyond the guidance of her perfidious companion, and her suffocating expostulations and entreaties, and streaming eyes and tottering, unsteady steps, would certainly have confirmed to any one who had met them the impression conveyed by my aunt's words, that she was guiding home her helplessly inebriated friend. Practical jokes of very doubtful taste were the fashion of that day, and remembering what wonderfully coarse and silly proceedings were then thought highly diverting by "vastly genteel" people, it is not, perhaps, much to be wondered at that so poor a piece of wit as this should have furnished diversion to a couple of light-hearted girls, with no special pretensions to elegance or education. Another time they were driving together in a post-chaise on the road to Newcastle, and my aunt, having at hand in a box part of a military equipment intended for some farce, accoutred her upper woman in a soldier's cap, stock, and jacket, and, with heavily corked mustaches, persisted in embracing her companion, whose frantic resistance, screams of laughter, and besmirched cheeks elicited comments of boundless amazement, in broad north-country dialect, from the market folk they passed on the road, to whom they must have appeared the most violent runaway couple that ever traveled.

Liston, the famous comedian, was at this time a member of the Durham com-

pany, and though he began his career there by reciting Collins's Ode to the Passions, attired in a pea-green coat, buckskins, top boots, and powder, with a scroll in his hand; and followed this essay of his powers with the tragic actor's battle-horse, the part of Hamlet; he soon found his peculiar gift to lie in the diametrically opposite direction of broad farce. Of this he was perpetually interpolating original specimens in the gravest performances of his fellow-actors; on one occasion, suddenly presenting to Mrs. Stephen Kemble, as she stood disheveled at the side scene, ready to go on the stage as Ophelia in her madness, a basket with carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, and pot-herbs, instead of the conventional flowers and straws of the stage maniac, which sent the representative of the fair Ophelia on in a broad grin, with ill-suppressed fury and laughter, which must have given quite an original character of verisimilitude to the insanity she counterfeited.

On another occasion he sent all the little chorister boys on, in the lugubrious funeral procession in *Romeo and Juliet*, with pieces of brown paper in their hands to wipe their tears with.

The suppression of that very dreadful piece of stage pageantry has at last, I believe, been conceded to the better taste of modern audiences; but even in my time it was still performed, and an exact representation of a funeral procession, such as one meets every day in Rome, with torch-bearing priests, and bier covered with its black velvet pall embroidered with skull and cross-bones, with a corpse-like figure stretched upon it, marched round the stage, chanting some portion of the fine Roman Catholic requiem music. I have twice been in the theatre when persons have been seized with epilepsy during that ghastly exhibition, and think the good judgment that has discarded such a mimicry of a solemn religious ceremony highly commendable.

Another evening, Liston, having painted Fanny Kemble's face like a

clown's, posted her at one of the stage side doors to confront her mother, poor Mrs. Stephen Kemble, entering at the opposite one to perform some dismally serious scene of dramatic pathos, who, on suddenly beholding this grotesque apparition of her daughter, fell into convulsions of laughter and coughing, and half audible exclamations of "Go away, Fanny! I'll tell your father, miss!" which must have had the effect of a sudden seizure of madness to the audience, accustomed to the rigid decorum of the worthy woman in the discharge of her theatrical duties.

Long after these provincial exploits, and when he had become the comedian *par excellence* of the English stage, for which eminence nature and art had alike qualified him by the imperturbable gravity of his extraordinarily ugly face, which was such an irresistibly comical element in his broadest and most grotesque performances, Mr. Liston used to exert his ludicrous powers of tormenting his fellow-actors in the most cruel manner upon that sweet singer, Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex). She had a curious nervous trick of twitching her dress before she began to sing; this peculiarity was well known to all her friends, and Liston, who certainly was one of them, used to agonize the poor woman by standing at the side scene, while the symphony of her pathetic ballads was being played, and indicating by his eyes and gestures that something was amiss with the trimming or bottom of her dress: when, as invariably as he chose to play the trick, poor Miss Stephens used to begin to twitch and catch at her petticoat, and half hysterical, between laughing and crying, would enchant and entrance her listeners with her exquisite voice and pathetic rendering of *Savourneen Deelish*, or the *Banks of Allan Water*.

But among the merry Durham player folk the laughing had an end, and saddest tragedy of reality came crashing down into the midst of these poor foolish people's mirth.

Frances Anne Kemble.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHEN we read a beautiful poem it may very well happen that we find ourselves wholly fascinated by its charm, or possibly moved to tears by our interest in the fictitious story told us, so that we seem capable of feeling only one emotion; but if at that time we lift our streaming eyes from the book, and chance to see a man hanging from the eaves of the opposite roof and vainly struggling to climb up, all interest in the book vanishes, and we care only for the man who is in danger. Just as the real incident makes the book seem tame, there are books which by dexterous use of thrilling scenes come so near to producing the effect of reality that better literature seems like the hair-splitting of monkish logicians in comparison with their attractiveness. It is not the book which treats of the most exalted subjects that is always surest to gratify us. It is the great merit of those books we honor with the name of classics, not that they are surest to tempt us in our leisure moments, but that if we are willing to make some effort, and attune ourselves to their level, we are on the whole more pleased, and more satisfactorily pleased, by them than by any cheaper devices. We ask not merely that we may lose ourselves in a book, but that when we find ourselves again we may have the consciousness that we have not been unworthily tricked into forgetfulness. The feeling of admiration is one of our rarest luxuries, and we are ashamed when we discover that we have squandered it. It is very like being awe-stricken by what we take to be mysterious, and learning afterwards that what we bowed down before was a mere trick of legerdemain. These cautions suggest themselves to us in regard to Victor Hugo. If cleverness, ingenuity, ease and skill in writing, and the power of fascination were all that were needed, Victor Hugo, who possesses these, would be not only by far the greatest writer

now living, but also one of the greatest who have ever lived. His success is and always has been something enormous. Even Scott — not in these critical, degenerate days, but before readers had begun to find out the unreality of his donjon-keeps and his other mediæval properties, and to decry his characters as dull — did not enjoy such wonderful popularity as has fallen to Victor Hugo's lot. Of his new works, editions go off in a day, in an hour; they are translated into all manner of strange tongues, and talked about with the most lavish praise. Certainly a man of whose writings this can be said differs from the common herd. He must have qualities which even men so warmly admired as Tourguéneff lack, for he has many thousand times the number of admirers that the Russian novelist possesses. What are the characteristics, then, of this wonderful man? What are the qualities surest to win success and popularity?

In matters of morals and so-called intellectual discussion the public is very patient of even desperate prosing. The Proverbial Philosophy, well thumbled and marked, is still to be found, in nearly the three hundredth edition, on many a table, generally in comparative solitude. It so well reflects the vacant mind, it so dexterously avoids irritating the unpracticed reader by giving him food for thought, it so thoroughly embalms nothingness, that those who only care for blank mediocrity have regarded it as an inspired book, and its writer as a prophet. The Country Parson, too, now nearly forgotten, had only about ten years ago a similar, if less lasting, success. He mingled sprightliness with his mediocrity, in his personal revelations he appealed to the love of idle gossip which lies deep in human nature, and he became almost a great man. But when readers ask to be amused, they demand more. They do not rest satisfied with well-meaning dullness; they are anxious

to have all the liveliness possible in their entertainments. Their principles grow lax; in short, they are much more orthodox in church than in the theatre. Since no one better pleases the public than Victor Hugo, an examination of what he has written will show, possibly, on what foundations his fame rests.

Victor Hugo was born in the year 1802. His father was one of Napoleon's generals; his mother was from La Vendée, and in her girlhood she had wandered about the country with the Chouans. In the days of his boyhood all Europe was in arms, and young Hugo followed his father from one country to another for many years. At the age of nine he was sent to school at Madrid, where he acquired the knowledge and love of Spain so noticeable in some of his plays and poems. Afterwards he was placed in the Collège Louis le Grand. At this school he was compelled to study, among other things, the mathematics, which was very uncongenial to his poetical mind. While yet a lad he became distinguished by his precocious success in writing odes, by which, too, he won several prizes. These odes still have a place among his collected poems, and are very good in view of the age at which they were written. They are all tinged by very ardent love for royalism. In a preface written in the year 1853 he does not apologize for this political tendency, which he soon outgrew; on the contrary, and fairly enough, he counts it one more of his merits that, beginning as a royalist and an aristocrat, he was yet able to grow up into a democrat, at the sacrifice of worldly possessions and at the risk of losing home and life. In 1821, when he was nineteen years old, his odes were collected and published. They were cordially greeted by Chateaubriand, who was then the literary dictator and a warm royalist, who called Hugo a sublime child, and naturally enough, for the young poet was indeed full of promise. His merits, too, won for him a pension from the king, Louis XVIII.

It was not in verse alone that he was precocious. In 1823 appeared the first of his prose writings, a romance, *Han*

d'Islande, which was followed in 1825 by another, *Bug-Jargal*. In these it is easier to recognize the familiar Victor Hugo than it is in his first poems. As for the stories, they are enormous absurdities; the plots are as wild as those of the maddest pantomimes, but without a trace of humor. A brief sketch of *Han d'Islande* may serve to show what the public is capable of swallowing when it consents to bow down submissively before the eccentricities of genius. *Han* was the worthy descendant of a monster of hoary antiquity, known as *Ingulph* the Exterminator. The family is most famous for its hatred of mankind except as articles of uncooked food. *Han* has already burned a cloister in which vain efforts had been made to civilize him, overthrown a rock which crushed all the inhabitants of a village on a holiday, burned a cathedral during divine service, etc., etc.: it is all as dreadful as a thunder-storm in a theatre. The hero, however, finds these joys pall upon him; he loses his son and surrenders himself to justice, after showing the unguineness of a person who pretended to be the original *Han*, by killing a man in the court-room and calling upon the pretender to drink of his blood,—a test which staggered the false one. In his speech on giving himself up, he says to the judges, "I have committed more murders and set more fires than you have pronounced unjust judgments in all your lives. . . . I would gladly drink the blood in your veins. It is my nature to hate men, my mission to harm them. Colonel, it is I who crushed a battalion of your regiment with fragments of rock. I was avenging my son. . . . Now, judges, my son is dead; I come here to seek death. . . . I am tired of life, since it cannot be a lesson and an example to a successor. I have drunk enough blood, I am no longer thirsty; now, here I am, you can drink mine." Thereupon he indulges in blasphemy, and is soon, at his own request, condemned to death. He finds the ordinary processes of justice too tardy, however, and being naturally of an impetuous disposition he sets fire to his prison and per-

shes in the flames, with his few surviving enemies. This cold account does but feeble justice to the original; the descriptions of the hero, clawing and biting men, fighting victoriously with wolves, — no savage bard ever sang so brutal a story as this, one so devoid of anything except willfully bloodthirsty fancies. If this story were merely an outburst of boyish folly which the author had afterwards outgrown, it would be unfair to give it any prominence in a discussion of Hugo's characteristics. But unfortunately we find in this novel the very same qualities which distinguish much of his subsequent work, as we shall presently show. He here made his first attempt to attract by what was merely horrible, and having made his odious idol with the teeth of a wolf, the glowing eyes of a tiger, the appetites of a cannibal, and the general appearance of a cannibal's idol, he seems to forget that to himself is due the credit of inventing the monster, and he is the first to fall down and worship it. Slighter similarities to his later work may be observed; the epigrammatic antitheses of the conversation, the ardor of the descriptions, have now, although in more brilliant colors, become familiar to us all. It shows, too, another peculiarity of Hugo, namely, the slight claim he makes upon his reader's imagination; he never gives it the least chance to spread its wings, he is beforehand with his inventions. This fact probably has something to do with his popularity, but it cannot wholly explain it.

What is then the reason of Hugo's popularity? It is not every writer who will be read if he chooses dead-houses and dusky caverns for his stage, hangmen and hybrid demons for his *dramatis personæ*, murder and arson for his incidents, even if he rattles his thunder continuously and turns down his gas till it burns blue. There must be something more than an appeal to traits surviving from the habits of our man-eating ancestors, which has won Hugo readers. What more especially distinguishes him is the ingenuity with which he puts into the mouths of his characters not what is

best said, much less what any human beings would be likely to say, but, rather, what is perhaps the brightest thing they could say, what most forcibly strikes the reader. It is easy to understand how naturally a man would be led, by such brilliancy as that of which Hugo feels himself the possessor, to ascribe undue value to his own unusual merits. Whatever he may have to express, he cannot help knowing that he expresses it well. He never stumbles, nor hesitates for a word, is never awkward, is never dull. If in the greatest genius there were not qualities which escaped definition, he would be one of the greatest of geniuses; as it is, he has all the gifts the fairies could give him, and he has never been troubled by distrust of himself. His many volumes of poems are good examples of his skill and often of his imagination. His lyrics are much admired by the French critics, who are doubtless the fairest judges of their merits, so hard is it for a foreigner to have an ear accurate enough to judge of the appropriate use of words, the choice of phrases, and in fact of all that mechanical part of verse-making which goes for so much in French poetry. With regard to his plays, however, it is possible for us to be fairer judges. We know what the power of these plays is, how in even the most diluted translations and with incompetent actors they have the power of making the spectator hold his breath, or grow pale in eager uncertainty over the fate of some brilliant character in great danger of losing his life. But it is another matter when we ask, Do these plays mirror life? Are they full of instruction? Do they give lofty delight? Do we read them over and over to learn how one more great man regards the joys and sufferings and passions of human life? Far from it: they are written for the few hours during which we sit in the theatre; they are meant to fascinate us by a clever plot which shall introduce all manner of stage machinery, the familiar stock characters, especially black-browed assassins, and by means of clever contrasts and brilliant antitheses cajole us into a feeling of surprise,

which, if we are not careful, we are likely to mistake for admiration. Admiration of a certain sort it may be, of course. We are grateful to any one who is a real master of the art of amusing us; it would be unjust to wrap ourselves up in disdain immediately after being thrilled and fascinated by one of his plays, to say, He is not Shakespeare, and so pass him by with contempt. But when, on the other hand, it is claimed in his behalf, by himself as well as by others, that this is the true voice for which the world has long been waiting, that here we have the spirit of the nineteenth century, it is well that such important claims should be carefully weighed. And if, moreover, we are told that we should not condemn him, because all who have introduced reforms which were admired by later generations have been abused by their contemporaries, we need not give up at once and acknowledge ourselves beaten, because there is another general remark of equal truth, that not all reforms are wise or sure of the approbation of posterity. It is a frequent bane of argument that debate of matters so very wide of the mark is taken as satisfactory treatment of the question under discussion. Let us, then, take up one or two of the plays and examine them to find what underlies his dramatic success. To take *Ruy Blas*, which is perhaps the most familiar to us on this side of the water, seems so absurd as to be almost unfair. To undertake to show that this play,—its fantastic Don Salluste, who is so angry with the queen and so grim in his vengeance; the queen, so melancholy in her royalty; and its hero, who becomes prime minister by simply changing his clothes,—to undertake to show that this contains any picture of life as it exists anywhere, except on the stage of a theatre, seems an impossible thing. Such characters are not human beings; they are animated scenery. The play is not written to set forth the relations between different men and women, but these are introduced to give zest to the mechanism of the play. When *Ruy Blas* is at the height of his power, and has just re-

ceived the queen's confession of love, Don Salluste appears and prepares to take his revenge. Every one who has seen the play will recall the scene in which Don Salluste compels the prime minister, who is really his lackey, to close the window, and pick up his handkerchief, while trying to explain the condition of Spanish politics. As a dramatic situation this may endure comparison with that in a more recent play in which one of the characters is tied down upon the railway track and the train is heard rapidly approaching. The one case is quite as natural as the other. *Ruy Blas* has indeed the best chance; he could have Don Salluste imprisoned or put to death at a moment's notice, but no, he meekly bows his head, and finally takes poison after having done his duty, which consisted in sacrificing the queen to Don Salluste's desire for revenge. To make a list of all the impossibilities in the play would be idle; it nowhere comes near the ground of probability. The mirror is not held up to nature, but to the most ingenious inventions for making dramatic performances interesting. It is sheer melodrama, and to enjoy it we have to lay aside all criticism and devote ourselves merely to looking, as if we were watching rope-dancing, or the man who puts his head in the lion's mouth, who does it, not, we may be sure, from any strong instinct of human nature, but in order to make our blood run cold. If we put the play in comparison with any of the acknowledged masterpieces of the world, it falls lamentably short, but if we put it where it belongs, among the melodramas, it certainly stands prominent. But the cleverness which goes to the making of a thrilling melodrama is to be distinguished from the qualities which go to the making of a great play, just as the combination of practice and boldness which enables a man to thrust his head between the wild beast's jaws is to be distinguished from heroism or moral courage. The sight of one of these is ennobling, that of the other amusing.

Local and temporary circumstances contributed to the success of many of Hugo's melodramas. Admiration of

Hernani, at the time it was brought out, was made the test for those who were anxious to join the party of young men who protested against the classical pedantry which had so long held control of the French stage. The writer made himself the leader of the Romantic school in France, and if literature there had worn heavy chains before, it now was freed from any control. In the universal overthrow, what was monstrous and ugly had better chance of success than what was calm and beautiful. As Hugo stated it, in the long preface to his *Cromwell*, the era of the grotesque, had fairly come in. What is meant by the grotesque it is easy to judge, from the many examples of it to be found in his writings; easier in this way, perhaps, than from the vague general statements in his voluminous prefaces. Broad contrasts, antitheses, ingenious invention always taking the place of what is probable, and the horrible held up for our admiration, these are some of the qualities most noticeable in Victor Hugo. That he is vigorous in drawing his scenes no one can deny. In his plays he manages his stage-effects admirably; he keeps the threads of the drama in his hands, and only brings matters to a solution when that will be most impressive. He well knows how to please his audience. He never steps aside to show any complexities of character in his dramatis personæ, because they never have any; they are simply embodiments of some picturesque passion. They have the first merit of actors on the stage, however, in that they are entertaining. And they are clearly drawn — no more to be confounded together than the trees in the painted scenes are to be confounded with the chairs and tables. Every one is there for a specific purpose. While the plays deserve this praise, we should also be careful not to confuse our gratitude for the freeing of the French stage from its shackles with admiration of the methods employed. Perhaps the exaggeration of the reformers was unavoidable, in the face of the great task they set themselves, but what they did is certainly to be judged now

merely on its own merits. There is no longer any fear of the revival of the dramatic unities; they have been slain too often already; and it is interesting to study the way in which they were driven out of France, now that the heat of combat is over, and we can decide more fairly. Victor Hugo complies with the first duty of a writer — he is interesting; but it would be as unwise to give him too much praise for that as, in view of the fact that the first duty of men is to be carefully washed, to lavish approbation on a man because he is clean. His neatness can never outweigh the absence of more essential qualities or the presence of gross faults. We judge of a man's influence on his fellow-creatures by very different tests. There is not one of Hugo's plays that is not marked by the errors noticed in *Ruy Blas*. Some of them were raised into undeserved prominence by the good luck of receiving the government censure. They immediately acquired all the sweetness of forbidden fruit, but they never for that reason came nearer to dramatic excellence. Giving an account of one is, for all purposes of criticism, giving an account of all. The one we have chosen for mention was written in 1838.

In 1831 appeared his *Notre Dame de Paris*, which by many is considered his masterpiece. It shows very clearly almost the same qualities as those which are to be found in the plays. It is a novel which any one will read with great interest the first time he takes it in his hands, but one to which he will return with less enthusiasm after he has once followed the different victims in their excursions to the gallows, and has feverishly turned over the leaves to find out whether this time the characters are actually going to suffer a violent death; but having once solved this problem, its repetition leaves him cold. What is most noticeable is the curious collection of mediæval properties the author has industriously accumulated. He puts before us the picture of Paris of the fifteenth century after a manner which is half pre-Raphaelitism and half scene-

painting. To be sure, there is to be noticed, perhaps, the influence of the author's romantic affection for the architecture of the cathedral, but there is no serious effort to show us human nature, the real heart of man, amid the surroundings the author draws. He regards the Middle Ages as the time when sudden disappearances, frequent executions, in a word, all the component parts of the picturesque life he has drawn, gave opportunity for more thrilling incidents in his novel than could have been possible in a city with police and a generally monotonous civilization. The world was yet to learn how impressive a detective could become. The characters, too, are all painted in *but one color* each: the archdeacon is all fiery, unholy passion, Esmeralda is love for the captain's uniform, the captain is frivolity, and Jehan Frolo is the Gavroche of his century; and when they talk they express either Victor Hugo's epigrams, their prevailing passion, or some bit of archæology, — never a bit of human nature. It is again a success in melodrama that the author has made, but it is interesting melodrama, with incidental bits of eloquence, and all so filled with enthusiasm that one is almost ashamed of being critical and irresponsible to the author's fire. It requires some effort to resist the unholy fascination the book exercises. To doubt that the writer, when he leaves sober prose, is really one of the greatest poets, seems the coldest skepticism. Victor Hugo has no timid fears about his own merits, and the world is very apt to take a man for what he gives himself out to be. If his manner is confident and his voice loud, he is tolerably sure to have a large following of those who like to be saved the trouble of making up their minds on the evidence. Those who care most for brilliant coloring in literature will find themselves more nearly satisfied by this novel than by any we can recall: it is a swift succession of incidents, each one fully charged with vivid emotion; but every incident exists only for its picturesqueness; the author is merely striving to make a great impression. It is

his being contented with this that makes him so unsatisfactory; he pleases once, perhaps, but another time his trick is learned, and he is judged according to a different test by our minds when cooler. Even Hugo's versatility fails to provide eternal novelty; but he does all that man can do, and, although he refuses to comply with what he calls conventional laws, substitutes for them his own almost boundless invention. While in watching him we forget to judge him, his false position obliges him to call us aside to some new bit of cleverness before we are cool enough to see the shallowness of what last amused us. Before our ears have become accustomed to the unusual silence after hearing the busy speech of his characters, and before our eyes find anything but monotonous grayness after his dazzling panoramas, we are again summoned to witness new feats.

His versatility in politics is quite as remarkable. He has been everything that he could be. As we have said, he began life as a royalist; afterwards he became a Jacobin; when he had been received into the Academy he became conservative; later, after 1848, he was a socialist, and how bitter an opponent he was of the late empire is well known. His hostility to Napoleon III. was the cause of his exile from France, and his new political and social views inspired the best known of his writings, his famous *Les Misérables*.

It would be hard to find a novel which takes a stronger hold upon the reader. Even *Notre Dame de Paris*, with all its picturesqueness, almost pales before the equal vividness of the pathos in *Les Misérables*. There is no mediocrity in it. The whole is distinctly conceived in the author's mind, and it is set before the reader with uniform distinctness; there is not a dull tint, not an uncertain line in the whole book; even more than that, there is hardly a page which is devoid of thrilling interest. The success of the book was naturally enough something unprecedented: it was translated in advance into nine different languages, and offered for sale on the same day in Paris, London, Berlin, New York, St. Peters-

burg, Turin, and Madrid. Such popularity as this must be due to remarkable qualities, and these the book has. There is no need of telling the story again. It may be enough to say that Hugo remains true to his old fashion of mingling the horrible with what is beautiful, the tragic with the comic, and then giving us the combination as a true picture of life. From beginning to end the book is a direct appeal to the feelings. Nothing is hinted, everything is painted in the most striking colors. But what is the upshot of it all? We see the familiar monotonous characters, this time people of the present century, but as truly vehicles of a single passion as the illustrative dramatis personæ of Notre Dame de Paris. There is Javert, who makes even the detectives of modern realistic plays seem as awkward and clumsy as constables at a country fair in comparison with his omnipresence, ingenuity, perseverance, epigrammatic conversation, and unflinching power of crushing retort. There are the dissolute students posing for brilliancy as if they were forming themselves after the best models of French fiction. There is Jean Valjean, who, with his immense strength of body, energy, and kindness, is an encyclopædia of all the virtues. There is Gavroche, who if he had lived might have become in time a contributor to the *Figaro*. These are all, not people, but exalted human qualities, picturesquely draped, and carried through a dizzy succession of incidents in which all need of imagination on the part of the reader is supplied by the author's unflagging invention, and all distrust silenced by his proud self-confidence. Take the pathetic story of Fantine, for instance, which forms but a fragment of the whole book; Hugo here takes the coldest reader deep into misery. He knows better than any writer of the time how to excite physical horror, and it is in general to his ability to excite sympathetical physical sensations that nine tenths of his success is due. In the case before us our blood runs cold at the description of the poor girl's sufferings: she sells her hair for money,

she sells her teeth, and finally herself, and it is perhaps as grim a picture as even Hugo has drawn, that is made of it all. He is as pitiless as fate or as a newspaper reporter; he spares us none of the tragedy. With Jean Valjean he proceeds in the same way: he describes the strong man caged, the gentle-hearted man buffeted by persecution; and we who read the story of his sufferings can no more help shivering at the horrors told us than we can bear a sudden shriek in the dark without alarm. It is really the reader, however, who should be pitied for the violence of his emotion; the writer is only glad, the victim of the story indifferent, but the reader requires all sympathy. To understand other writers we have to be accustomed to distinguishing feelings that lie deeper than those Victor Hugo appeals to. George Eliot carries us into the discussion of the greater problems which are forever arising between duty and inclination; she lets the conscience, not a police-officer with an unflinching eye, strike the note of alarm; the questions in which we are interested are not how a man can get away from peril of his life with a whole skin, or how a certain man can get possession of a certain woman, but, rather, how a man may lead his life secure from those dangers he brings upon himself by the weakness of his nature. And the further one gets from the savage state the more important becomes the consideration of these questions, and of less value that of imaginary problems of what one would do if ten detectives were on his track and every outlet watched, or if even in the hands of highway-robbers. Yet there is no one who can be indifferent to such matters if his attention is called to them, and Hugo is so clever a writer that he does not fail to interest his readers, indeed almost every reader; but the means he employs never rise above this direct appeal to the simpler feelings. He is sure of a large audience; his bait tempts the multitude.

L'Homme qui rit and *Les Travaux de la Mer*, two of his later novels, have had less success, and deserve less

mention. Hugo remains monotonous whatever be the new soil in which he is working. He brings down the green curtain after the loudest explosion of all, and in the last-named story, just as the ship conveying the happy bride and bridegroom disappears beneath the horizon, the head of the disconsolate rival, who had stationed himself on a rock of the sea-shore, is covered by the rising tide. It is by detecting such failures to be impressive as this that one may perhaps best learn to see the insincerity of his methods. In itself this coincidence is no absurder than many of those which are devised to lend brilliancy to his books, but it is more likely to cause a smile than many others. What makes the whole scene ridiculous is the total lack of connection between a woman's refusing one man, accepting and marrying another, and the state of the tides. It is not a poetical effect, it is as purely a theatrical trick as the use of the trap-door to cause sudden disappearances. Hugo utilizes the nineteenth century in this way, that he lets ingenious mechanism do the work formerly delegated to irresponsible fairies.

As to the eloquence and pathos which are alleged to compensate for what is false sentiment in Hugo, they are often as delusive as phrases well can be. He says, "Paris is synonymous with Cosmos," and his readers blush for shame at the thought of their modest native village. With his flow of words he confounds his hearers, and then he wins their suffrages; he knows no world but the one he is at the time creating, and his frenzy carries all away, for a time at least. When cooler, they find questions still unsettled, emotions untouched, and they are conscious of a sort of shame at the thought of the real value of what so moved them. When he becomes pathetic, it is with the same energy that inspires him to assume and call forth any other emotion. The often quoted scene in *Quatre-vingt-treize* is a favorite example of his power in this direction. After describing scenes of carnage he pauses for a mo-

ment, wipes his brow, and in direct contrast to the tumultuous excitement with which he has been delighting his readers, sets the scene in which the children appear. He suddenly roars as gently as a sucking dove. It is very possible to feel that the tenderness he shows is as much assumed as the violence which has preceded it. When we know that a writer considers contrast a most valuable method, it is impossible to believe that the quiet scenes following noisy ones have their origin in genuine love of tenderness.

This brings us back to where we began, to the statement that Victor Hugo's qualities are those which enable him to be impressive for the time, but which do not command lasting admiration. He can draw an almost irresistible picture of some emotion, he can make a sensation, but having accomplished that one end, he rests contented for the time, and when he turns to anything new it is to perform the same tricks with different material. In short, in novels as in plays he is a perfect master of melodrama; he puts all his wonderful talent to but one purpose, and he makes a more taking show than any one else can, but there he stops. If emotion were all that is to be asked in life, and rather crude, physical emotion at that, criticism would be idle and there would be nothing to do but to give assent to all that Hugo's admirers claim for him. But there is something more which we have the right to claim of genius: that it should teach us not merely to thrill and shiver, but to know the heart of man; that it should regard life not as a combination of startling incidents, but as a problem in which thrilling scenes and dangers play but a small part. This Victor Hugo has not done; even now that he has been before the world for more than fifty years, he looks on life as might an inexperienced youth of twenty; all that he has seen he has taken for nothing but new setting for his old methods, and he remains at present the much-adored and brilliant trifler that he was at the beginning.

T. S. Perry.

THE OLD LOBSTERMAN.

CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT.

Just back from a beach of sand and shells,
And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
Summer and winter the old man dwells
In his low brown house on the river bank.
Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
Where often I see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells
In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
Seem hung all over with silver bells
That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
All else is desolate sand and stone:
And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
Nor other companionship has he
But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

A furlong or more away to the south,
On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
The high, curved billow whitens and falls;
And the racing tides through the granite gate,
On their wild errands that will not wait,
Forever, unresting, to and fro,
Course with impetuous ebb and flow.

They bury the barnacled ledge, and make
Into every inlet and crooked creek,
And flood the flats with a shining lake,
Which the proud ship plows with foam at her beak;
The ships go up to yonder town,
Or over the sea their hulls sink down,
And many a pleasure pinnace rides
On the restless backs of the rushing tides.

I try to fathom the gazer's dreams,
But little I gain from his gruff replies;
Far off, far off the spirit seems,
As he looks at me with those strange gray eyes;
Never a hail from the shipwrecked heart!
Mysterious oceans seem to part
The desolate man from all his kind—
The Selkirk of his lonely mind.

He has growls for me when I bring him back
My unused bait — his way to thank;
And a good shrill curse for the fishing-smack
That jams his dory against the bank;
But never a word of love to give
For love, — ah! how can he bear to live?
I marvel, and make my own heart ache
With thinking how his must sometimes break.

Solace he finds in the sea, no doubt.
To catch the ebb he is up and away:
I see him silently pushing out
On the broad bright gleam at break of day;
And watch his lessening dory toss
On the purple crests as he pulls across,
Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky?
His spirit, alive to sound and sight?
What wondrous tints on the water lie —
Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light!
Between two glories looms the shape
Of yon wood-crested, cool green cape,
Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.

He makes for the floats that mark the spots,
And rises and falls on the sweeping swells,
Ships oars, and pulls his lobster-pots,
And tumbles the tangled claws and shells
In the leaky bottom; and bails his skiff;
While the slow waves thunder along the cliff,
And foam far away where sun and mist
Edge all the region with amethyst.

I watch him, and fancy how, a boy,
Round these same reefs, in the rising sun,
He rowed and rocked, and shouted for joy,
As over the boat-side one by one
He lifted and launched his lobster-traps,
And reckoned his gains, and dreamed, perhaps,
Of a future as glorious, vast, and bright
As the ocean, unrolled in the morning light.

He quitted his skiff for a merchant-ship;
Was sailor-boy, mate, — gained skill and command;
And brought home once from a fortunate trip
A wife he had found in a foreign land;
So the story is told: then settled down
With the nabobs of his native town, —

Jolly old skippers, bluff and hale,
Who owned the bottoms they used to sail.

Does he sometimes now, in his loneliness,
Live over again that happy time,
Beguile his poverty and distress
With pictures of his prosperous prime?
Does ever, at dusk, a fond young bride
Start forth and sit by the old man's side;
Children frolic, and friends look in;
With all the blessings that might have been?

Yet might not be! The same sad day
Saw wife and babe to the church-yard borne;
And he sailed away, he sailed away, —
For that is the sailor's way to mourn.
And ever, 'tis said, as he sailed and sailed,
Heart grew reckless and fortune failed,
Till old age drifted him back to shore,
To his hut and his lobster-pots once more.

The house is empty, the board is bare;
His dish he scours, his jacket he mends;
And now 'tis the dory that needs repair;
He fishes; his lobster-traps he tends;
And, rowing at nightfall many a mile,
Brings floodwood home to his winter pile;
Then his fire's to kindle, and supper to cook;
The storm his music, his thoughts his book.

He sleeps, he wakes; and this is his life.
Nor kindred nor friend in all the earth;
Nor laughter of child, nor gossip of wife;
Not even a cat to his silent hearth!
Only the sand-hills, wrinkled and hoar,
Bask in the sunset, round his door,
Where now I can see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A ROADSIDE ROMANCE.

I.

FROM the village of Flint Hill, placed in a high recess between three round-topped eminences, you can see along the road to Hollowdale at least half a mile. This is somewhat remarkable, because in general it is a winding and elusive route, following closely the deviations of a much-indented highland ridge. And even here, after running on demurely for the half-mile, overshadowed at intervals by the trees that cluster around an occasional house, it suddenly climbs a transverse rib of rock that strikes across its course, and, from the high, decided sunniness of the summit, slips at once out of sight. Only, from the little natural basin beyond towers the sturdy top of a huge elm, giving silent assurance that the road has passed on safely in that direction. It was on this bounteous elm-top that farmer Fayrewether had concentrated his attention as he stood, one day in summer, at the door of his house on the windy northern hill,—the hill which had so long stood godfather to the neighboring cross-road cluster. Presently, two small figures of boys in bunched garments appeared in the white noon-glare on the road, hither-side of the elm, making their way slowly toward the farm-house.

"Guess it's about time to hitch up the wagon for Miss Weston, Timothy," said Mr. Fayrewether, in a loud, admonitory voice, but without looking around.

Upon this a sturdy young man, wearing indescribably dirty trousers tucked into his boots, came out of the house and passed on toward the wide-mouthed barn. His face, sun-burned to an even but rather inflamed scarlet, was set around with loose-lying whiskers of a soft fibre and yellow hue.

"It's the one o'clock she wants to go by, an't it?" he asked, on the way.

"Yes."

This brief exchange of ideas seemed

to have excited in Timothy's mind an amusing train of meditation, for he paused a moment, with his hand against one half of the barn door, which had not been opened entirely, and smiled in an absent manner; indulging only one side of his mouth in this dreamy pleasure, however, and quickly closing his lips again. Then he stepped within, and was presently heard calling out, "Come, get out here, Chester!" his voice being accompanied by the irregular stamping of a horse backing out of his stall.

In the mean time, the two boys in bunched garments, who also wore little caps with home-made visors of an extravagant pattern, were trudging slowly homeward to the Fayrewether house. Behind them, in the hollow beyond the ridge, they had left the school-house, with no obligation to return thither until the next September. But if the respite of vacation was welcome to them, it was even more so to Miss Weston, the teacher, who, at the very moment when little Peter and Harry mounted the ridge in the road, stood within the small, unlovely porch of the building in which she had held sway for many months past.

She was a comely young woman. Her figure was strong and graceful; but she was clothed in a plain dress of some only semi-silken gray stuff, interwoven with fine black lines. At the neck a soft white frill issued easily from the circling line around her throat, and her face, with its boldly recurved chin, full, quiet lips, and wholesome though not rosy cheeks, seemed to crown fitly this modest sweetness of her attire.

For some time she stood motionless in the porch, looking at the great elm which grew on the other side of the road. Its massy foliage rose in the grasp of great, tortuous limbs, that seemed to have reared themselves up three or four times for a final flight, and yet each time to have wrought out a

loftier twist, quite surpassing the limit of their first intent. But, at last, a general gladness and satisfied repose had settled upon its rounding summits; and a family of golden robins, having established themselves there, flashed every now and then through the exquisite greenery, or made their loud notes echo from the heart of the labyrinthine bower. Beneath, on the road, the dust lay in a thick powder, creased and flattened by the tracks of many wheels; but just at this point a rivulet ran out from a gap in the northern road-wall, and gurgled under the highway through a rough archway of stone. On the southern side it was surprised into a considerable expanse, and through the shallow pool a rude track led from the road, remounting again immediately. Marnie (we may call her by her given name) crossed over and came down to the pool. There was an old trough there, but it had fallen away at one end. Through this opening the stream had poured itself, and with such a sweet excess that the trough was more than brimmed by its cool current, and lay, like some curious, forgotten fragment, imprisoned under the crystal surface. Even the idle but fantastic weeds that grew beside it, being submerged by the water, had received a coating of light-hued mud that gave them a soft, leathern smoothness; so that they, too, acquired an unusual air of rarity and remoteness.

"Oh what a delightful idea!" said Marnie, aloud, and pressing her hands together, as she looked into the clear, dark, dimpling water that filled the trough. She had always loved the little reservoir, and it had just now entered her head that some wayfaring poet should stop and drink at this homely fountain, and draw inspiration from it. And if he could have let that fresh current flow into his songs, what a poet he would have been!

At this moment a leisurely rattling of wheels that turned on old and roomy axles reached her ears, from the other side of the ridge. Marnie stooped quickly and picked several stems of forget-me-nots from a cluster which had

sprung up amid the grass, close to the dripping stones of the tunnel under the road. As she rose again she beheld Timothy Fayrewether approaching by the short, swift descent of the road, and seated in an ancient, unvenerable open buggy. In another instant he had dashed down the side-track and, driving through the water, came to a stand beside her. She mounted into the buggy with him, but as she did so she saw how turbid the water had become behind it. Alas for her imaginary poet! The thick mud was crowding into the cool, clear flood that filled the trough, and all the glassy expanse in which she had mirrored her fancies the moment before was broken into bewildering wrinkles. Timothy saw nothing of the ruin he had effected, and was intent only on setting his horse forward once more. Marnie sat by him in silence.

"I see you've got some forget-me-nots," he said, at last.

"Yes," she replied, looking up. There was always a sedate and lucid frankness in her eyes which the young man could not wholly comprehend, a simplicity which seemed to refuse any ordinary admiration from others, such as Timothy might naturally have felt toward her. And now there was a lurking shade of sadness in them, too. Whether disconcerted by this, or not, Timothy ventured no further in conversation.

Mr. Fayrewether was waiting for them, at the house, with a small, hide-bound trunk; and Mrs. Fayrewether stood at the open door, with a large spoon in one hand, and shading her eyes with the other.

"Good-by," she said, as her eyes met Marnie's; "and be sure you come back next September."

"Yes; I don't know what we should do at all, without ye," added the farmer.

A sudden sense of hard restraint oppressed the teacher, as she thought of the obligations upon her to return to her post in the school. But she only said, with a slight inflection of sadness, "Oh, never fear. I shall come back to Flint

Hill." And then she thought to herself, "It is my destiny, I suppose."

"Good-by!" she cried, as they began to move; and, smitten by remorse for her secret impatience, she turned once more, and called out again, involuntarily, "Good-by!" And she waved her hand to the two little boys, besides.

The old wheels turned again on their roomy axles, and Chester elevated his shaggy and mournful head, and hammered the road with patient, nerveless footfalls. Mrs. Fayrewether followed with her eyes the two receding figures in the buggy; but at length she turned within, to see to her Indian pudding. Her sister had arrived from the neighboring town of Blueberry, that morning, and sat in the dining-room, at the farthest point from the stove, with limp bonnet-strings dangling on either side of her full, hot face.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Fayrewether, turning to her, "that Miss Weston's vacation has come. She's been dreadful homesick, Sophrony. When she first come, she used to stand at the school-house windows; you know you can see the White Hills from there, sometimes; well, she used to stand there and look at those mountains just as if she was a-going to cry. Poor thing! I felt so sorry for her."

"That's always the way, here," said Sophrony, bitterly. "You Flint Hill folks never know how to make a stranger feel right to home. You're not what I call really sociable." And having removed this little stone from her heart, as it were, Sophrony allowed the current of human kindness to take its way. "Did n't she get over her loneliness at all?"

"Oh, yes; that is to say, pretty nearly. I did think perhaps she might say she could n't come back, next term. Timothy—well, I don't think he'd like it much, if she was n't to come back; though he don't look so. I should sort of like her to stay along here, myself." After this vague utterance Mrs. Fayrewether paused, fixing her eyes upon the pudding she had just drawn from the kettle with an inappreciative glance that

betokened thoughtfulness, and a desire to dwell on the theme already broached. But her husband, who had several times shuffled uneasily in and out of the room, now reëntered.

"Calc'late to wait for Timothy?" he asked, putting on a pair of angular spectacles; then twitching them off again, and looking around the room as if in search of some very recondite object, but without encountering the eyes of either of the women.

This manœuvre was entirely successful, and the dinner was at once placed smoking on the table.

There was no conversation between the occupants of the buggy until they came in sight of the small, squat railroad station, half an hour's drive from the farm-house. At this point Timothy's eye again fell upon the forget-me-nots.

"I suppose you're glad enough to get away from us," he said. "An't you?"

"Of course—I am glad to be going home," said Marnie.

"Well, I don't know but I should be, if I was in your place," he observed.

And then he was overwhelmed by a despairing sense that he had said nothing of importance, and a dim fear that perhaps he never would say anything of importance.

Marnie alighted without his aid; and Timothy, taking down the hide-bound trunk, set it on the platform. Then he moved sleepily about the waiting-room, staring at one or two time-tables and other posters on its walls, while Marnie purchased her ticket. Suddenly he opened the door through which they had entered, and made as if he were going out immediately. He paused, however, on the threshold, and turned around with a certain air of hesitation.

"See you again," he said, in a casual tone, looking toward Marnie, in a half melancholy manner, but giving only an informal nod. And with that he was gone.

The young woman rose from where she had been sitting, and walked to a window which permitted a view of his receding back, as the buggy bore him

away up-hill. What could it have been that made her feel as if this broad, inexpressive back of Timothy's hinted some nameless failure or discouragement? Before the young man disappeared from her sight, she saw him whip up Chester; and he seemed to perform even this trifling act with a noticeably despondent air. To be sure, he always whipped Chester in that way, but now . . . The whistle of the approaching locomotive recalled Marnie to herself. The station-master shut the ticket-window with a crash; ran out, in all suitable haste, to set the stopping-signal; and, in two or three minutes, returned amid a silence as profound as if nothing of this kind had ever happened. Marnie, however, carried the racket along with her, and was whirling northward to New Hampshire.

She had not been seated long in the train, with the warm breeze beating on her from the open window, before a slender and not very tall young man entered at the other end of the car, and was striding by her, when a side-glance arrested his attention, and he turned.

"Good morning," he said, lifting his hat.

"Mr. Grooseck! How do you do?"

The person who bore this curious name was himself as peculiar. There were evidences of foreign extraction in the large nose and rather broad, flat eyelids and temples; but his cheeks were narrow and tinged with brown, and a natural intensity of expression made his face not unattractive. The seat in front of Marnie was vacant, and he threw himself into it easily, with one arm lying along the back.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Vacation has just begun. I had nearly forgotten that; a fellow does forget so soon about school-terms, Miss Weston."

Marnie smiled.

"But how does such a busy man as yourself happen to be flying around the country in this way?" she asked.

"I've just been down to Boston, to give an order for hardware," said Mr. Grooseck, looking very serious, and stroking his crescent mustache with one fin-

ger, carefully. "And you're going back to New Hampshire, I suppose?" he continued. "Do you return in the fall?"

"I think so," said Marnie.

"Are these from Flint Hill?" asked Grooseck, leaning over somewhat boldly, and picking up the forget-me-nots from her lap. In doing so, he encountered her eyes. Something in their expression first slightly alarmed, and then provoked him. "Of course, they must have come from there," he concluded, hastily. "Great place for flowers. I used to drive there in spring for arbutus, when I lived at Hollowdale."

"Dear me, what could you have wanted of flowers, then?" asked Marnie, with a touch of scornful petulance. Grooseck was perceptibly embarrassed by this random thrust, but she took no especial notice of his confusion. "These won't last me an hour," she said, "if I don't find some water for them. And I was going to press them."

It was now Grooseck's turn to suspect. And he glanced at her quickly, imagining that she had betrayed herself by this solicitude for her flowers. But he saw no tacit confession in her face, and, crushing within his breast a vague, rising jealousy, rose from his place with an impulse of gallantry.

"I'll go and get the water-boy," he said.

"No, no, don't. It's so terribly hot. He will be coming through," said Marnie.

The young hardware-merchant was flattered, and dropped softly back into his semi-reclining posture. When at length the water-boy made his appearance, Grooseck, with considerable show of magnificence, prevailed upon him to part with the property in one of his glasses; and, having partially filled this from the undignified but exceedingly hospitable spout of the youngster's tin can, handed it to Marnie. His spirits rose, on the accomplishment of this little politeness, and he allowed himself a bolder range of thought in the conversation that ensued.

"Why do you go back there?" he asked, speaking of the school, soon

afterward, and expanding with the consciousness of an unfettered fancy.

"I have no other way of getting a living," answered Marnie, simply. "And, besides, I am more interested in that than anything else."

"But you don't look like a person that would be satisfied with teaching school," he persisted. "I have an idea that you believe in woman's rights; don't you? I should think you would be for taking up something more—more masculine, so to speak."

Marnie's cheeks flushed, and at the same time she stirred the ruffle at her throat with her finger, slightly, as if troubled by the heat.

"Why should believing in woman's rights involve being more masculine?" she retorted, quickly. "There, don't let us talk of it, please. You have no reason to suppose that I believe in what people usually call woman's rights."

Grooseck was taken aback. He was silent for a moment, and applied one hand to his hair with a slow, brushing movement, as if he hoped by that means to soothe the hurt he had given Marnie.

"I only meant," he said humbly, "that you would be likely to look down on the—some of the usual occupations of women—teaching, for instance. I don't know,—I even thought that you were n't the kind just to marry and settle down, like the rest."

"Marrying is one of the usual occupations you thought I would look down upon, I suppose?" asked Marnie, with assumed innocence.

But immediately afterward she was sorry for the young man's predicament; and, introducing a new topic, made herself so graciously attractive, that Martin Grooseck not only recovered from his momentary mortification, but was quite bewildered with delight; so that he was shocked and surprised when he found himself at his destination, and obliged to part with her. Just as he was getting off from the car, a young man mounted the steps whom Grooseck knew. It was an educational enthusiast, Walter Haliburton by name, who was already becoming well known in

his special sphere of activity. Grooseck always felt an instinctive pity for him, as a man destined to labor continually without reward, though in himself a pleasant enough companion, and deserving of a better fortune. But now he scarcely noticed him, and only bowed by a habit of recognition; so absorbed was he in sanguine reverie. Haliburton, as it chanced, took his seat in the very car which Grooseck had left, though on the opposite side from where Marnie remained. He did not know her; but something in her form and aspect pleased him, and he had constantly to guard against looking too often toward her. This spontaneous interest was quickened, at the end of his journey, on his finding that it was also the end of her journey. Of all this, Grooseck of course remained unconscious; and he went about all day in an undisturbed trance of mingled melancholy and beatitude. His business did not possess its usual attractions for him, and he longed for an hour of solitude. Yet, that night, in the privacy and silence of his chamber, he apostrophized himself in a tone that reasserted the prudence he had for some hours been inclined to forget. "Martin," he said aloud, standing before his glass; "be careful what you do! It is hardly safe to marry one of these women with a problem in their lives."

II.

When the long sprays of the great elm had begun to yellow at the tips, as if, swayed to and fro by the wind, they had been dipped for an instant in the rising tide of autumn and then drawn out again from their bath of gold, the school-house was once more opened and filled with a busy and numerous life. But to Marnie, returning from her ten weeks' vacation, there seemed a subtle and evasive change in all things hereabout which she could not account for wholly, but which lay deeper than in the changing color of the leaves. It might have been a partial return of the homesickness she had experienced before, on

coming to Flint Hill. This, at least, would be the inference from her resumption, at this time, of that habit of gazing from the windows of the school-room, in unoccupied moments, toward the distant mountains of New Hampshire. At other times, as at recess, she found herself looking steadfastly down the short stretch of road that lost itself from her sight in the direction of Hollowdale. By and by, there came to be a strange fascination in this idle amusement. She began to take a personal interest in the various passers-by, and especially in those who came from the side of Hollowdale. For aught she knew, some one of them might have come straight from her far-off native hills, following the line of this highway all the time. At first, when a figure would appear at the farthest point of sight on the long course that the road made in that direction, she could hardly determine which way it was going; it would remain for a moment or two almost stationary, and then gradually advance. Then she would begin to wonder who this might be, who stepped so slowly in making his way for the first time into her experience. She tried also to picture to herself the circumstance of some one living on the turnpike,—just as she was living on it,—feeling that it was all very dull, and that nothing particular was going on; and then suddenly awaking to the perception that all sorts of people had been coming down the road, without her noticing it, and mixing themselves up with her life, until all at once she should prove to be the very centre of some hitherto unsuspected romance. Such a thing might very well happen, she thought—in a story.

“If we could only live in stories for a little while, now and then!” she exclaimed, to herself.

But there was another matter which troubled her. She had, naturally enough, made the acquaintance of young Haliburton, who had remained for a time in the village where her mother lived, and where her summer had been passed. Being an enthusiast, he was also, of course, a reformer; and was already far ad-

vanced in a project of establishing an academy where his new theories, or his modifications of old ones, were to be put to the test. Marnie had been thoroughly inducted into his schemes; and so brilliant and imposing did they appear to her, that she had come to feel rather ashamed of her little school at Flint Hill, with the empiric modes of instruction practiced there, and the ancient benches, on which successive generations had wrought a rich variety of carving, with much expenditure of devotional labor. Nor had she yet, though again in thorough sympathy with her little community, quite escaped this pursuing sense of the inadequacy with which the arrangements of her school were chargeable. One afternoon, on her way back to the farm-house, Timothy, who had just left his work in the fields, joined her, and they walked on together.

“I am afraid it will never be a very famous school,” she said, in answer to a laudatory remark of his, in which he had declared the school was flourishing “famously.” “I don’t do nearly as well as I ought to do.”

“Well, all I know is that Pete and Harry are learning more than was ever taught me, at their age, and better, too. You ought to hear the way Pete talks about you!” Timothy’s face glowed, as he spoke.

“You mustn’t tell me, because I think I’m very partial to him, now. And you know anything like a compliment conquers a woman.”

“Do you think so?” asked Timothy, apparently much impressed by this statement. Then, by some hidden connection of ideas, he was led to ask if she were coming back another autumn. Perhaps he thought it expedient to defer until then something he had been about to say.

“I can’t possibly tell about that,” answered Marnie. “It’s a whole year.”

“Still, it’s pleasant around here; don’t you think so? Don’t you like it better than you did?”

“Yes, you’ve all been very kind to me. But I don’t think I could stay at

other year. I ought to go away somewhere, and learn more. I don't know enough to teach school — as it ought to be done."

Timothy looked up at her. Her eyes were cast down, and she seemed weary. A vivid expression of vindication and reassurance enlivened his face, and he spoke out strongly. "If *you* an't satisfied," he said, "I don't know who's a right to be. But there's such a thing as getting too much learning. I'm a kind of a friend to a book, Miss Weston, you know. I respect it, even if I don't know all that's inside of it. But there *is* such a thing as getting too much book-learning."

"If you had tried teaching, Timothy, you might know better what I mean. And there are people that have such great ideas about education, it makes me almost ashamed of my school to think of them."

"Perhaps you'd rather be in the high school over at Blueberry, then," suggested Timothy, with ready local sensitiveness.

"Oh no, I don't mean that at all," replied Marnie.

Timothy gave it up, and relapsed into silence. He grew more and more depressed, apparently, as they walked on. The early autumnal dusk gathered rapidly about them, and in its dubious light Marnie imagined that the young farmer's ample face showed signs of secret sorrow which she ought to have observed before. There was an inclination to hollowness in the cheeks, she thought, and a wasted look under the eyes. She began to pity him, she scarcely knew why. That undefined apprehension of some failure in him, which she had once before felt, came up to her again. But when they entered the house, and drew within the circle of the evening lamp's warm radiance, she was persuaded that nothing ill had befallen him, for he looked again as hale as ever, now. He was a little thin, perhaps, but that might have been because he had worked too hard in the sun.

The drowsy days of autumn stole away quietly. After a while, Marnie

became aware of greater streaks and segments of lustrous blue visible through the irregular inclosures made by the winding and intersecting lines of the elm-tree's limbs. And one morning, just as Marnie reached the school-house door, a horseman, coming along the road from Hollowdale, stopped to water his animal at the little pool, above which the ruinous trough now rose dry and decrepit, and found that the horse's hoofs had first to break a thin shell of ice before the silent sweetness of the stream gurgled up into sight. As he approached, Marnie thought there was something familiar in his appearance. To be sure, it was Mr. Haliburton! In an instant, however, he had drawn near enough for her to see that it was not he, after all. She looked at his horse drinking, and watched him mount the little ridge. There was a pretty flush upon her cheeks, as if the autumn air had smitten them with unexpected sharpness; and thus she stood listening, until the sound of the now invisible horse's gallop lost itself in a far-off, muffled rhythm. Winter followed speedily upon the rider's heels.

On a certain Saturday, some two months later, little Pete Fayrewether was engaged in play, on a patch-work rug in one corner of the sitting-room. His mother was at work on a short pair of trousers that dangled helplessly over her lap, but she conversed at the same time with her son Timothy, in low tones. At length the heightened pitch of Timothy's voice attracted Pete's notice.

"I tell you it an't any use, mother," he was saying. "She does n't like the place. She's always talking about going away; and I" —

The door of the room was just then opened, and Marnie came in, looking somewhat paler than formerly. Timothy suddenly broke off what he was saying, and appeared very much confused. He put his hands in his pockets and showed a tendency to reel about gently on the heels of his boots without, however, actually doing so. Pete had sometimes noticed, before, that grown people were apt to be thrown into em-

barrassment by the unexpected entrance of some additional person into their company. But, never having experienced this embarrassment himself, he was at a loss to account for it. He was soon diverted from this point, however, by the discovery that Marnie was going to see little Nettie, one of his school-friends, who had fallen sick. Pete thought he would like to send her something, and finally hit upon a marble, as the most precious token of his affection which could be found. But when Marnie had taken it, it looked so much rounder and smoother and more beautifully colored than when he had held it, that he repented of his generosity, and resumed his right to the precious plaything. The pale school-mistress smiled at this exhibition of masculine inconstancy, and went out.

"It'll do her good to be out-of-doors," said Timothy to his mother, when they were left alone. "She's getting to look almost sickly, working so much, and on Saturdays, too."

"Well, *that* an't the fault of the place, any way," said the matron, catching at her needle, and beginning to stitch sharply at the short trousers.

Timothy looked at her in slow surprise. But she did not meet his glance. The young man left the room, and with loud, inattentive stampings went along the passageway, to see to his father's cattle in the barn.

At Christmas, Marnie returned to New Hampshire for a week. The village seemed strangely sad and quiet; and she wondered, for the first time, how her mother could endure her life there alone. In the summer it had been quite gay, with friends and strangers; but many of these were now gone. Mr. Haliburton was not there either, from whom she might otherwise have gained something more of that educational philosophy for which she still longed very often, notwithstanding its disturbing influence upon her.

"I think he was to lecture in Blueberry, this week," said Mrs. Weston, pulling a letter out of her pocket. "He has been very kind about writing to me,

and lets me know all that he's doing. Yes," she went on, studying the manuscript, "it is this very week! Only to think that you might have heard him, if you had stayed down at Flint Hill."

The schoolmistress came close to her mother, and flung her arms around her. The letter from Mr. Haliburton, which the good lady was still holding, was sadly crushed, and quite forced out of sight, in the loving stress of the embraces that followed.

"You dear old thing!" cried Marnie. "I never loved you before as I do now. And do you think I would have stayed there for *anything*, when I knew my mother had been waiting here a whole quarter to see me?"

And then, as she thought of Mr. Haliburton again, Marnie felt that she was half angry with him, for having been the cause of even this suspicion that she might prove unfaithful to her mother.

When she returned to Flint Hill, she learned that Mr. Haliburton had driven over from Blueberry, before his lecture, with a ticket for her use. Not finding her there, he had left it at the disposal of the Fayrewethers. But the farmer's wife hastened to point it out, with a sort of vindictive officiousness, as it lay primly on Marnie's little bedroom table. The school-mistress took up the slip of cardboard mechanically, and looked at it. But the bare black words, "Admit One," seemed so to emphasize the insidious weariness which had been creeping into her life since the autumn, that she was insensibly cast down by it. She paced absently about her room, and, bethinking her of an old piano belonging to a neighbor at home, on which she had once been used to play, wished it were now at hand, that she might dispel, with some simple harmony, the momentary jarring trouble that beset her heart.

III.

At length the dull stretch of latter winter was left behind. April came; the snows gradually disappeared, and the road from school to farm became a

sluggish, semi-solid river of mud. By the middle of May, however, the ice of Flint Pond had snapped asunder its heavy plates; and the rivulet burrowed beneath the road again, and flashed out on the south, with a more than ever exquisite tinkling cadence in its rippling. Something in the return of spring may have stirred an old memory in Timothy, for one day he asked Marnie whether she had kept the forget-me-nots she had taken with her, the summer before, from the brook-side under the elm.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "I kept them and pressed them when I got home."

"But how did you keep them fresh, on the way?"

And so Marnie had to tell him the little incident of her meeting with Mr. Grooseck, and his attention. Timothy appeared strangely moved; but he did not speak with her further, then. He went off to his own room. Something oppressed him; he became suddenly conscious of a weight in his bosom, and it seemed as if this must have been there for a long time without his observing it, — almost ever since that day when Marnie had ridden beside him, with the flowers in her hand. It was an unusual thing for him to enter his own room during the day; for changes of dress and ablutions were seldom thought of, after the morning. But now he actually sat down, for a moment, in its chambered silence, allowing his eyes to become vacant, and his ears to lose their alertness. The vacant eyes, however, soon contracted and sharpened their gaze again, and he became conscious of his Bible lying on a painted shelf opposite to him. He rose with a long step toward it, and, taking hold of it, dropped back into his chair, with the book on his knees. He had determined that the present crisis was one which demanded that hap-hazard resort to the Scripture of which he knew people often made use in their troubles. The passage upon which he chanced was this: "But we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience." He did not read on, because he had often heard the re-

mainder of the verse, and was content with these opening words, the bearing of which upon his own life had never been very direct or powerful before. Closing the book, he arose and went out of the house. Everything seemed strange to him, — the old, roomy barn, the well-known fields. During those moments in his room, he had almost forgotten that it was spring, and that there was sowing to be done. He could not help wondering whether this load would ever leave his heart; whether the scene around him would ever resume its wonted aspect of perfect familiarity. No, he was nearly sure that there would always be a something slightly different about it, hereafter. Then he found himself repeating that passage from the Bible, and supplying a clause or two from memory: "that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Then again he stopped; he could not remember the ending of the sentence. But that word "hope" seemed fine; it restored his failing sense of spring.

Meanwhile, his question had reminded Marnie that she had not once looked at the pressed forget-me-nots, since her return. She went to her room and searched for the book of poems in which she remembered laying them. She had studied so closely, all winter, that she had not once sought out the volume, since her return to Flint Hill. And now she could find it nowhere. A momentary suspicion crossed her mind, excited by Timothy's question concerning the flowers. But she dismissed it almost immediately; and it was only a week later that a letter came from her mother, in which she mentioned having found the missing book, where Marnie had inadvertently left it on her departure in the autumn. "I think there were some flowers pressed in it," she went on to say, in the letter; "but, if there were, they dropped out and were lost. Now I come to think of it, though, there may not have been any; for I remember Mr. Haliburton was making a call, when I first picked up the book, and he could n't find anything on the floor, although

I had thought I saw something fall. And he has sharper eyes than mine." This news may not have made the disappearance of the flowers any clearer in Marnie's mind. At all events, she neither communicated it, nor the fact of her loss, to the farmer's son.

Presently greenness began in the wet and odorous woods, and traffic was resumed upon the highway, now no longer covered with snow; and the old fascination of expectancy returned upon Marnie, as she studied its narrowing sweep to the northwest, — although a strange, drowsy, and half-sad contentment came over her, likewise.

One day, when she had turned the droning little populace of the benches out into the road for their recess, she watched Pete Fayrewether, with a boy-friend, drawing two of the school-girls up-hill in a tiny cart, to a bower of fresh shrubs and saplings which they had that morning erected. There the two young maiden divinities were enshrined, and remained sitting in an embarrassment of idleness, while the boys ran to and from the bower, and all four chattered in and about their nest like a quartette of happy birds. Marnie could not avoid wondering what might come of the little incident hereafter; whether the modest bower would bloom again in the larger proportions of home, over the heads of each young pair, or whether all would be forgotten when once its leaves should wither and fall. Nettie was fond of her books: perhaps she, too, would become a lonely district teacher, and, like Marnie herself, go forth to dream and drudge her days away among strangers. But it was time to close the recess. Marnie turned to go in. At this moment she heard a step behind her.

"How do you do?" said some one whom she could not see.

It was Haliburton. He had approached from the curve toward Hollowdale, and, as he took off his hat, partly in greeting, partly to free his forehead, moisture was visible on his brow, and his cheeks were bright with new, clear color, steady but also swiftly pulsing.

Marnie inclined her head to him, in welcome.

"I was at Hollowdale for a time," he said, "and thought I would walk down and make you a call."

"Recess is just over," she answered, with something of timidity in her manner.

"Could n't I see you afterward, then? I wanted to speak to you particularly. It's the old subject, education — with a new face. I'm going to build my model academy."

She looked up at him, joyfully.

"Morning school will be over at twelve," she said.

"But you will want dinner, then."

"Perhaps," she responded, hesitatingly, "if you were going to be here, we could talk of it on the way to the house."

"Oh," said Walter, shortly. "Yes; I will be here," he added.

Their glances did not meet again. Marnie went within, and the rapid bell on her desk shook out its shrill summons on the air a moment afterward. Haliburton went over to the spot where the brook poured into the trough, and, stooping over this, took a deep draught of its vernal fullness. "If I could only slake this other thirst of mine at the same source!" he said to himself. Then he betook himself to the deserted bower of twisted boughs, and sat looking at the elm, the trough, and the school-house. Marnie, meantime, fancied him somewhere without, smiling, she could only hope in pity and not in disdain, upon her shabby little school. But there was nothing either of pity or disdain in his face; it was a very different expression from either of these. At last he drew from his pocket a volume of poetry, and began reading. When, after the lapse of more than an hour, the pent-up life of the school-room burst forth again, he went down to meet Marnie, with the book in his hand.

"Can't we go through the woods?" he asked.

"I believe there is a sort of path through them," she replied.

In a moment, they had disappeared

within the viridescent maze of the forest. They entered, through an arch of lighter foliage, into an alley of pines farther on, and a shaft of sunlight, striking on the grass at their feet, laid an elusive threshold there of greening gold. But before they passed out of sight from the road, Walter showed Marnie the book of poems he had been reading. "I came to render up something that belongs to you," he said.

When the dinner stood arrayed on farmer Fayrewether's table, Marnie had not appeared. Like many other wood-paths, that which she had followed had only brought her back again to the starting-point. Yet there was a difference in her situation, too. Mr. Haliburton stood there with her, just as before their entrance into the wood. And yet, again, there was a difference.

"And so I read their story wrong?" said the young man, glancing at a cluster of pressed forget-me-nots in his hand. "And they did not mean that there was something here which enchained your heart to this spot?"

"I can't tell, quite," said Marnie. "No one will ever know exactly what they meant, at first. But it seems that, after all, they were to be the cause of keeping me here."

Young Haliburton took the hand of his newly-betrothed, and kissed it. The hidden significance of the dried blossoms was, apparently, clear enough to him. But it might have added another element of wonder to the deep surprise of his new happiness, had he known that these little forget-me-nots had taken root, while yet in their freshest bloom, in two other hearts, to which they brought no such sweet fruitage as to his. The first whose eyes fell on them, after they had been plucked, bore away their beauty, and treasured it secretly within himself. The second stretched his hand out boldly, and even held them in his fingers; but, after all, he had done no more than to furnish the means of preserving them for a third person. Into Haliburton's possession they had fallen, at last, as if by a special disposition of fate; and it had

remained for him to fill their withered forms with the new life of his love, until they bloomed again into unfading sweetness.

It was several days after this walk in the wood that a light trotting-sulky, driven at great speed, and bending springily under the weight of a slender young man, approached the Fayrewether farm from the school-house ridge. The sulky halted at the gate, and Mr. Grooseck, leaping down, asked for Marnie at the door. She came to the sitting-room, and found the young man standing, in a light overcoat, with one hand on the table, and looking toward the door as she entered. His manner was eager and energetic.

"I wanted to see you very much," he began; "and as I had business in the neighborhood" —

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Grooseck," said Marnie. She seated herself, but the young merchant remained standing.

"I don't know," he resumed, "whether you remember our conversation in the cars, almost a year ago. No, of course, I don't suppose you do. But I never forgot it. And that is what I came to speak about."

"I remember," said Marnie.

"Well, I think I made a fool of myself. You know what I said — something about your not wanting to — that is, something about women's rights. You do remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't think so, now. I've changed my mind. That is — in point of fact, Miss Weston, I was going to ask you to — to" —

"I am afraid I know, Mr. Grooseck, what it is," said Marnie, rising quietly. "You know my friend Mr. Haliburton, I think."

"You are" — Here Mr. Grooseck faltered.

"Yes; I am engaged to him."

The young hardware-merchant took a step backward, and removed his hand from the table, making no immediate attempt to conceal his embarrassment. Then, in a moment, a deeper candor

than had hitherto been apparent made itself felt in his face. It was as if an incredibly light gauze had been lifted from before his features. He held out his hand; and Marnie took it, kindly though not very firmly.

"You have my best wishes, Miss Weston," he said. "I am sorry I made it so awkward for you."

He opened the door. "Good-by," he said, and went out. Immediately the sulky skimmed off over the road again, and disappeared beyond the ridge by the elm. Grooseck had a business engagement at Hollowdale; he had originally planned to allow himself only twenty minutes for the interview with Marnie.

Timothy had seen the young man arriving, and his heart had throbbed so, that for an instant he became conscious of its beating. When the sulky skimmed off again, after that brief interview (like a daddy-long-legs, with the driver poised in its centre for the spider's body), his face brightened, and he began to hope. Still, his bosom remained overweighted, and he could not dissuade himself at once from the now familiar feeling that he was not at home in these surroundings. Nor did the fields ever regain their old aspect, to him. That evening, the engagement of Marnie to Haliburton was clearly announced to the Fayrewether family.

Mrs. Weston had already given her consent by letter, and indeed was lost in delight at the prospect of going to live with her daughter and son-in-law at the famous new academy in which the artful Haliburton had so deeply interested her; though sister Sophrony, when

she heard of the affair, wondered that any one who had experienced the cold hospitality of Flint Hill should consent to marry a man whose avowed intention it was to establish himself in that place.

"But it's no more than fair," protested the old farmer, "that he should give us an academy, if he robs us of our schoolma'am."

In truth, farmer Fayrewether was much elated at the prospect of this addition to the distinguishing features of Flint Hill. He had already discussed with Haliburton the site of the new edifice. It was to be placed a little farther back from the road than the present school-house — a short distance along the wood-path. The farmer had advocated a slightly different situation; but Haliburton would not approve it, having some sentimental superstition, in fact, as to the spot he had chosen. But Mrs. Fayrewether displayed no joy in these details.

"Next month they begin to build," said the farmer.

"There now, Timothy," exclaimed the mother, pushed to utterance by this; "you see how much good it did to make up your mind, beforehand, that she would n't be contented here!"

Timothy made no reply; but he smiled, slowly. The secret spring of humor within him had evidently been touched anew by the late events. As usual, the smile was confined to one side of his mouth, but there was a new look of whimsical puzzlement in his face, at the same time. During subsequent years he often smiled in this way. But he never married.

G. P. Lathrop.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

VII.

LEAVING PORT: RACING: SHORTENING
OF THE RIVER BY CUT-OFFS: A
STEAMBOAT'S GHOST: "STEPHEN'S"
PLAN OF "RESUMPTION."

It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a sable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis; countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning down the slant of the levee and flying aboard the stage-planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the fore-castle companion way alive, but having their doubts about it; women with reticules and handboxes were trying to keep up with husbands freighted with carpet-sacks and crying babies, and making a failure of it by losing their heads in the whirl and roar and general distraction; drays and baggage-vans were clattering hither and thither in a wild hurry, every now and then getting blocked and jammed together, and then during ten seconds one could not see them for the profanity, except vaguely and dimly; every windlass connected with every fore-hatch, from one end of that long array of steamboats to the other, was keeping up a deafening whiz and whir, lowering freight into the hold, and the half-naked crews of perspiring negroes that worked them were roaring such

songs as *De Las' Sack! De Las' Sack!* — inspired to unimaginable exaltation by the chaos of turmoil and racket that was driving everybody else mad. By this time the hurricane and boiler decks of the steamers would be packed and black with passengers. The "last bells" would begin to clang, all down the line, and then the powwow seemed to double; in a moment or two the final warning came, — a simultaneous din of Chinese gongs, with the cry, "All dat ain't goin', please to git asho'!" — and behold, the powwow quadrupled! People came swarming ashore, overturning excited stragglers that were trying to swarm aboard. One more moment later a long array of stage-planks was being hauled in, each with its customary latest passenger clinging to the end of it with teeth, nails, and everything else, and the customary latest procrastinator making a wild spring shoreward over his head.

Now a number of the boats slide backward into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried rank of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, in order to see the sight. Steamer after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling, and her entire crew of firemen and deck-hands (usually swarthy negroes) massed together on the fore-castle, the best "voice" in the lot towering from the midst (being mounted on the capstan), waving his hat or a flag, and all roaring a mighty chorus, while the parting cannons boom and the multitudinous spectators swing their hats and huzza! Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its way up the river.

In the old times, whenever two fast boats started out on a race, with a big crowd of people looking on, it was inspiring to hear the crews sing, especially if the time were night-fall, and the fore-

castle lit up with the red glare of the torch-baskets. Racing was royal fun. The public always had an idea that racing was dangerous; whereas the very opposite was the case — that is, after the laws were passed which restricted each boat to just so many pounds of steam to the square inch. No engineer was ever sleepy or careless when his heart was in a race. He was constantly on the alert, trying gauge-cocks and watching things. The dangerous place was on slow, popular boats, where the engineers drowsed around and allowed chips to get into the "doctor" and shut off the water supply from the boilers.

In the "flush times" of steamboating, a race between two notoriously fleet steamers was an event of vast importance. The date was set for it several weeks in advance, and from that time forward, the whole Mississippi Valley was in a state of consuming excitement. Politics and the weather were dropped, and people talked only of the coming race. As the time approached, the two steamers "stripped" and got ready. Every incumbrance that added weight, or exposed a resisting surface to wind or water, was removed, if the boat could possibly do without it. The "spars," and sometimes even their supporting derricks, were sent ashore, and no means left to set the boat afloat in case she got aground. When the Eclipse and the A. L. Shotwell ran their great race twenty-two years ago, it was said that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device which hung between the Eclipse's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved. But I always doubted these things.

If the boat was known to make her best speed when drawing five and a half feet forward and five feet aft, she was carefully loaded to that exact figure — she would n't enter a dose of homœopathic pills on her manifest after that. Hardly any passengers were taken, because they not only add weight but they never will "trim boat." They always run to the side when there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and ex-

perienced steamboatman would stick to the centre of the boat and part his hair in the middle with a spirit level.

No way-freights and no way-passengers were allowed, for the racers would stop only at the largest towns, and then it would be only "touch and go." Coal flats and wood flats were contracted for beforehand, and these were kept ready to hitch on to the flying steamers at a moment's warning. Double crews were carried, so that all work could be quickly done.

The chosen date being come, and all things in readiness, the two great steamers back into the stream, and lie there jockeying a moment, and apparently watching each other's slightest movement, like sentient creatures; flags drooping, the pent steam shrieking through safety-valves, the black smoke rolling and tumbling from the chimneys and darkening all the air. People, people everywhere; the shores, the house-tops, the steamboats, the ships, are packed with them, and you know that the borders of the broad Mississippi are going to be fringed with humanity thence northward twelve hundred miles, to welcome these racers.

Presently tall columns of steam burst from the 'scape-pipes of both steamers, two guns boom a good-by, two red-shirted heroes mounted on capstans wave their small flags above the massed crews on the forecastles, two plaintive solos linger on the air a few waiting seconds, two mighty choruses burst forth — and here they come! Brass bands bray Hail Columbia, huzza after huzza thunders from the shores, and the stately creatures go whistling by like the wind.

Those boats will never halt a moment between New Orleans and St. Louis, except for a second or two at large towns, or to hitch thirty-cord wood-boats alongside. You should be on board when they take a couple of those wood-boats in tow and turn a swarm of men into each; by the time you have wiped your glasses and put them on, you will be wondering what has become of that wood.

Two nicely matched steamers will stay

in sight of each other day after day. They might even stay side by side, but for the fact that pilots are not all alike, and the smartest pilots will win the race. If one of the boats has a "lightning" pilot, whose "partner" is a trifle inferior, you can tell which one is on watch by noting whether that boat has gained ground or lost some during each four-hour stretch. The shrewdest pilot can delay a boat if he has not a fine genius for steering. Steering is a very high art. One must not keep a rudder dragging across a boat's stern if he wants to get up the river fast.

There is a marvelous difference in boats, of course. For a long time I was on a boat that was so slow we used to forget what year it was we left port in. But of course this was at rare intervals. Ferry-boats used to lose valuable trips because their passengers grew old and died, waiting for us to get by. This was at still rarer intervals. I had the documents for these occurrences, but through carelessness they have been mislaid. This boat, the John J. Roe, was so slow that when she finally sunk in Madrid Bend, it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a confusing fact to me, but it is according to the record, any way. She was dismally slow; still, we often had pretty exciting times racing with islands, and rafts, and such things. One trip, however, we did rather well. We went to St. Louis in sixteen days. But even at this rattling gait I think we changed watches three times in Fort Adams reach, which is five miles long. A "reach" is a piece of straight river, and of course the current drives through such a place in a pretty lively way.

That trip we went to Grand Gulf, from New Orleans, in four days (three hundred and forty miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell did it in one. We were nine days out, in the chute of 63 (seven hundred miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell went there in two days.

Just about a generation ago, a boat called the J. M. White went from New Orleans to Cairo in three days, six hours, and forty-four minutes. Twenty-

two years ago the Eclipse made the same trip in three days, three hours, and twenty minutes. About five years ago the superb R. E. Lee did it in three days and one hour. This last is called the fastest trip on record. I will try to show that it was not. For this reason: the distance between New Orleans and Cairo, when the J. M. White ran it, was about eleven hundred and six miles; consequently her average speed was a trifle over fourteen miles per hour. In the Eclipse's day the distance between the two ports had become reduced to one thousand and eighty miles; consequently her average speed was a shade under fourteen and three eighths miles per hour. In the R. E. Lee's time the distance had diminished to about one thousand and thirty miles; consequently her average was about fourteen and one eighth miles per hour. Therefore the Eclipse's was conspicuously the fastest time that has ever been made.

These dry details are of importance in one particular. They give me an opportunity of introducing one of the Mississippi's oddest peculiarities, — that of shortening its length from time to time. If you will throw a long, pliant apple-paring over your shoulder, it will pretty fairly shape itself into an average section of the Mississippi River; that is, the nine or ten hundred miles stretching from Cairo, Illinois, southward to New Orleans, the same being wonderfully crooked, with a brief straight bit here and there at wide intervals. The two-hundred-mile stretch from Cairo northward to St. Louis is by no means so crooked, that being a rocky country which the river cannot cut much.

The water cuts the alluvial banks of the "lower" river into deep horseshoe curves; so deep, indeed, that in some places if you were to get ashore at one extremity of the horseshoe and walk across the neck, half or three quarters of a mile, you could sit down and rest a couple of hours while your steamer was coming around the long elbow, at a speed of ten miles an hour, to take you aboard again. When the river is rising fast, some scoundrel whose plantation is back in the country, and therefore of infe-

rior value, has only to watch his chance, cut a little gutter across the narrow neck of land some dark night, and turn the water into it, and in a wonderfully short time a miracle has happened: to wit, the whole Mississippi has taken possession of that little ditch, and placed the countryman's plantation on its bank (quadrupling its value), and that other party's formerly valuable plantation finds itself away out yonder on a big island; the old water-course around it will soon shoal up, boats cannot approach within ten miles of it, and down goes its value to a fourth of its former worth. Watches are kept on those narrow necks, at needful times, and if a man happens to be caught cutting a ditch across them, the chances are all against his ever having another opportunity to cut a ditch.

Pray observe some of the effects of this ditching business. Once there was a neck opposite Port Hudson, Louisiana, which was only half a mile across, in its narrowest place. You could walk across there in fifteen minutes; but if you made the journey around the cape on a raft, you traveled thirty-five miles to accomplish the same thing. In 1722 the river darted through that neck, deserted its old bed, and thus shortened itself thirty-five miles. In the same way it shortened itself twenty-five miles at Black Hawk Point in 1699. Below Red River Landing, Raccourci cut-off was made (thirty or forty years ago, I think). This shortened the river twenty-eight miles. In our day, if you travel by river from the southernmost of these three cut-offs to the northernmost, you go only seventy miles. To do the same thing a hundred and seventy-six years ago, one had to go a hundred and fifty-eight miles! — a shortening of eighty-eight miles in that trifling distance. At some forgotten time in the past, cut-offs were made above Vidalia, Louisiana; at island 92; at island 84; and at Hale's Point. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, seventy-seven miles.

Since my own day on the Mississippi, I am informed that cut-offs have been made at Hurricane Island; at island 100; at Napoleon, Arkansas; at Walnut

Bend; and at Council Bend. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, sixty-seven miles. In my own time a cut-off was made at American Bend, which shortened the river ten miles or more.

Therefore: the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was twelve hundred and fifteen miles long one hundred and seventy-six years ago. It was eleven hundred and eighty after the cut-off of 1722. It was one thousand and forty after the American Bend cut-off (some sixteen or seventeen years ago.) It has lost sixty-seven miles since. Consequently its length is only nine hundred and seventy-three miles at present.

Now, if I wanted to be one of those ponderous scientific people, and "let on" to prove what had occurred in the remote past by what had occurred in a given time in the recent past, or what will occur in the far future by what has occurred in late years, what an opportunity is here! Geology never had such a chance, nor such exact data to argue from! Nor "development of species," either! Glacial epochs are great things, but they are vague — vague. Please observe: —

In the space of one hundred and seventy-six years the Lower Mississippi has shortened itself two hundred and forty-two miles. That is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore, any calm person, who is not blind or idiotic, can see that in the Old Oölithic Silurian Period, just a million years ago next November, the Lower Mississippi River was upwards of one million three hundred thousand miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing-rod. And by the same token any person can see that seven hundred and forty-two years from now the Lower Mississippi will be only a mile and three quarters long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together, and be plodding comfortably along under a single mayor and a mutual board of aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.

When the water begins to flow through one of those ditches I have been speaking of, it is time for the people thereabouts to move. The water cleaves the banks away like a knife. By the time the ditch has become twelve or fifteen feet wide, the calamity is as good as accomplished, for no power on earth can stop it now. When the width has reached a hundred yards, the banks begin to peel off in slices half an acre wide. The current flowing around the bend traveled formerly only five miles an hour; now it is tremendously increased by the shortening of the distance. I was on board the first boat that tried to go through the cut-off at American Bend, but we did not get through. It was toward midnight, and a wild night it was — thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain. It was estimated that the current in the cut-off was making about fifteen or twenty miles an hour; twelve or thirteen was the best our boat could do, even in tolerably slack water, therefore perhaps we were foolish to try the cut-off. However, Mr. X. was ambitious, and he kept on trying. The eddy running up the bank, under the "point," was about as swift as the current out in the middle; so we would go flying up the shore like a lightning express train, get on a big head of steam, and "stand by for a surge" when we struck the current that was whirling by the point. But all our preparations were useless. The instant the current hit us it spun us around like a top, the water deluged the forecabin, and the boat careened so far over that one could hardly keep his feet. The next instant we were away down the river, clawing with might and main to keep out of the woods. We tried the experiment four times. I stood on the forecabin companion way to see. It was astonishing to observe how suddenly the boat would spin around and turn tail the moment she emerged from the eddy and the current struck her nose. The sounding concussion and the quivering would have been about the same if she had come full speed against a sand-bank. Under the lightning flashes

one could see the plantation cabins and the goodly acres tumble into the river; and the crash they made was not a bad effort at thunder. Once, when we spun around, we only missed a house about twenty feet, that had a light burning in the window; and in the same instant that house went overboard. Nobody could stay on our forecabin; the water swept across it in a torrent every time we plunged athwart the current. At the end of our fourth effort we brought up in the woods two miles below the cut-off; all the country there was overflowed, of course. A day or two later the cut-off was three quarters of a mile wide, and boats passed up through it without much difficulty, and so saved ten miles.

The old Raccourci cut-off reduced the river's length twenty-eight miles. There used to be a tradition connected with it. It was said that a boat came along there in the night and went around the enormous elbow the usual way, the pilots not knowing that the cut-off had been made. It was a grisly, hideous night, and all shapes were vague and distorted. The old bend had already begun to fill up, and the boat got to running away from mysterious reefs, and occasionally hitting one. The perplexed pilots fell to swearing, and finally uttered the entirely unnecessary wish that they might never get out of that place. As always happens in such cases, that particular prayer was answered, and the others neglected. So to this day that phantom steamer is still butting around in that deserted river, trying to find her way out. More than one grave watchman has sworn to me that on drizzly, dismal nights, he has glanced fearfully down that forgotten river as he passed the head of the island, and seen the faint glow of the spectre steamer's lights drifting through the distant gloom, and heard the muffled cough of her 'scape-pipes and the plaintive cry of her leadsmen.

In the absence of further statistics, I beg to close this series of Old Mississippi articles with one more reminiscence of wayward, careless, ingenious "Stephen," whom I described in a former paper.

Most of the captains and pilots held Stephen's note for borrowed sums ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars upward. Stephen never paid one of these notes, but he was very prompt and very zealous about renewing them every twelvemonth.

Of course there came a time, at last, when Stephen could no longer borrow of his ancient creditors; so he was obliged to lie in wait for new men who did not know him. Such a victim was good-hearted, simple-natured young Yates (I use a fictitious name, but the real name began, as this one does, with a Y). Young Yates graduated as a pilot, got a berth, and when the month was ended and he stepped up to the clerk's office and received his two hundred and fifty dollars in crisp new bills, Stephen was there! His silvery tongue began to wag, and in a very little while Yates's two hundred and fifty dollars had changed hands. The fact was soon known at pilot headquarters, and the amusement and satisfaction of the old creditors were large and generous. But innocent Yates never suspected that Stephen's promise to pay promptly at the end of the week was a worthless one. Yates called for his money at the stipulated time; Stephen sweetened him up and put him off a week. He called then, according to agreement, and came away sugar-coated again, but suffering under another postponement. So the thing went on. Yates haunted Stephen week after week, to no purpose, and at last gave it up. And then straightway Stephen began to haunt Yates! Wherever Yates appeared, there was the inevitable Stephen. And not only there, but beaming with affection and gushing with apologies for not being able to pay. By and by, whenever poor Yates saw him coming, he would turn and fly, and drag his company with him, if he had company; but it was of no use; his debtor would run him down and corner him. Panting and red-faced, Stephen would come, with outstretched hands and eager eyes, invade the conversation, shake both of Yates's arms loose in their sockets, and begin:—

"My, what a race I've had! I saw you did n't see me, and so I clapped on all steam for fear I'd miss you entirely. And here you are! there, just stand so, and let me look at you! Just the same old noble countenance." [To Yates's friend:] "Just look at him! *Look* at him! Ain't it just *good* to look at him! *Ain't* it now? Ain't he just a picture! *Some* call him a picture; *I* call him a panorama! That's what he is — an entire panorama. And now I'm reminded! How I do wish I could have seen you an hour earlier! For twenty-four hours I've been saving up that two hundred and fifty dollars for you; been looking for you everywhere. I waited at the Planter's from six yesterday evening till two o'clock this morning, without rest or food; my wife says, 'Where have you been all night?' I said, 'This debt lies heavy on my mind.' She says, 'In all my days I never saw a man take a debt to heart the way you do.' I said, 'It's my nature; how can *I* change it?' She says, 'Well, do go to bed and get some rest.' I said, 'Not till that poor, noble young man has got his money.' So I set up all night, and this morning out I shot, and the first man I struck told me you had shipped on the Grand Turk and gone to New Orleans. Well, sir, I had to lean up against a building and cry. So help me goodness, I could n't help it. The man that owned the place come out cleaning up with a rag, and said he did n't like to have people cry against his building, and then it seemed to me that the whole world had turned against me, and it was n't any use to live any more; and coming along an hour ago, suffering no man knows what agony, I met Jim Wilson and paid him the two hundred and fifty dollars on account; and to think that here you are, now, and I have n't got a cent! But as sure as I am standing here on this ground on this particular brick, — there, I've scratched a mark on the brick to remember it by, — I'll borrow that money and pay it over to you at twelve o'clock sharp, to-morrow! Now, stand so; let me look at you just once more."

And so on. Yates's life became a burden to him. He could not escape his debtor and his debtor's awful sufferings on account of not being able to pay. He dreaded to show himself in the street, lest he should find Stephen lying in wait for him at the corner.

Bogart's billiard saloon was a great resort for pilots in those days. They met there about as much to exchange river news as to play. One morning Yates was there; Stephen was there, too, but kept out of sight. But by and by, when about all the pilots had arrived who were in town, Stephen suddenly appeared in the midst, and rushed for Yates as for a long-lost brother.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! Oh my soul, the sight of you is such a comfort to my eyes! Gentlemen, I owe all of you money; among you I owe probably forty thousand dollars. I want to pay it; I intend to pay it—every last cent of it. You all know, without my telling you, what sorrow it has cost me to remain so long under such deep obligations to such patient and generous friends; but the sharpest pang I suffer—by far the sharpest—is from the debt

I owe to this noble young man here; and I have come to this place this morning especially to make the announcement that I have at last found a method whereby I can pay off all my debts! And most especially I wanted *him* to be here when I announced it. Yes, my faithful friend,—my benefactor, I've found the method! I've found the method to pay off *all* my debts, and you 'll get your money!" Hope dawned in Yates's eye; then Stephen, beaming benignantly, and placing his hand upon Yates's head, added, "I am going to pay them off in alphabetical order!"

Then he turned and disappeared. The full significance of Stephen's "method" did not dawn upon the perplexed and musing crowd for some two minutes; and then Yates murmured with a sigh:—

"Well, the Y's stand a gaudy chance. He won't get any further than the C's in *this* world, and I reckon that after a good deal of eternity has wasted away in the next one, I'll still be referred to up there as 'that poor, ragged pilot that came here from St. Louis in the early days!'"

Mark Twain.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.¹

ON the 23d of February, 1848, the extraordinary man whose name forms the title of this article was struck down in the House of Representatives at Washington, while in the discharge of his duty among its most active and honored members; active, although past eighty years of age; honored, because none forgot that twenty years before he had been the chief magistrate of the nation; and because the lustre derived from that high post, which in so many men would have been tarnished by the acceptance of the lower, was in him only heightened by the fidelity, the ardor, and the penetration with

which he performed every duty to the hour of his mortal seizure.

The successive volumes of the *Memoirs* of John Quincy Adams have appeared almost too rapidly to enable one thoroughly to digest their contents, for they are not to be read in a hurry, and before these pages appear, we may well have a sixth before us, touching the most critical point of Mr. Adams's life. The first comprehends his boyhood, the early missions to Great Britain, Holland, and Prussia, and the service in the senates of the State and the nation; the second and third, the mission to Russia,

by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Volumes I.-V Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

¹ *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848* Edited

the treaty of Ghent, and the second mission to England; while the fourth and fifth show him in the Department of State: a period extending, in all, from the 11th of July, 1767, to the 30th of May, 1822.

Labor of love as it was to prepare for the press a proper selection of Mr. Adams's papers, it was more than commonly arduous. The mass of manuscript left by him in prose and verse is something stupendous. The editor remarks as follows in his preface:—

“Independently of a diary kept almost continuously for sixty-five years, and of numbers of other productions, official and otherwise, already printed, there is a variety of discussion and criticism on different topics, together with correspondence public and private, which, if it were all to be published, as was that of Voltaire, would be likely to equal in quantity the hundred volumes of that writer.”

Mr. Adams seems, in fact, to have positively loved to use his pen. His habit was to get up at a very early hour, often before sunrise; and this he did even when resident at courts, where he was forced to attend parties kept up inordinately late. His working day was thus much longer than that of most of his associates, and was filled by the pen, which indefatigably committed to paper what appear to have been in most cases his first thoughts on every conceivable subject which presented itself, whether in talk, reading, silent observation in company, or solitude. It was, we believe, rarely his habit to revise; and the resulting mass of manuscript is almost beyond precedent in the lives of even industrious men. But it strongly reminds us of the work achieved by one man, of whose writings Mr. Adams was a constant and devoted student, and whose character, though strongly alien to his in many points, was strongly akin to it in others: that is, Cicero.

Nor in any point is this resemblance more curiously marked than in the fondness alike of the Volscian and the Yankee for verse composition, of a kind that both contemporaries and posterity

persist in thinking the reverse of poetical. The editor has very properly included a few of his father's pieces in these volumes, justly remarking that no true notion of his character can be acquired without them. He retained the habit of translating and composing in verse, and occasionally, when on a purely moral theme, his lines remind one of the dignified strains of Addison's lute; but that is the very extreme of praise that can be accorded to them.

Of this great voluminousness and prolixity in Mr. Adams's writing one is forced to treat at the very outset of an attempt to do justice to his memoirs. From the preface to the last page of the fifth volume, we see how his own life, official and private, was as it were wrapped up in countless quires of manuscript. There is abundant evidence that his associates in business constantly revolted against the length to which his contributions to the common work were drawn out. During the negotiations of Ghent his diary is full of almost petulant complaints like this: “I found as usual that my draft was not satisfactory to my colleagues. On the general view of the subject we are unanimous, but in my exposition of it one objects to the form and another to the substance of almost every paragraph. . . . It was considered by all the gentlemen that what I had written was too long. It is, however, my duty to make the draft of the dispatch, and they usually hold me to it.” (Vol. III. p. 21.) It is amusing enough, therefore, to find almost a year later that “Mr. Gallatin showed me his draft of a dispatch to the secretary of state, to be sent with the treaty” [of commerce]. “I suggested to him several considerable alterations, to which he readily agreed, and which will shorten the dispatch by about one half” (p. 240).

It is probable, however, that this prolixity was partly forced upon him by the peculiar circumstances under which he entered on his various official posts. Beginning with his original appointment when a boy of fourteen as secretary of legation to Russia, he was constantly brought to one situation of first-rate im-

portance after another with no chance for preparation. He was forced to write down every object as soon as he saw it; every reflection the moment it occurred, for immediate use. He had no time to digest, to compress, to polish. *He had no time to be short.* He knew the fault; his associates knew it; and the editor of his memoirs, contemplating the mass of manuscript to be selected from, knows it best of all. Few will deny that where a selection had to be made, the diary was the thing to choose.

But the diary itself called for stern compression, if the book was to be read, or even bought. The editor has laid down five rules for himself, so that the resulting selection "should be fair and honest." 1st. To eliminate the details of common life and events of no interest to the public. 2d. To reduce the moral and religious speculations, in which the work abounds, so far as to escape repetition of sentiments once declared. 3d. Not to suppress strictures upon contemporaries, but to give them only when they are upon public men acting in the same sphere with the writer. In point of fact there are very few others. 4th. To suppress nothing of his own habits of self-examination, even when they might be thought most to tell against himself. 5th. To abstain altogether from modification of the sentiments or the very words, and substitution of what might seem better ones, in every case but that of obvious errors in writing."

It is hard to say that Mr. C. F. Adams can do anything injudicious; and yet we wish that the first of these rules could at least have been differently interpreted. It is precisely "the details of common life" which in such a man are "of interest to the public" a quarter of a century after his death. As the editor has shown that it is not unwillingness to have his father's inmost life known which has caused his suppression of family matters, as witness the remarkable entry on the 26th of July, 1811, we must regret that he gives us so little of that side of his father's life which we could get nowhere else, and so much of what we knew not incorrectly before. In Volume

I. p. 23, we read, "Mr. Adams took up his abode at Newburyport for the three years of study required for admission to practice. The diary which he continued to keep gives a curious and not uninviting picture of the social relations prevailing in a small New England town at that period, but it does not seem to retain interest enough to warrant the occupation of space in this publication." Perhaps not; but we fancy that most readers would prefer the tea-drinkings at Newburyport in 1789 to the endless balls at St. Petersburg in 1810, where "the principal dancing was in what they call Polish dances, consisting simply in a number of couples walking up and down the room as in a procession."

In fact, we must express our belief that the account of the mission to Russia might have borne still farther compression without injury. The long and dreary voyage through the Sound and the Baltic is interesting and instructive; but there seems little value in the constant repetition of his attempts to persuade the minister of foreign affairs that the sugar which the American ships brought to Archangel really was grown in the United States and not smuggled from the West Indies. We soon learn that the wisest and fairest minister of an absolute monarch must keep his petitioners amused with words till his master is in the whim to act, — *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno*, — and we get almost as tired of Count Romanzoff's audiences as Mr. Adams did himself. Nor can it be said that the fragments of news which filtered through to St. Petersburg about the diplomacy of England, and the campaigns of Moscow and Leipsic, possess much interest and novelty to those who have access to Liverpool's Memoirs and Ségur's Campaign. The diaries of this period should be rather kept as materials for a future historian of Bonaparte, a more voracious Thiers, a more intelligent Alison, who may yet say something on a subject not exhausted even by the grave and penetrating Lanfrey.

With this exception, we conceive, Mr. Adams has selected well from his father's

diary. The early missions, when Washington with his unerring knowledge of human nature dared to put a man's burdens on a youth's shoulders, bringing him in contact with the pride and folly of the French Propagandists in Holland; the dark days of liberty in England; the continuance in public service by his father, when it was at once wise and delightful to supply the national need by paternal partiality at the licentious court of Prussia, all unconscious of the rottenness that would so soon undermine the glories of Frederic; the sudden change to legislative service at home; and the deadly contests of federalists and republicans, the former army divided against itself and dealing poisoned blows under the guise of friendship; — the senator learning painfully at Washington the art of oratory which he was to teach as professor at Cambridge; the industry, the independence, the rectitude at once intellectual and ethical which wrung from both parties in the Senate of the United States respect for the man they wanted to hate because they could not make him as bitter and as selfish as themselves; — the names of old political heroes, whom it is the fashion to forget now, but who were giants indeed, Pickering and Giles and Lloyd and Bradley, — all these things, which go to make up the first portion of these memoirs, are indeed charming as well as precious in their revival of a period we do wrong to let die.

Mr. Adams certainly did not disguise his opinion of his contemporaries. On the choice of United States senator in 1803, he says: "At the caucus Mr. Lowell and Mr. Otis were warm partisans for Mr. Pickering. Of Lowell I could expect no less, nor indeed of Otis; for he has of his own accord told me several times that, as Mr. Mason would certainly decline a reelection, he, the said *Otis*, meant to use all his endeavors to get *me* chosen in his stead. How could I possibly imagine, then, that Otis would propose or support any man but Pickering?" January, 1805: "The president's itch for telling prodigies is unabated. Speaking of the cold, he said he had seen

Fahrenheit's thermometer in *Paris* at twenty degrees below zero. . . . 'Never once in six weeks as high as zero, which is *fifty* degrees above the freezing point.' These were his own words; he knows better than all this, but he loves to excite wonder." It will be remembered that this was Jefferson. In January, 1806: "Mr. Clinton is totally ignorant of the most common forms of proceeding in the Senate. His judgment is neither quick nor strong. As the only duty of a vice-president is to preside in the Senate, a worse choice than Mr. Clinton could hardly have been made." Of Mr. Bayard, afterwards his colleague in the Ghent mission: "I know my morals and political principles to be more pure than his, and this is saying little, for his are very loose." These opinions have been taken all but at random in running rapidly over many pages; and if the diary is superficially studied, the impression might be left that when one of Mr. Adams's contemporaries defended his political views unflinchingly, he was set down as a virulent partisan with no particle of candor, and if he showed any disposition to conciliate, as a dishonest time-server; and that the writer was a suspicious, morbid, and jealous man. And yet this would be a most unjust conclusion. Mr. Adams had such a devoted love for pure truth and abstract justice, his patriotism had so little infusion of party spirit, his official career was so purged from any taint of selfishness, that he found it hard to forgive his associates for following a less lofty standard, or using less unexceptionable means.

We are far from asserting that his opinions of these men were always accurate or free from prejudice. But it seems to us there were two circumstances, one natural, the other partly accidental, which give his judgment a rare value. First, he was by nature too fond of principle ever to be a party man; he was born to be independent, untrammelled, steadily thinking for himself, and hence much more likely to see both sides as they really were. Secondly, he twice came home to take part in public affairs, after long absences; dur-

ing these, he may have dropped some threads of information, but he saw men and things with a far clearer head than those who had all along been in the thick of the fight.

He was not exactly a suspicious man, but he did not readily enter into the operations of other men's minds, especially those who arrived at results by a quicker process than he, forming his opinions as he always did after long and painful deliberation. When at last he had worked out his conclusion, he held to it with a conviction that passed the bound which separates opinion from feeling, and was slow to believe that those who attacked it could have a conviction equally honest and well reasoned. And even if Mr. Adams's often severe judgment were derived from less lofty principles, we should still rejoice at the publication at length of comments on public men, telling exactly what was thought of them in times when we know men did think hardly of each other. It is the fashion now to write lives telling nothing but good of a man, and wherever in diary or correspondence hard words come in, to substitute asterisks for names or leave out whole pages or letters, till a plain man, who knows the subject of the biography lived in continual hot water, wonders how such a saint could ever have been allowed to be a martyr. This is bad enough in America, but it is perhaps still worse in England, where every year some bulky set of *Memoirs* or *Correspondence* is published, in which the whole political history of a generation is falsified, for fear some Lady Mary at Hampton Court may be offended at seeing her treacherous and profligate grandfather set out in the true colors in which he appeared to his contemporaries. Let us have an end of this servile memoir writing, and once more hang over the head of would-be tyrants the wholesome fear of the exposure of their guilt to the next generation.

Upon these disingenuous historians, the comments of Mr. Adams come down

with an edge of the very "ice brook's temper." His clear and merciless comments have a cold passion about them like the solidified gases, which

"Burn froze, and cold performs the effect of fire."

The second volume, as we have said, is occupied with the voyage to Russia, the mission in St. Petersburg, and the return through Sweden to Holland, in preparation for the conferences of Ghent. We have already intimated our opinion that much of this volume will hardly prove of general interest. There is considerable repetition in the matter otherwise valuable; for instance, Mr. Adams's opinion of the character of General Prado is given several times over in nearly the same words. But however these things may be, we cannot help being struck with the acuteness displayed in his comments, founded on mere fragments of news, on the blind selfishness of Napoleon. The *Continental System* our envoy penetrated in all its futility and arrogance; conceived solely to annoy England, it yet did far less harm to her than to the neutral nations and France herself. Our envoy, when he left America, would probably have been called by ultra-federalists a partisan of Bonaparte; but it took very little time to prove to him that the Corsican was at once the most devoutly worshiped at home, and the most widely detested man everywhere else in Europe. He in vain tried to impress the correctness of his views upon Napoleon's friends and enemies alike, who smiled civilly, and sometimes agreed politely to the strange fancies of the unsophisticated republican, only to go on weaving the complicated web of their policy; never quite certain whether they ought not to try and enlist him on their side as the astutest of men, until one crash after another showed that he had been simply sound in his deductions because honest in his principles, and that Russian, German, English, and French diplomacy had all overreached each other.¹

In this volume we have constant occa-

¹ Before dismissing the Russian mission we cannot but remark the strange amalgamation of Paul I. with his father, Peter III., in Mr. C. F. Adams's

note, vol. ii. p. 58. These notes are generally of the most accurate, useful, and intelligent character—sometimes of a delightfully sly humor.

sion to judge the wisdom of the editor's second rule in selecting from these journals; namely, to reduce the moral and religious speculations in which the work abounds. It is surprising to find that Mr. Adams voluntarily increased the already immense labor of noting down all the incidents and conversations that came under his observation, not only by personal, historical, and literary comments, but by boundless moral and religious commonplaces, over and over again; interspersed, it is true, with reflections and aspirations of a truly profound and exalted character, and yet sadly interfering, by their prolixity, with that economy of time which must have been so needful. It was an easier task for him to write down every thought as well as every fact that occurred, than to decide whether he should commit it to paper or not. To him these were doubtless the most precious words he wrote. He could not have conceived that a mere record of facts could take precedence of a record of meditations on the providence of God, or the weakness of man. He would have replied to any such cavil, and replied truly, that if he had been of any use or power in his day, it was because his allegiance to God and virtue had been kept every instant before his eyes, giving force to a character which had naturally more than one weak spot.

The era of his early life offers a two-fold explanation of these copious moralizings. The literature most admired when he was a boy was largely tinged by them. Young's Night Thoughts, that epic whose hero is commonplace personified, had been published in John Adams's boyhood; The Rambler while he was an undergraduate; and both were among the supreme favorites of our grandfathers. The usual text-book of ancient history was Rollin, from whose milk and water our school-boys are happily delivered, without, however, being fed on any heartier historical diet.

But as Mr. Adams grew up a different kind of writing came in. Much of his moral and religious comment which we call commonplace was then attacked

as absurdity and paradox unworthy of common-sense or sound philosophy. Mr. Jefferson was regarded by John Adams's party, if not by himself, as the foe of God as well as of man, to whom the Bible and the constitution were alike objects of contempt; and if the suspicions of the political circles in which John Quincy Adams moved forced him to record everything he saw and heard, the infidelity and profligacy of many whom he met in society made it necessary for him to put on record his feelings and beliefs, as having been actually entertained by a reasoning man of the world. Nor would it be amiss if in this age those who are so eager to revive the old credulities of unbelief would spend a little time in reading over what they stigmatize as effete, commonplace, and tending to the subjection of free thought, solemnly recorded, as it is, by the boldest champion of free speech and independent judgment that America ever bore.

The third volume passes on to the mission to Ghent and the residence in England. A strange scene that was, — the supercilious envoys of Great Britain forced to take up several months, amid the more important concerns of settling the respective claims of grand dukes and landgraves to the plunder of France, in talking to the would-be diplomats from the upstart republic, who persisted in thinking the mistress of the seas was amenable to the law of nations, that they themselves were entitled to participate in a discussion of its points, and were insulted if attempts were made to bluff them by allusions to English statute law.

And the natural difficulties of maintaining American rights against John Bullism were not helped by the singular complexity of the American commission. Two of its members were Bayard, the courtly orator from Delaware, a French marquis of the time of St. Simon miraculously changed into a United States senator, the founder of a race of hereditary nobles which still rules in our country; and Gallatin, the only one of all who was a republican citizen by birth, and yet

who was not an American, who must have felt every hour that in his genius for practical statesmanship he surpassed every one of them, yet who never entirely outlived the prejudice against his Swiss birth. Both were as different as possible from Russell, whose practical knowledge of commercial interests was rendered quite nugatory by an eagerness not to offend or get himself into hot water, which did not lack much of treachery. All three of these agreed in a desire to maintain the honor of America, all three were fitted in various ways to honor her by their appearance abroad, all three did fill prominent places in her councils; but all three have had their fame entirely obscured, though in very different degrees, by the superior lustre of their colleagues, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

In no case do Mr. Adams's severe comments on men whose training and aims were unlike his own, particularly when read by the light of his after years, strike us as more instructive than in that of Mr. Clay. We must believe that these two great men met at Ghent with an equal wish to sustain the rights of America against the insolence of Great Britain. But here almost all parallel ends. Mr. Clay's natural powers and passions were strong, his education imperfect, his experience wholly confined to his native country, and largely to crowds of admiring followers. Mr. Adams's powers, though naturally above the common rank, were thoroughly and carefully trained and drilled; he had seen almost more of Europe than of his home, and had been a constant mark for inherited and acquired opposition. The former was an ardent partisan of the West, who appears to have thought that all hope for the rising empire of the future rested on excluding England from the Mississippi, and that what little life and energy were left in the Eastern States were sold to some European power—he did not care which. The latter was a steady, cautious New Englander, who knew much of the world, understood the full force of such words as commerce and fisheries, and felt that the whole United

States ought to feel the shock if the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay were to be absorbed by New Brunswick. One was a fluent and fiery orator, who swept away his countrymen by the magic of his presence and his rhetoric, and would have gladly prolonged the war for years in order to fire the national heart to the utmost. The other never felt at ease on his legs: he forced the unwilling esteem of men by his inflexible probity, his pungent logic, and his untiring industry; and he dreaded the continuance of war with the horror of a thoughtful publicist. Clay was alternately chilled and stung by the Yankee Puritan who filled drafts of dispatches with long arguments on the religious duty of civilizing the Indian country; Adams distrusted and feared the backwoodsman whose noisy card-parties used to break up at four in the morning, as he was rising to prepare the labored manifesto which his colleague would pull to pieces at ten. Yet, though the sessions of Ghent were an endless squabble between these two statesmen which all the courtliness of Bayard, the tact of Gallatin, and the facility of Russell could scarcely appease, they parted retaining in spite of themselves an impression of each other's greatness which afterwards led to the league of 1824; a league so reviled at the time, but one which the future historian of our country will declare a truly noble sacrifice of party ambition and personal pique to the highest interests of the nation.

The account of Mr. Adams's mission to Great Britain, which completes the third volume, is curious, as showing how little the court of the regent and the administration of Liverpool recognized the importance or even the existence, one might say, of our nation, which was already so well understood by the really great minds of England. As Mr. C. F. Adams intimates in one of his notes, nothing can be greater than the change from the formal boorishness of Queen Charlotte and her son, to the real consideration and courtesy which Americans and their representative invariably receive from the present sovereign of

England and her household, which gains new dignity for the country ruled by her. But as respects the government of that time, we see very clearly from Adams's diary what recent compilers of memoirs have attempted to conceal or even ventured to deny, its total inefficiency and incapacity for ruling England. Of Lord Liverpool's principal colleagues and supporters all possessed considerable patrician courtesy as long as Great Britain's motives or acts remained uncriticised; some were good business men, many skillful intriguers, a few, like Eldon, learned in some special branch. But as far as understanding the claims, rights, and duties of a great and free people, at home or abroad, in such a world-crisis as that which followed the battle of Waterloo, not one of them — Liverpool, Eldon, Castlereagh, Bathurst Sidmouth, Westmoreland, Bexley, Colchester — had the first claim to be considered wise, judicious, well-informed, kind, generous, just; not even intelligently selfish or thoughtlessly brave. The disregard, nay the total ignoring of the rights of America which such an administration showed to Mr. Adams, at the time when every Englishman of real genius was excluded from their counsels, bore fruit of bitter flavor in the days of his own service in the Department of State.

This service occupies the fourth and fifth volumes, and even then is not finished. We first have Mr. Adams wrestling with the chicanery of the Spanish minister who endeavored to hinder the ratification and faithful execution of the treaty which ceded the Floridas. Afterwards the Spaniard Onís retires for a moment, and employs, to plead King Ferdinand's cause, M. Hyde de Neuville, the bitterest aristocrat of the Bourbon restoration, sent as minister to the United States, where his natural courtesy, and apparently honest respect towards our countrymen and especially Adams, contended with an almost religious horror of our institutions. No sooner are the Spaniards somewhat quiet, than Stratford Canning appears on the scene as minister from England, and begins the old policy of boundless

friendliness as long as Great Britain is to be the sole arbiter of the meaning of words, and the propriety of actions, whether her own or another's, and then loud-voiced and peremptory bullying when any single act of her government or envoy is questioned. But this policy did not work quite so well in Washington as Lord Stratford afterwards made it work at Constantinople. Even the "Great Elchi" found in John Quincy Adams one who if need was could be as peremptory and fiery as himself; and doubtless his representations of the firmness and energy of our Department of State had no small share in inducing his illustrious kinsman to adopt so eagerly Mr. Monroe's — *i. e.*, Mr. Adams's — doctrine of Hispano-American nationality.

Of Monroe the diary does not raise our opinion. His heart seems to have been entirely in his Virginia estate, and his head — nowhere. Calhoun is invariably presented as upright, judicious, and patriotic; Crawford, a name once great among us, now almost utterly forgotten, wholly occupied in intriguing for the president's chair, to which Adams himself attained instead.

The discussions on the Missouri compromise form no small part of these volumes, and will be read probably with the greatest interest. The diarist recognized the full range and meaning of this subject, and has left on it some most valuable reflections.

In the fifth volume the diary breaks down, — utterly beyond the power even of its indefatigable author to keep up; he seems to have felt a sincere and honest regret in this enforced separation from an ever-faithful and dear companion.

The last two rules which Mr. Charles F. Adams has imposed upon himself in editing this diary, namely, to suppress nothing of his father's stern and careful self-examination, and in no case to change his language, must be approved by everybody. It is to us most touching to see how this man from his earliest years to his latest, through a life of changes and chances, of cares and honors rarely known to men, was his own

severest critic, and with prayer and meditation discerned, fought, conquered his faults. Fairly might he claim from his country a share in the praise that she so eagerly accords to Washington and Franklin, so sternly withholds from Burr, and so sadly from Hamilton, that he is one of those Americans who, in their eagerness to make their country

greater, know how to make themselves better.

If our extracts seem few, it has been that our readers may be induced to search these volumes for themselves; and in advising them to do so, we must repeat our recognition of the modesty, the skill, and the devotion with which the editor has executed his duty.

William Everett.

THE CREED OF FREE TRADE.

THAT the question of free trade, as embodied in opposition to the levying of taxes for any other than strictly revenue purposes, is to come before the American people as one of the political issues of the next presidential campaign, cannot be doubted. That no inconsiderable proportion of American manufacturers, as the result of recent hard experience, are furthermore likely at no distant day to unite in demanding an abandonment in our national fiscal policy of *ultra* protection as in itself destructive of all protection, may also be regarded as a matter reasonably certain. Under such circumstances, then, with a view of aiding the average citizen, who has not given special attention to finance and political economy, to form in respect to these questions an opinion which he may soon have to express at the polls, it is proposed here to present—without claiming originality for either language or illustration—a simple statement of the creed of free trade, as viewed from an American stand-point, and of the reasons for which its advocates seek its recognition as a cardinal feature of our future national fiscal legislation.

FREE TRADE DEFINED.

Free trade in its fullest acceptation, as recently defined by Chevalier, "*is the free exercise of human power and faculties in all commercial and professional life; it is the liberty of labor in its grandest proportions.*" In its more technical and present political sense, it means the

freeing of the exchange of all commodities and services, between man and man, irrespective of residence or nationality, from all arbitrary, artificial obstructions and interferences resulting from legislation or prejudice.

RELATION OF FREE TRADE AS AN ECONOMIC SYSTEM TO TAXATION AND REVENUE.

On this point there is no little popular misconception, which has, doubtless, been often intentionally encouraged by a common assertion of the advocates of protection, that "the adoption of free trade as a national fiscal policy necessarily involves a resort on the part of the state to direct taxation as a means of obtaining revenue." The truth, however, in respect to this matter is as follows: The command of revenue being absolutely essential to the existence of organized government, the power to compel contributions from the people governed, or, as we term it, "*to tax,*" is inherent in every sovereignty, and is essential to its existence. So far, the advocates of free trade and protection fully agree. The former, however, maintain that in the exercise of this power the object of the tax should be rigidly restricted to the defraying of legitimate public expenditures,—or, in other words, that taxes should be levied for revenue purposes exclusively,—and that, subject to such limitations, the question as to what forms taxation would best assume becomes one of mere experience

and expediency; preference being always given to those forms which involve the least waste, cost, and personal annoyance in collection, which are most productive of revenue, and interpose the minimum of interference and restriction on commercial intercourse. Free trade as an economic principle is not, therefore, as is often assumed and supposed, necessarily antagonistic to the imposition of duties on imports, provided the end sought to be attained is simply revenue and the circumstances of the state render such form of taxation expedient. Protection, on the other hand, on the ground of advantages accruing directly or incidentally, advocates and defends the imposition of taxes on imports for purposes other than those of revenue. Protection, therefore, to the exact extent to which it attains its object, is obviously antagonistic to revenue, inasmuch as revenue is received only on those commodities which *come in*, while protection is secured only when the importation of commodities is restricted or made difficult.

INCIDENTAL PROTECTION.

The adjustment of a tariff for revenue in such a way as to afford what is termed "incidental protection" — an idea much favored by American politicians — is based on the supposition that by arranging a scale of duties so moderate as only to restrict and not prevent importations it is possible to secure a sufficiency of revenue for the state, and at the same time stimulate domestic manufactures by increasing the price of competitive foreign products. That the double object thus aimed at is capable of attainment cannot be doubted, but that the project is also one of the most costly of all methods of raising revenue will become evident if it is remembered that, while revenue to the state accrues only from the tax levied on what is imported, another tax, arising from the increase of price, is also paid by the nation upon all that is sold and consumed in competition with the foreign article. A tariff for revenue so adjusted as to afford inci-

dental protection is therefore a system which requires the consumers, who are the people, to pay much in order that the state may receive little. With these preliminary statements, the essential points of the argument in favor of free trade, as contradistinguished from protection, may be stated as follows: —

THE HIGHEST RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

The highest right of property is the right to exchange it for other property. That this must be so will at once appear if it is remembered that, if all exchange of property were forbidden, each individual would be assimilated in condition to Robinson Crusoe on his uninhabited island; that is, he would be restricted to subsisting on what he individually produced or collected, be deprived of all benefits of coöperation with his fellow-men, and of all advantages of production derived from diversity of skill or diversity of natural circumstances. In the absence of all freedom of exchange between man and man, civilization would obviously be impossible; and it would also seem to stand to reason that to the degree in which we impede or obstruct the freedom of exchange, — or, what is the same thing, commercial intercourse, — to that same degree we oppose the development of civilization.

TO RESTRICT EXCHANGES REAFFIRMS THE PRINCIPLE OF SLAVERY.

Any system of law which denies to an individual the right freely to exchange the products of his labor, by declaring that A, a citizen, may trade on equal terms with B, another citizen, but shall not under equally favorable circumstances trade with C, who lives in another country, reaffirms in effect the principle of slavery; for both slavery and the artificial restriction or prohibition of exchanges deny to the individual the right to use the products of his labor according to his own pleasure, or what may seem to him the best advantage; or, in other words, the practical working of both the system of human slavery and

the system of protection is to deprive the individual of a portion of the fruits of his labor, without making in return any direct compensation. The argument that is generally put forth by protectionists in justification of legislation restricting freedom of exchange, or in defense of the pithily expressed proposition that "it is better to compel an individual to buy a hat for five dollars, rather than to allow him to purchase it for three," is that any *present* loss or injury resulting from such restriction to the individual will be more than compensated to him *indirectly*, as a citizen of the state. But this plea is the same in character, and just as legitimate, as that which was formerly put forth in defense of the system of negro slavery, namely, that the system was really for the good of the persons enslaved, and that any deprivation endured by the slave for the good of society — meaning thereby the masters — would be fully compensated to him, through moral discipline, in the world to come. It is also to be noted that this same species of argument — *i. e.*, indirect or future individual or social benefit as a justification for present personal restriction or injury — has always been made use of in past ages as a vindication and in warrant of persecution on the part of the state for heresy or unbelief, and also of the establishment of state religions and enforced conformity thereto.

THE ARGUMENT FOR FREE TRADE AN ARGUMENT FOR ABUNDANCE.

The general result for which all men labor is to increase the abundance or diminish the scarcity of those things which are essential to their subsistence, comfort, and happiness. Different individuals are endowed with different natural capacities for making the various forces of nature and varieties of matter available for production. One man is naturally fitted to excel as a farmer, another as a mechanic, a third as a navigator, a fourth as a miner, engineer, builder, or organizer and director of society, and the like. The different coun-

tries of the earth likewise exhibit great diversity as respects soil, climate, natural products, and opportunity. It would seem clear, therefore, in order that there may be the greatest material abundance, that each individual must follow that line of production for which he is best fitted by natural capacity or circumstances; and that, for the determination of what that line shall be, the promptings of individual self-interest and experience are a far better guide than any enactments of legislatures and rulers possibly can be; and, finally, that the greatest possible facility should be afforded to producers for the interchange of their several products and services. So true, indeed, are these propositions, that mankind in their progress from the rudest and most incipient social organizations to higher degrees of civilization invariably act in accordance with them, and, as it were, instinctively. Robinson Crusoe upon his uninhabited island and the solitary settler in the remote wilderness follow of necessity a great variety of occupations, as those of the farmer, hunter, builder, blacksmith, fisherman, tailor, and the like. But as rapidly as the association of others in the same neighborhood admits, the solitary man abandons his former diversity of employment, and devotes himself more or less exclusively to a single department of industry, supplying his want of those things which he does not himself produce by exchanging the surplus product of his own labor for the surplus product of others' labor, who follow different industries. It is to be further observed that settlements in all new countries commence, if possible, in close proximity to navigable waters, so as to take advantage of natural facilities for intercommunication between man and man for the purpose of exchanging services or commodities; and that if commenced inland, one of the first efforts of the new society is the construction of a path or road which will enable its members to hold communication with some other settlements or societies. Next, as population and production increase, the rude path or trail gives way to a well-defined road, the

ford to a bridge, the swamp to a causeway, the pack carried upon the backs of men and animals to the wagon drawn by horses, the wagon to the railway-car, the boat propelled by oars and sails to the boat propelled by steam, and finally the telegraph, annihilating space and time; all efforts and achievements having the single object of facilitating intercommunication between man and man, and removing obstructions in the way of interchanging human services and commodities. Free exchange between man and man—or, what is the same thing, free trade—is therefore action in accordance with the teachings of nature. Protection, on the other hand, is an attempt to make things better than nature made them. Free trade, or the interchange of commodities and services with the minimum of obstruction, by rendering commodities cheap tends to promote abundance. Protection, by interference or placing obstructions in the way of exchanges, tends to increase the cost of commodities to the consumer, and thereby promotes scarcity. Protection, effected by legislative restriction on exchanges, acts, therefore, in the same manner as all other things which render transportation onerous; or, in other words, it is an obstacle in the same sense as a bad road, a precipitous range of mountains, an intervening desert, or a wide expanse of ocean abounding in risks to navigation; the general effect of all which is to augment in various degrees to consumers the difference between the producer's and the vendor's prices of commodities. All the people of the United States instinctively rejoice at the announcement of every new discovery in the construction or propulsion of vessels, whereby the time and cost of transporting commodities across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, or across the Pacific from China and Japan to San Francisco, are diminished; and yet they do not revolt at the inconsistency of imposing taxes, for purposes other than to meet the necessities of the state, on the landing of the commodities thus transported; which taxes are precisely equivalent in effect, as re-

gards the consumer, to the substitution of slow-sailing vessels of small tonnage in the place of ocean steamers, or to so widening the expanse of ocean to be traversed that the time employed in transportation (and the consequent increased cost of freight and risk) shall be expressed by months rather than by days. A few illustrations derived from the actual experience of the United States are here pertinent to the argument.

Upon the coast of Nova Scotia, within a short distance of the United States, there are coal-mines of great value, which, unlike any others in the whole world, are located so advantageously in respect to ocean navigation that almost by the action of gravity alone the coal may be delivered from the mouth of the pit upon the deck of the vessel. Now, for years the government of the United States imposed a tax on the landing of this coal within its territory, of one dollar and twenty-five cents per ton. But if we assume that coal upon a well-managed railroad can be transported for one cent per ton per mile, the effect of this tax upon the people of New York and New England is precisely equivalent to a removal of these coal-mines of Nova Scotia from a point on the seaboard to a location one hundred and twenty-five miles inland. But it would also seem to stand to reason that if the removal of these mines one hundred and twenty-five miles into the interior was a benefit to the people of the United States, a further augmentation of their distance from the seaboard to five hundred or a thousand miles would be a still greater blessing, and that their absolute annihilation would be the superlative good of all.

Again, some years since an English engineer, Mr. Bessemer, devised a new process for the manufacture of steel. He did not claim to make anything new; he did not claim to make steel of a quality superior to what was made before; but he did succeed in showing mankind how to make an article indispensable in the work of production *cheap*, which was before *dear*. Immediately on the

assured success of the invention, the advocates of protection in the United States asked Congress to impose such a duty on the import of this steel as would, through a consequent increase of its price to American consumers, almost completely neutralize the only benefit accruing from the knowledge and use of the new process, namely, its *cheapness*, and they succeeded in obtaining, and still (1875) retain, a duty that in a great degree accomplishes such a result.

What this result practically has been may be illustrated by stating that in 1872 the Michigan Central Railroad re-laid its track at Detroit with steel rails costing ninety-seven dollars (gold) per ton, while at a distance of half a mile (across the Detroit River) the Canada Southern Railroad was laying down the same kind of rails at a cost of seventy dollars (gold) per ton. Will the reader here ask himself, who pays the tax thus levied in perpetuity on this road, or, what is the same thing, on the privilege of using it; and whether any corresponding benefit in perpetuity accrues from the tax?

From the above propositions and examples it would seem evident that the direct effect of a protective duty, when it is really operative, is to compel, on the part of the community employing such an agency, a resort to more difficult and costly conditions of production for the protected article; and also that when a community adopts the protective policy it commits itself to the indorsement of the principle that the development and propagation of obstacles is equivalent to, or the surest method of, developing or propagating riches — a policy and a principle which, if logically and practically carried out, would lead to disuse of all labor-saving machinery.

The advocate of protection, however, meets this averment, as well as the argument embodied in the coal and Bessemer steel illustrations above given, by saying that by prohibiting or restricting the importation and use of foreign coal and steel a demand will be created for a corresponding additional quantity

of similar American products. The immediate result of this will be that an additional opportunity must in consequence be afforded to American citizens desirous of following the occupations of coal-miners or transporters or steel-makers; and, the results of their labor and expenditure remaining in the country, the national wealth will be thereby augmented, whereas if the same amount of labor and expenditure is diverted to, and takes place in, a foreign country, the result will be exactly opposite.

In answer, now, to this, it may be said, *First*, That the amount of consumption in the two instances, and consequently the results of consumption, will not be the same; for whatever increases the price of a useful commodity diminishes its consumption, and, *vice versâ*, whatever diminishes the price increases consumption. *Second*, To admit the desirability of creating an opportunity of employing labor, through the agency of a tax on all consumers of coal and steel, to do work that would yield to the same consumers a greater product of the same articles if performed elsewhere, or an equal product at less cost, is to admit that the natural resources of a country are so far exhausted that there is no opportunity for the truly productive employment of labor — an argument which, however effective in overpopulated countries, can have no possible application in a new country like the United States, whose natural resources, so far from being exhausted, are yet, as it were, unappropriated and unexplored. Again, a tax levied in pursuance of legislative enactment for the maintenance of such labor is clearly in the nature of a forced charity, while the petitioners for its enactment answer in every particular to the definition of the term “pauper” — namely, one who publicly confesses that he cannot earn a living by his own exertions, and therefore asks the community to tax themselves or diminish their abundance for his support. *Third*, The only true test of the increase of national wealth is the possession of an increased quantity of useful things in the aggregate, and not in the amount of

labor performed or the number of laborers employed, irrespective of results. A tariff, from its very nature, cannot create anything; it only affects the distribution of what already exists. If the imposition of restrictions by means of taxes on imports enables a producer to employ a larger number of workmen and to give them better wages than before, it can be accomplished only at the expense of the domestic consumers, who pay increased prices. Capital thus transferred is no more increased than is money by transference from one pocket to another, but on the contrary it is diminished to just the extent that it is diverted from employing labor that is naturally profitable to that which is naturally unprofitable.

PROTECTION IN REALITY DOES NOT PROTECT.

Herein, then, is exposed the fallacy of the averment that duties levied on the importation of foreign commodities protect home industry. It may be conceded that certain industries may be temporarily stimulated, as the result of such duties, and that the producers may obtain large profits by a consequent increase in the price of their products; but then, it is at the expense of those who pay the increased price, who are always the domestic consumers.

To further make clear this position, the following illustration, drawn from actual American experience, is submitted: For a number of years subsequent to 1860, Congress, with a view of protecting the American producer, imposed such a duty on foreign salt as to restrict the import and at least double the price of this commodity, whether of foreign or domestic production, to the American consumer. The result was, taking the average price of No. 1 spring wheat for the same period in Chicago, that a farmer of the West, desirous of buying salt in that market, would have been obliged to give two bushels of wheat for a barrel of salt, which, without the tariff, he would have readily obtained for one bushel. If, now, the tax

had been imposed solely with a view to obtaining revenue, and the farmer had bought imported salt, the extra bushel given by him would have accrued to the benefit of the state; and if the circumstances of the government required the tax, and its imposition was expedient and equitable, the act was not one to which any advocate of free trade could object. But in the case in question the tax was not imposed primarily for revenue, as was shown by the circumstance that imports and revenue greatly decreased under its influence; and the salt purchased by the farmer in Chicago was domestic salt, which had paid no direct or corresponding tax to the government. The extra bushel of wheat, therefore, which the farmer was compelled to give for his salt accrued wholly to the benefit of the American salt-boiler, and the act was justified on the ground that American industry, as exemplified in salt-making, was protected. And yet it must be clear to every mind that if the farmer had not given the extra bushel of wheat to the salt-boiler, he would have had it to use for some other purpose advantageous to himself — to give to the shoemaker, for example, in exchange for a pair of brogans. By so much, therefore, as the industry of the salt-boiler was encouraged, that of the farmer and the shoemaker was discouraged; and, putting the whole matter in the form of a commercial statement, we have the following result: under the so-called “protective system” *a barrel of salt and two bushels of wheat* were passed to the credit of what is called “home industry,” while under a free system there were *a barrel of salt, two bushels of wheat, and a pair of shoes*. Protection, therefore, seeks to promote industry at the expense of the products of industry; and its favorite proposition, that though under a system of restriction a higher price may be given for an article, yet all that is paid by one is given to some other person in increased employment and wages, has this fallacy — namely, that it conceals the fact that the entire amount paid by the consumer would “in the long run” have been

equally expended upon something and somebody if the consumer had been allowed to buy the cheap article instead of the dear one; and consequently the loss to the consumer is balanced by no advantage *in the aggregate* to any one.

"When a highwayman takes a purse from a traveler, he expends it, it may be, at a drinking-saloon, and the traveler would have expended it somewhere else. But in this there is no loss in the aggregate; the vice of the transaction is that the enjoyment goes to the wrong man. But if the same money is taken from the traveler by forcing him to pay for a dear article instead of a cheap one, he is not only despoiled of his just enjoyment as before, but there is a destructive process besides, in the same manner as if the loss had been caused by making him work with a blunt axe instead of a sharp one. Whenever, therefore, anything is taken from one man and given to another under the pretense of protection to trade, an equal amount is virtually thrown into the sea, in addition to the robbery of the individual."

INFLUENCE OF PROTECTION NOT PERMANENT BUT TEMPORARY.

A further conclusion, alike deducible from theory and proved by all experience, is that not only does protection to a special industry not result in any benefit to the general industry of a country, but also that its beneficial influence on any special industry is not permanent, but temporary. Thus, the price of no article can be permanently advanced by artificial agencies, without an effort on the part of every person directly or indirectly concerned in its consumption to protect and compensate himself by advancing the price of the labor or products he gives in exchange. If sufficient time is afforded, and local exchanges are not unduly restricted, this effort of compensation is always successful. Hence, from the very necessity of the case, no protective duty can be permanently effective. Hence, also, it is that protected manufacturers always proclaim, and no doubt honestly feel, that the

abandonment of protection, or even its abatement, would be ruinous; and in all history not one case can be cited where the representatives of an industry once protected have ever come forward and asked for an abatement of taxation on the ground that protection had done its work. Under this head the recent experience of the United States affords a most curious and convincing illustration. Thus, in 1862-63, in order to meet the expenses of a great war, the government imposed internal taxes on every variety of domestic manufactures, and in accordance with the principles of equity imposed what were claimed to be corresponding taxes on the imports of all competing foreign products. Soon after the close of the war, however, when the cessation of hostilities diminished the necessity for such large revenues, the internal taxes were repealed, but in no one instance was there a protected manufacturer found who took any other position than that a repeal of the corresponding tariff would be most disastrous to his business. The tariff, as originally raised to compensate for the new internal taxes, was therefore left in a great degree unchanged. That the principle here laid down, of want of permanency in protective agencies, is furthermore admitted by the protected (American) manufacturers themselves as a result of their own experience, is also proved by the following striking testimony, forced out under oath before a government commission from one of the foremost of their number in 1868 — the late Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts:—

Question.—What, according to your experience, was the effect of the increase of the tariff in 1864 on the industries with which you are specially acquainted?

Answer.—The first effect was to stimulate nearly every branch, to give an impulse and activity to business; but in a few months the increased cost of production and the advance in the price of labor and the products of labor were greater than the increase of the tariff, so that the business of production was

no better, even if in so good a condition, as it was previous to the advance of the tariff referred to.

WILL FREE TRADE TEND TO DIMINISH THE OPPORTUNITIES AND REWARDS OF DOMESTIC INDUSTRY?

Upon no one argument have the advocates of protection relied more, in support of their system, than the assumption that, if there were no restrictions on trade, the opportunity to labor created by protection and the results of the expenditure of the earnings of such labor would be diverted to other countries to their benefit, and to the corresponding detriment of that country which, needing protection by reason of a necessity for paying higher wages or other industrial inequalities, abandons it; or, to speak more specifically, it is assumed that if the United States were to adopt a policy of free trade, England would supply us with cotton and metal fabrications, Germany with woolen goods, Nova Scotia with coal, the West Indies exclusively with sugar, Russia with hemp and tallow, Canada with lumber, and Australia with wool; that thereby opportunity to our own people to labor would be greatly restricted, and the wages of labor be reduced to a level with the wages of foreigners. Specious as is this argument, there could not be a greater error of fact or a worse sophism of reason. None of the commodities mentioned will be given by the producers resident in foreign countries for nothing. *Product for product* is the invariable law of exchange, and we cannot buy a single article abroad, save through the medium of something that must be produced at home. Hence the utter absurdity of that assertion which to protectionists seems pregnant with such dreadful meaning, namely, "that under free trade we should be deluged with foreign goods;" for if more should be really imported under a free trade than under a protective policy, then one of two things would take place: either we must produce more at home in order to pay for the new excess of imports, in

which case domestic industry would be stimulated and not diminished; or, not producing more, we must obtain more in return, or, what is the same thing, a higher price for what we already produce—a result manifestly conducive to national prosperity. It would also seem to be in the nature of a self-evident proposition, that nothing under any circumstance can or will be imported unless that in which it is paid for can be produced at home with greater final advantage.

Again, the favorite protectionist argument that, if trade is unrestricted and the people of a country, under the inducement of greater cheapness, are allowed to supply themselves with foreign commodities, the opportunities for the employment of domestic labor will be correspondingly diminished, is an argument identical in character with that which has in past times often led individuals and whole communities to oppose the invention and introduction of labor-saving or "labor-dispensing" machinery. But, to sift thoroughly this sophism, it is sufficient to remember that labor is not exerted for the sake of labor, but for what labor brings, and that human wants expand just in proportion to the multiplication of the means and opportunity of gratifying human desires. If the wages of a day's labor would purchase in the market one hundred times as much as at present, can any one doubt that the demand for the necessities and luxuries of life would be increased a hundred-fold? If the people of this country could obtain the products of the labor of other countries for nothing, could the labor of the whole world supply the quantity of things we should want? In short, the demand for the results of labor can never be satisfied, and is never limited except by its ability to buy; and the cheaper things are, the more things will be purchased and consumed. Nothing, therefore, can be more irrational than the supposition that increased cheapness, or increased ability to buy and consume, diminishes or restricts the opportunity to labor. If by the invention of machinery or the dis-

covery of cheaper sources of supply the labor of a certain number of individuals in a department of industry becomes superfluous or unnecessary, such labor must take a new direction, and it is not to be denied that in the process of readjustment temporary individual inconvenience, and perhaps suffering, may result. But any temporary loss thus sustained by individuals is more than made up to society, regarded from the standpoint of either producers or consumers, by the increased demand consequent on increased cheapness through greater material abundance, and therefore greater comfort and happiness. About the time of the invention and introduction of the sewing-machine into Europe the benevolent people of a city in Germany, where the industry of needlewomen was a marked specialty, formed an organization to lessen in a degree the injury which it was believed the use of the machine would inevitably occasion to the poor by supplanting the necessity for their employment. After the lapse of a few years, however, when society, as represented by the whole people of the city, obeying their natural instincts, had determined to have, and had obtained, a cheaper source of supply for their needle-products than before, the organization referred to found that their further existence was wholly unnecessary, inasmuch as the results of their investigations showed that by reason of a greater consumption of sewed goods, consequent on their cheaper supply, a much larger number of persons were engaged in the operating of sewing-machines than formerly found employment by the needle, and that wages had increased rather than diminished.

From these premises, therefore, the following deductions may be regarded as in the nature of economic axioms: *First.* A nation or community can attain the greatest prosperity, and secure to its people the greatest degree of material abundance, only when it utilizes its natural resources and labor to the best advantage and with the least waste and loss, whatever may be the nominal rate of

wages paid to its laborers. The realization of such a result is hastened or retarded by whatever removes or creates obstructions or interferences in the way of production and exchanges. *Second.* The exports, on the whole, of any country must and always do balance its imports; which is equivalent to saying that if we do not buy we cannot sell, while neither buying nor selling will take place unless there is a real or supposed advantage to both parties to the transaction. *Third.* As a nation exports only those things for which it possesses decided advantages relatively to other nations in producing, it follows that what a nation purchases by its exports it purchases by its most efficient labor, and consequently at the cheapest possible rate to itself. Hence, the price paid for every foreign manufactured article, instead of being so much given for the encouragement of foreign labor to the prejudice of our own, is as truly the product of our own labor as though we had directly manufactured it ourselves. Free trade, therefore, can by no possibility discourage home-labor or diminish the real wages of laborers.

DOES PROTECTION ENCOURAGE DIVERSITY OF INDUSTRY?

The averment that prohibition or restriction of foreign imports encourages diversity of domestic industry is answered by saying that when any trade can be introduced or undertaken for fiscal or public advantage, private enterprise is competent to its accomplishment. "To ask for more is only to ask to have a finger in the public purse." It may be possible to conceive of specific cases in which it might be politic for a government to give an advantage for a limited time and for a definite object. But protection, as an economic system, cannot rightfully claim any support from such an admission, inasmuch as its demand is that the public shall be obliged to support all manufacturing enterprises upon no other ground than that they cannot support themselves.

**DOES PROTECTION TEND TO CHEAPEN
MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS?**

Protection, it is alleged, has a tendency to make what are termed manufactured products cheaper. A very fit and cogent answer which has been made to this assertion of the opponents of free trade is, that if protection is to be recommended because it leads ultimately to cheapness, it were best to begin with cheapness. Another answer is to be found in the circumstance that not a single instance can be adduced to show that any reduction has ever taken place in the cost of production under a system of protection, through the agencies of new inventions, discoveries, and economies, which would not have taken place equally soon under a system of free trade; while, on the contrary, many instances can be referred to which prove that protection, by removing the dread of foreign competition, has retarded not only invention, but also the application and use of improvements and inventions elsewhere devised and introduced. Thus, referring to the experience of the United States, where the system of protection has in general prevailed for many years, it is a well-known fact that the department of industry which has been distinguished more than any other by the invention and application of labor-saving machinery is that of agriculture, which has never been protected to any extent; and for the reason that in a country which raises a surplus of nearly all its agricultural products for sale in foreign countries it never can be. On the other hand, in that department of industry engaged in the primary manufacture of iron, which has always been especially shielded by high restrictive duties, not only from foreign competition, but also from the necessity of the exercise of economy and skill, the progress in the direction of improvement has been so slow that according to the report of the geological survey of Ohio (1871) there is hardly a furnace in that great iron-producing State that can be compared with the best English furnaces, in re-

spect either to construction, management, or product, and that "there is scarce any art practiced by our people so eminently progressive," which is "so far from having reached perfection as this one" of simple iron-smelting.

**DOES IT PAY TO EFFECT A REDUCTION
OF PRICES BY ARTIFICIALLY STIMULATING
PRODUCTION?**

It is here pertinent to notice an idea adopted by a school of American economists or politicians, that it is for the advantage of a country to endeavor to effect a reduction of prices by the creation, through legislation or otherwise, of an excessive or artificial stimulus to production. That the creation of an artificial stimulus to domestic production — such as is almost always temporarily afforded by an increase of the tariff or by war, which necessitates extraordinary supplies — does have the effect in the first instance to quicken certain branches of production, and subsequently to reduce prices through the competition engendered, cannot be doubted; but experience shows that in almost every such instance the reduction of prices is effected at the expense or waste of capital, and that the general result, in place of being a gain, is one of the worst events that can happen to a community. Thus, the first effect of creating an extraordinary domestic demand is to increase prices, which in turn affords large profits to those in possession of stock on hand or of the machinery of production ready for immediate service. The prospect of the realization of large profits next immediately tempts others to engage in the same branch of production — in many cases with insufficient capital, and without that practical knowledge of the details of the undertaking essential to secure success. As production goes on, supply gradually becomes equal to, and finally in excess of, demand. The producers working on insufficient capital or with insufficient skill are soon obliged, in order to meet impending obligations or dispose of inferior products, to force sales through a reduction of prices, and

the others, in order to retain their markets and customers, are soon compelled to follow their example. This in turn is followed by new concessions alternately by both parties, which are accompanied by the usual resort of turning out articles or products of inferior quality, but with an external good appearance — slate being substituted in the place of coal; cinder in the place of iron; shoddy in the place of wool; starch and sizing in the place of cotton; pasteboard in the manufacture of boots and shoes in the place of leather; and clay in the manufacture of paper in the place of fibre. And so the work of production goes on, until gradually the whole industry becomes depressed and demoralized, and the weaker producers succumb, with a greater or less destruction of capital and waste of product. Affairs having now reached their minimum of depression, recovery slowly commences. The increase of the country causes consumption gradually to gain on production, and finally the community suddenly becomes aware of the fact that supply has all at once become unequal to the demand. Then those of the producers who have been able to maintain their existence enter upon another period of business prosperity; others again rush into the business, and the old experience is again and again repeated. Such has been the history of the industry of the United States under the attempt to restrict the freedom of trade by high duties on imports, frequently modified; and such also was the effect of the war of 1861–65. To use a familiar expression, it has always been either “high water” or “low water” in the manufacturing industry of the country — no middle course, no stability. What the people have gained at one time from low prices as consumers they have more than lost at another by the recurrence of extra rates, and they have also lost, as producers, by periodical suspensions of industry, spasmodic reduction of wages, and depression of business.

Meantime, the loss to the country from the destruction of capital and the waste and misapplication of labor has been

something which no man can estimate; but to which, more than to any other one agency, the present remarkable industrial depression of the country must be attributed. The illustrations under this head afforded by the recent industrial experience of the United States are very numerous, and are not surpassed in curious interest by anything on record in the whole range of economic history. The following will serve as examples:—

In 1864–65 it was found that the supply of paper of domestic manufacture was insufficient to meet the consumption of the country, and that the supply from abroad was greatly impeded by an unusually heavy duty imposed in time of war on its import. The price of paper in the country accordingly rose with great rapidity, and the profits of the paper-manufacturers who were then in possession of the machinery of production became something extraordinary. The usual effect followed. A host of new men rushed into the business and old manufactories were enlarged, so that during the years 1864–66 it was estimated that more paper-mills were built in the United States than during the whole of the twelve years previous. As a matter of course, the market became overstocked with paper, prices fell with great rapidity, many abandoned the business through inclination or necessity, and many mills and much machinery were sold for less than the cost of construction; while in the spring of 1869 the paper-makers met in convention to consider the desirability of decreasing the production of paper — or, what is the same thing, of allowing their capital and their labor to remain unemployed — on account of the unprofitableness of the business. In October of the same year a storm of great violence swept over the northern portion of the country, and in the flood which followed, many mills engaged in the manufacture of paper were so injured as to be temporarily incapable of working. A leading journal in one of the paper-manufacturing districts, devoted to the advocacy of protection, in commenting on the effects of the storm, used this language: “There seems to

have been unusual fatality among paper-mills, but this disaster will work to the advantage of those who escaped the flood, and we doubt not that those that did stand will do a better business in consequence of the lessened supply;" or, in other words, the condition of this particular industry had become so bad through the influence of a fiscal policy based on the theory of protection that the occurrence of a great public calamity, with a vast attendant destruction of property, had come to be regarded in the light of a public blessing.

Again, at Kanawha, Virginia, there are remarkable salt-springs, some of which furnish conjointly with the brine an inflammable gas, which flows with such force and quantity that it has been used not only to lift the salt-water into tanks at a considerable elevation above the evaporating pans, but also to subsequently evaporate the brine by ignition under the furnaces; thus obviating the expense both of pumping and of fuel. During the war, in order to deprive the army and the people of the Southern Confederacy of a supply of salt, the springs in question, at Kanawha, were rendered useless by the Federal forces; which fact, coupled also with the imposition of excessively high duties (over one hundred per cent.) on the import of foreign salt, gave to the manufacturers of salt on the Ohio River such a market, that although the cost of manufacturing was nearly doubled, their profits for a time were enormous; salt that cost in 1868, at points on the Ohio River, twenty-three cents per bushel, in barrel, selling readily in Cincinnati for forty-eight cents per bushel. The result was such an increase in the number of salt wells and furnaces on the Ohio River, and such an increase in the power of production, that the available market, deprived of the stimulus of the war, was soon unable to take but little more than one half of the salt that could be produced. As was natural, the price of salt under such circumstances rapidly declined; and a struggle for existence among the manufacturers commenced. The furnaces built at war prices and

based on insufficient capital were soon crushed out of existence; while life was preserved to the remainder only by the formation of a manufacturers' association for permanently limiting production; and in order that such limitation of production and consequent breaking down of prices might not be interfered with, the Kanawha wells (the proprietors of which were not in the association), with all their advantages, were leased for a term of years at a large annual rental, called "dead rent," and all utilization of them suspended and forbidden. "Now had the duty on salt," writes one of the leading members of the association, under date of December, 1874, "never been raised above the present rate, I have no doubt that the capital invested in the business would have been more profitable, and that the waste of the large amount that has been uselessly invested would have been prevented."

LAWS ESTABLISHING PROTECTION NECESSARILY UNJUST AND UNSTABLE.

One of the essential attributes of a just law is that it bears equally upon all subjected to its influence; and it would also seem clear that the general effect of an unjust law must be injurious. Now a system of law imposing protective duties must, in order to be effective, be partial and discriminating, and therefore unequal and unjust; for if a law could be devised which would afford equal protection to all the industrial interests of a nation, it would benefit in fact no interest by leaving everything relatively as before; or, in other words, the attempt to protect everything would result in protecting nothing.

Any system of laws founded on injustice and inequality cannot, furthermore, be permanent. The possibility that it may be further changed to meet the increased demands of special interests, and the instinctive revolt of human nature against legal wrong and partiality, continually threaten its stability. Hence, a system of industry built upon laws establishing protection through discrimi-

nating taxes can never have stability of condition; and without such stability there can be no continued industrial prosperity.

On the other hand, one of the strongest arguments in behalf of freedom of trade is, that it makes every branch of industry independent of legislation, and emancipates it from all conditions affecting its stability other than what are natural and which can in a great degree be anticipated and provided against.

DO FOREIGNERS PAY A PORTION OF OUR TAXES ON IMPORTS?

It is often asserted, by the advocates of protection, that a tariff on imports "obliges a foreigner to pay a part of our taxes." To this it may be replied that if there were any plan or device by which one nation could thus throw off its burden of taxation in any degree upon another nation, it would long ago have been universally found out and recognized, and would have been adopted by all nations to at least the extent of making the burden of taxation thus transferred in all cases reciprocal. If the principle involved in the proposition in question, therefore, could possibly be true, no advantage whatever could accrue from its application. But the point itself involves an absurdity. Taxes on imports are paid by the persons who consume them; and these are not foreigners, but residents of the country into which the commodities are imported. A duty on imports may injure foreigners by depriving them of an opportunity of exchanging their products for the products of the country imposing the duty, but no import-taxes will for any length of time compel foreigners to sell their products at a loss, or to accept less than the average rate of profit on their transactions; for no business can permanently maintain itself under such conditions. Where a nation possesses a complete monopoly of an article, as is the case of Peru in respect to guano, and to a great extent with China in the case of tea, the monopoly always obtains the highest practicable price for its com-

modity, and the persons who find its use indispensable are obliged to pay the prescribed prices. The imposition of a tax on the importation of such a commodity into a country may compel the monopoly, for the sake of retaining a market, to reduce its prices proportionally; and in such cases the nation imposing the impost may to a degree share the profit of the monopoly. But the price to the consumers is not diminished by reason of the import-duty, and the cases in which any interest has such a complete control over the supply of a product as to enable it arbitrarily to dictate prices are so rare as hardly to render them worthy of serious consideration in an economic argument.

THE PEACE AND WAR ARGUMENT.

Another powerful argument in favor of free trade between nations is, that of all agencies it is the one most conducive to the maintenance of international peace and to the prevention of wars. The restriction of commercial intercourse among nations tends to make men strangers to each other, and prevents the formation of that union of material interests which creates and encourages in men a disposition to adjust their differences by peaceful methods rather than by physical force. On the other hand, it requires no argument to prove that free trade in its fullest development tends to make men friends rather than strangers, for the more they exchange commodities and services the more they become acquainted with and assimilated to each other; whereby a feeling of interdependence and mutuality of interest springs up, which, it may be safely assumed, does more to maintain amicable relations between them than all the ships of war that ever were built or all the armies that ever were organized. Of the truth of this the experience of England and the United States in respect to the Alabama claims is a striking example. The moral and religious sentiments of the people of the two countries undoubtedly contributed much to restrain the belligerent feelings that existed previ-

ous to the reference of the claims to arbitration; but a stronger restraining element than all, and one underlying and supporting the moral and religious influences, was a feeling among the great body of the people of the two nations that war, as a mere business transaction, "would not pay;" and that the commerce and trade of the United States and Great Britain are so interlinked and interwoven that a resort to arms would result in permanent and incalculable impoverishment to both countries.

One argument, however, in favor of protection, which is said to take stronger hold on the popular mind than almost any other, is the asserted necessity of artificially stimulating by legislation all manner of domestic industries, in order that the country may not be dependent on other nations for martial requisites in case of possible foreign war. The first answer to this averment is, that whatever may have been our condition heretofore, the power of production at present in the United States is so great, so varied, and so permanently established, that it is hardly possible to conceive of a contingency in which the nation could be inconvenienced by a deficiency of any material requisite for the carrying on of war, with the exception of the two commodities, gold and saltpetre; and it will not be pretended by any one that the domestic supply of either of these articles can be advantageously increased by restricting their importation. Second, with a vigorous, patriotic population, especially if the same be supplemented, as in the case of England and the United States, with favorable natural conditions for defense, that nation, under our present civilization, will be most invulnerable in war which can incur and sustain the greatest and longest-continued expenditure, or which, in other words, is possessed of the greatest national wealth. But national wealth increases in a ratio proportioned to the removal of obstacles in the way of the development of trade, commerce, and all productive industries, whether such obstacles be in the nature of an imperfect education of the people,

or in the nature of bad roads, high mountains, impenetrable forests, trackless deserts, popular prejudices, or legal commercial restrictions, which impede a free interchange of commodities and services. In support of these positions two historical illustrations may be cited as evidence.

During the late civil war, the Confederate States, although deficient in almost all the so-called manufacturing industries, with a population trained almost exclusively to agriculture, and with all their main lines of intercommunication with the external world blockaded, nevertheless managed to obtain at all times adequate military supplies for conducting great campaigns so long as they were able to pay for them, and finally succumbed to the financial rather than to the physical power of their antagonists.

Upon this same point the example of Holland is also most instructive. From the commencement of their existence as a nation, the Dutch not only made their country an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but they took especial care that their trade, industries, and all commercial exchanges should be "unfettered, unimpeded, and unlegislated upon," and this too while all the rest of the civilized world adopted a diametrically opposite policy. The result was that, though possessing a most restricted territory (about four hundred thousand acres of arable land) and a limited population (less than two millions), they not only maintained their independence against the combined hosts of Spain, France, and Germany, but for a time became the dominant naval power of the world. Though not raising a bushel of wheat, Holland became the best place for Europe to buy grain; though she did not possess an acre of forests, there was always more and better timber to be obtained in her ports than elsewhere; and though she smelted no iron, and did not raise a "sheaf of hemp," her fleets became the best that sailed the seas; and all because, to use the words of one of her statesmen (Cornelius DeWitt, 1745), "she had the wealth to pay for these commodities," and possessed this wealth

because trade and all exchanges were left unimpeded.

WHY FREE TRADE IS NOT IMMEDIATELY AND UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED.

But the question here naturally arises, If the above propositions in favor of free trade are correct, and if the doctrine of protection is as false and injurious as it is represented to be, how happens it that free trade does not at once meet with universal acceptance? and how is the adherence of many men of clear intellect and practical experience to the opposite doctrine to be accounted for? One of the best answers to these questions was given by the celebrated French economist Bastiat, in an article written many years ago, entitled *That which is Seen and That which is not Seen*, in which he showed that protection is maintained mainly by a view of what the producer gains and a concealment of what the consumer loses; and that if the losses of the million were as patent and palpable as the profits of the few, no nation would tolerate the system for a single day. Protection accumulates upon a single point the good which it effects, while the evil which it inflicts is infused throughout the community as a whole. The first result strikes the eye at once; the latter requires some investigation to become clearly perceptible.

Mankind also divide themselves into two classes — producers and consumers, buyers and sellers. The interest of producers and sellers is that prices shall be high, or that there shall be scarcity; the interest of consumers and buyers is that prices shall be low, or that there shall be abundance. Every person will also at once admit that it is for the general interest that there shall be abundance, rather than scarcity. But in the case of individuals controlling large agencies for production, their interest as producers and sellers of large quantities of commodities may be made greater than their interest as consumers, if by the aid of legislation the price of what they produce can be raised, by discriminating laws, disproportionately over what they

consume, or to the cost of production. Men of this class are generally rich beyond the average of the community, and therefore influential in controlling legislation and in determining fiscal policies; and it is but natural that in so doing they should consult their own interests rather than the interests of the masses. The time, however, is soon coming, when the people of the United States “will wake as it were from a dream, and ask who it was that persuaded them that the way to be rich was for everybody to give as much as possible for everything.”

CONCLUSION.

It only remains briefly to notice the testimony of history in respect to the influence of free trade as an economic principle upon the development of nations and the progress of civilization.

In the earlier ages in Europe the principle that trade or commerce is mutually advantageous, and that after every fair mercantile transaction both parties are richer than before, was not understood. On the contrary, the generally accepted theory among both nations and individuals in respect to trade was pithily embodied by an old proverb, “What is one man’s gain must be another man’s loss.” Commerce, therefore, it was assumed, could benefit one country only as it injured some other. In accordance, therefore, with this principle, every state in Christendom, in place of rendering trade and commerce free, exerted itself to impose the most harassing restrictions on commercial intercourse, not only as between different countries, but also as between districts of the same country, and even as between man and man. “Country was accordingly separated from country and town from town as if seas ran between them. If a man of Liege came to Ghent with his wares, he was obliged first to pay toll at the city’s gate; then when within the city he was embarrassed at every step with what were termed ‘the privileges of companies;’ and if the citizen of Ghent desired to trade at Liege, he experienced the same difficulties, which were effectual to prevent

either from trading to the best advantage. The revenues of most cities were also in great part derived from the fines and forfeitures of trades, almost all of which were established on the principle that if one trade became too industrious or too clever, it would be the ruin of another trade. Every trade was accordingly fenced round with secrets, and the commonest trade was termed, in the language of the indentures of apprentices, 'an art or mystery.' If one nation saw profit in any one manufacture, all her efforts were at once directed to frustrate the attempts of other nations to engage in the same industry. She must encourage the importation of all the raw materials that entered into its production, and adopt an opposite rule as respected the finished article. At the close of the sixteenth century England undertook the woollen manufacture. By the 8th of Elizabeth the exporter of sheep was for the first offense to forfeit his goods forever, to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then have his left hand cut off in a market-town on market-day, there to be nailed up to the pillory. For the second offense he should be adjudged a felon, and suffer death. At a later period, in the reign of Charles II., it was enacted that no person within fifteen miles of the sea should buy wool without the permission of the king; nor could it be loaded in any vehicle, or carried, except between sunrising and sunset, within five miles of the sea, on pain of forfeiture. An act of Parliament in 1678, for the encouragement of woollen manufactures, ordered that every corpse should be buried in a woollen shroud. In 1672 the lord chancellor of England announced the necessity of going to war with the Dutch and destroying their commerce, because it was surpassing that of Great Britain; and even as late as 1743 one of England's greatest statesmen declared in the House of Lords that "if our wealth is diminishing, it is time to ruin the commerce of that nation which has driven us from the markets of the Continent, by sweeping the seas of their ships and blockading their ports." By the treaty of Utrecht, which concluded

the great war of England and Spain against Louis XIV. and his allies, England, being able to dictate the terms, secured the adoption of a section by which the citizens of Antwerp were forbidden to use the deep water that flowed close by their walls; and it was further expressly stipulated that the capacious harbor of Dunkirk, in the north of France, should be filled up and forever ruined, so that French commerce might not become too successful.

With the progress of civilization, and the consequent diffusion of information, the arbitrary restrictions on trade above noticed, which were formerly so common in Europe, have almost entirely disappeared, and men now wonder that any benefit could ever have been supposed to accrue from such absurd and monstrous regulations. But the change to a more liberal state of things, though constant, has been slow, and the policy of the Middle Ages, in the process of modification and extinction, gave place to the so-called and more modern policy of "protection," which, while clearly recognizing the impolicy of interfering with domestic exchanges, regards foreign trade as something different from any other trade, which it is for the interest of the state to interfere with and regulate. But under the same influences of a progressive civilization this system too, in like manner, is disappearing.

In this work of progress Great Britain took the lead in 1841; not from a change in popular sentiment due to better acquaintance with theoretical principles, but from a realization, on the part of all classes of the people, of the results which the recognition and practice of the policy of protection during a period of many years had entailed upon the country. These results Mr. Noble, in his work, *Fiscal Legislation of Great Britain*, thus describes: "It is utterly impossible," he says, "to convey by mere statistics of our exports any adequate picture of the condition of the nation when Sir Robert Peel took office in 1841. Every interest in the country was alike depressed: in the manufacturing districts mills and workshops were closed and prop-

erty depreciated in value; in the sea-ports shipping was laid up useless in the harbor; agricultural laborers were eking out a miserable existence upon starvation wages and parochial relief; the revenue was insufficient to meet the national expenditure; the country was brought to the verge of national and universal bankruptcy." England, therefore, as it were, under compulsion, and with very grave doubts on the part of many of her ablest financiers and economists, under the lead of Sir Robert Peel abandoned protection as the national policy, and gradually adopted the opposite principle of free trade with all the world. The same author above referred to, writing in 1865, draws the following picture of the results of this change of policy based on the experience of near a quarter of a century: "It has rendered agriculture prosperous, largely augmented rent, vastly extended manufactures and employment, increased the wages of labor, and, while securing the collection of an increased revenue, has by improving the value of property lessened the burden of taxation. It has been shown, also, that each successive development of this beneficent legislation has extended these results."

The example thus set by Great Britain has in turn been followed in a greater or less degree by most of the other states of Europe, and in no one instance where a relaxation of previously existing commercial restrictions has once been made, and fairly tried, has there been any serious retrogression. It is also curious to note concerning the people of the United States, that so well satisfied are they of the principles of free trade when applied to domestic transactions, that they will not allow the creation or main-

tenance throughout the whole of the broad territory they inhabit of the slightest artificial obstruction to the freest exchange of products or to the freest commercial or personal movement; and this, too, notwithstanding that the different States and Territories into which the country is divided differ among themselves in respect to wages of labor, prices of commodities, climate, soil, and other natural conditions, as widely as the United States as a whole differs from any other foreign country with which it is engaged in extensive commercial intercourse. And yet we have the striking and anomalous circumstance that a very large number — perhaps a majority — of the American people regard trade with foreign nations as something very different from trade among themselves, which should, therefore, be subjected to entirely different laws and conditions. But a slight examination ought, it would seem, to prove that foreign trade presents no element peculiar to itself, but only the same elements which domestic trade presents, and that, consequently, the same laws and conditions that are applicable to domestic exchanges are equally applicable to foreign exchanges. Men, moreover, do not engage in any trade, foreign or domestic, for mere enjoyment or pleasure, but for the material gain which accrues to both parties. They desist from it also as soon as the mutual advantage ceases. The relation, then, which government ought to sustain to the whole question of exchanges is well expressed in the answer which the merchants of France gave to Colbert more than a century and a half ago, when he asked their advice and opinion "how he could best promote commerce:" "*Laissez nous faire*" ("Let us alone").

David A. Wells.

UNDER THE GREAT ELM.

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S TAKING COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 3D JULY, 1775.

I. 1.

WORDS pass as wind, but where great deeds were done
A power abides transfused from sire to son:
The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
Whose soul no siren baseness could unsphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learnèd, just,
And one memorial pile that dares to last,
But Memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past,
O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed
These hundred years its monumental shade.

2.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?
We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk remains,
Built with costly juice of hearts and brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that be
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II. 1.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or shames.
This unsubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we stand

On dust ennobled by heroic feet
 Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,
 And mighty still such burthen to upbear,
 Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely were:
 Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,
 Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
 Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
 No more a pallid image and a dream,
 But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

2.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint
 To raise those buried days from tombs of print:
 Here stood he," softly we repeat,
 And lo, the statue shrined and still
 In that gray minster-front we call the Past,
 Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
 Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.
 It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,
 Its features human with familiar light,
 A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
 Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-bligh.

3.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught
 Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom
 Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom
 Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
 Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
 So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
 In history's fragmentary tale
 Bright clews of continuity,
 Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
 And feel ourselves a link in that entail
 That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

III. 1.

Beneath our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Which redly foamed round him but could not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

2.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting State:
Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead
O, man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

IV. 1.

How many subtlest influences unite,
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,
To body forth that image of the brain
We call our Country, visionary shape,
Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,
Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!
All particolored threads the weaver Time
Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,

All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,
 Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
 A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,
 The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
 Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,
 Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,
 Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
 Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,
 A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,
 A life to give ours permanence, when we
Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
 And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

2.

You, who hold dear this self-conceived ideal,
 Whose faith and works alone can make it real,
 Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
 Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine
 And feeds them at the core with manhood more divine:
 When all have done their utmost, surely he
 Hath given the best who gives a character
 Erect and constant, which nor any shock
 Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
 Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
 From its deep bases in the living rock
 Of ancient manhood's sweet security:
 And this he gave, serenely far from pride
 As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,
 Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

3.

No bond of men so strong as common pride
 In names sublimed by deeds that have not died;
 These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
 That give a constant heart in great designs;
 These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
 As make heroic men: thus surely he
 Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
 'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
 The self-restraint that makes and keeps a people free.

V. 1.

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
 Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

2.

What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
 That soul serene, impenetrably just,
 Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
 That soul so softly radiant and so white
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature?
 And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
 The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
 And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
 Passionless, say you? What is passion for
 But to sublime our natures and control
 To front heroic toils with late return,
 Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
 That fire was fed with substance of the soul
 And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
 Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
 Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
 With breath of popular applause or blame,
 Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
 Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

3.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — Washington.

4.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,
 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
 On the long curve of patient days and nights,
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair

Of orb'd completeness; and this balanced soul,
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
 This energetic passion of repose.

5.

A nature too decorous and severe,
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
 For ardent girls and boys
 Who find no genius in a mind so clear
 That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
 Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
 They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
 The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
 And tell of ampler pleasures, roomier length of days.
 His broad-built brain, to self so little kind
 That no tumultuary blood could blind,
 Formed to control men, not amaze,
 Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
 It was a world of statelier movement then
 Than this we fret in, he a denizen
 Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

VI. 1.

The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive,
 Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
 The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days.
 For this we honor him, that he could know
 How sweet the service and how free
 Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
 And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

2.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
 From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
 Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
 His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

VII. 1.

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

2.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,
Till then provincial, to Americans;
Here was the doom fixed: here is marked the date
When this New World awoke to man's estate,
Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind:
Nor thoughtless was the choice; no love or hate
Could from its poise move that deliberate mind,
Weighing between too early and too late
Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate:
His was the impartial vision of the great
Who see not as they wish, but as they find.
He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
The incomputable perils of success;
The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind;
The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets blind;
The waste of war, the ignominy of peace;
On either hand a sullen rear of woes,
Whose garnered lightnings none could guess,
Piling its thunderheads and muttering "Cease!"
Yet drew not back his hand, but gravely chose
The seeming-desperate task whence our new nation rose.

3.

A noble choice and of immortal seed!
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and feed.
Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or so,
What matters it? The Fates with mocking face
Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.

Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
 And but two ways are offered to our will, —
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of human race.
 He chose, as men choose, — where most danger showed,
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
 Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,
 But kept right on the strenuous uphill road,
 Strong to the end, above complaint or boast.
 His soul was still in its unstormed abode.

VIII.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the mighty mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
 What shall we give her back but love and praise
 As in the dear old unestrangèd days
 Before the inevitable wrong began?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us agen
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing
 With influence to outlast the present whim
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrownèd manhood forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
 The deep-set courage and undaunted will,
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
 If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back, —
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

James Russell Lowell.

AUTUMN DAYS IN WEIMAR.

II.

THE cordial, trustful hospitality with which I was received by the old families of Weimar seems to justify an acknowledgment of it, yet makes the task a delicate one. The more the sanctity of private life is disregarded by that passion for personal gossip which, originating in France, has taken such vigorous root in America, the more it becomes an author's duty to defend it; and the line of separation between this abuse and the legitimate description of general social characteristics is sometimes a little difficult to trace. I prefer, at least, to omit the mention of many pleasant minor incidents which might the more satisfactorily justify my impressions to the reader's mind, and ask him simply to believe in their honesty.

The prevalent opinion throughout the rest of Germany seems to be that the society of Weimar retains, to an unusual degree, the rigid and cumbersome etiquette of a past generation. Forgetting that, a hundred years ago, the court was the freest in Germany, and that here, almost for the first time in history, culture was absolutely forced upon rank by the eminence of men who were not of patrician birth, the Prussian or Saxon or Bavarian repeats a few stories current thirty or forty years ago, and comfortably thrusts Weimar into its proper place in his ready-made theory of German society. Such a procedure may save trouble, but it is far from being just. Unfortunately, there is no intellectual chemistry which will cast the lines of education, prejudice, and inherited tastes upon an infallible spectrum, and enable us to estimate their value.

When I say that I found a freer, less conventional social spirit in Weimar than in the other small German capitals with which I have some acquaintance, I am quite prepared to hear the statement denied. The foreigner receives a more

kindly consideration in Germany than in any other country in the world, and nowhere more so than in Weimar, where for so many years all forms of foreign culture were so heartily welcomed. Apart from this, however, the hospitality of the old families is so simple, frank, and cordial, as to be worthy of notice in these showy and luxurious days. At informal evening receptions one rarely sees other than morning costumes: the supper, served towards nine o'clock, is the ordinary family meal, consisting chiefly of tea, beer, cold meats, and salads: there is no etiquette beyond or conflicting with that of refined society all over the world; but, on the contrary, a graceful ease and freedom of intercourse which I have sometimes sorely missed in circles which consider themselves far more eminent. I admit, to the fullest extent, the intellectual egotism of the German race, for I have often enough been brought into conflict with it; yet there is an exceedingly fine and delicate manifestation of social culture which I have nowhere found so carefully observed as in Weimar. I allude to that consideration for the single stranger which turns the topics of conversation in the direction of his knowledge or his interests. How often have I seen, both in America and in England, a foreigner introduced to a small circle, in which the discussion of personal matters whereof he could have had no knowledge was quietly continued until the company dispersed! There is a negative as well as an affirmative (or active) egotism, and the reserve which our race seems to value so much often includes it.

The thorough and liberal culture of Weimar society was also a great delight to me. More than once it happened, in an evening company of twenty or thirty, young as well as old, that a French or English quotation suddenly — and quite naturally — changed the language used by all. On one occasion, I remember,

I was asked to recite passages of an English poem which had been the subject of conversation. "But I do not know any German translation of it," I remarked. "Oh, in English, of course!" was the immediate reply; and for fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards the whole company conversed in English with the greatest fluency and correctness. Many of the young ladies, I soon discovered, were excellent artists as well as musicians; yet, when I called upon a distinguished family rather early one day, a daughter of the house excused herself very gracefully from remaining in the *salon*, on account of her duties in the kitchen. This union of a very high culture with an honest acceptance of the simplest household needs may seem almost ideal to some of my readers; yet they may take heart, for we have a few noble examples of it at home.

For more than a month after my arrival there was no court. The Grand Duke was in Berlin, the Grand Duchess and the two princesses were upon an estate in Silesia, and the newly-married heir of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach seemed inclined to prolong, as was natural, the freedom of his honeymoon. But one morning it was announced that their Hereditary Royal Highnesses were quietly installed in their wing of the castle. As one of my neighbors at the dinner-table, Baron von Salis, was the young Grand Duke's adjutant, the formalities of an application for presentation were soon arranged, and the same evening I received an appointment for the following morning. I had met the prince at the Wartburg a year previous; but in the mean time he had visited Egypt and Palestine, tasted the delights of Nile travel, dined with my old friend Boker at Constantinople, and acquired many more of those experiences which, when mutual, almost constitute an acquaintance.

The only etiquette prescribed is full evening dress. I might have walked to the castle, as many of the Weimarese do, but there is something absurdly embarrassing in being seen in the streets, of a morning, in such guise, and I was

fain to hide myself in the hotel-coach. The prince's marshal, Baron von Wardeburg, received me in the anteroom, where I found the distinguished African traveler, Gerard Rohlfs, come to say good-by before starting for the Libyan Desert. Rohlfs is a remarkable specimen of manly strength and beauty, tall, blonde-haired, large-limbed, with an Achillean air of courage and command. The chain-full of orders on his coat seemed quite unnecessary, and the white cravat, I thought, weakened rather than emphasized his natural distinction.

Baron von Salis summoned me into the reception room, and there was time, before the prince entered, to examine its exquisite furniture, a copy of a set designed by Holbein, made entirely by Weimar mechanics, and presented by the princesses as a wedding gift. Only drawings could represent its rich simplicity and quaint elegance. The carpets, curtains, and chair-covers were rigidly subordinated to the furniture in color and design, so that the room produced a single, grateful impression, like that of a musical chord. The prince is short in stature, like his great-grandfather, the illustrious Karl August, and quite frank and unaffected in his bearing. After a talk of half an hour, he got rid of me very gracefully by rising to look at one of the pieces of furniture. This is always the most difficult part of an official reception, for the guest must neither seem to hasten it nor fail to catch the proper intimation.

Descending to the rooms of the Hereditary Grand Duchess, I was received by a handsome *demoiselle d'honneur* and conducted to a charming boudoir, all blue satin and amber tints, where sat her Royal Highness. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, a branch of the family residing in Stuttgart. With her fair hair, clear blue eyes, rosy complexion, and slender form, she seemed to me English rather than German, and the slight differences of accent as she spoke English were those peculiar to Scotland. Although nearly a stranger to Weimar at the time of her marriage, she became instantly and warm-

ly popular. The modesty with which she wore her new rank, the air of frankness and honesty which surrounded her presence, impressed even the common people, as in the case of Alexandra of Denmark. She rose to receive me, pointed to a seat as she resumed her own, and the interview was no more ceremonious than when a refined lady, in any land, accepts the visit of a gentleman.

Two or three weeks afterwards, the prince and princess gave "a musical evening," at which, if ever, the restraints of the Weimar court should have been manifested; but I must confess that I entirely failed to discover them. There may have been considerations apparent only to the native guests, — degrees of precedence, grades of salutation, warmth or coldness measured by a fine social thermometer, — of which I was ignorant. I only know that in such refinements a hospitable charity is always extended to the stranger. I may have interchanged the addresses "Gracious Lady" and "Excellency," used "Sir Baron" instead of "Sir Court-Chamberlain," or have lingered ten seconds too long in greeting this official, to the detriment of that other entitled to an equal respect: these are matters with which only the native *habitué* is expected to be familiar. The effort of court etiquette is, naturally, to conceal itself, so that, while all the manifold proprieties are observed, there shall be a general air of ease and freedom.

There were some charming songs by the tenor of the opera, some excellent piano performances, much conversation, and finally a supper in the large hall. I am hardly capable of appreciating the technical excellence of music, since I take more joy in a single melody of Mozart than in a whole score of Wagner, and one with such tastes soon finds himself upon delicate ground in Weimar. There was something played — I scarcely know what to call it — which seemed to consist of a few wild, wandering notes, with an accompaniment which (to my ear) repeated the German word *pfefferkuchen*, *pfefferkuchen*! (gingerbread) without change, until it grew almost dis-

tracting. I turned to a lady sitting near and indiscreetly asked, "Is it to be *pfefferkuchen* forever?" She looked at me with wide, incredulous eyes, too much astonished to be absolutely shocked, and answered, "That is by Liszt." Of course I became dumb.

Liszt, I must declare, is one of the incomprehensible fashions in Weimar. His arrogant whims and willful affectations are endured, so far as I can learn, without a protest. As he was absent during the whole of my stay, my impressions of the man are derived solely from his admirers, his power over whom I can only explain by referring it to some weird personal magnetism. At the festival given at the Wartburg in honor of the Hereditary Grand Duke, there was a lyrical drama written by Victor Scheffel, the popular author (some of whose poems have been translated by Leland), introducing the various historical personages and scenes, the memories whereof belong to that storied castle. Liszt composed the music for Scheffel's poetry, and directed the orchestra until Luther came upon the stage: then he solemnly laid down his *bâton* and walked away, leaving his place to be filled by another. The incident was related to me by an eye-witness. The combined rudeness and bad taste of such a demonstration seems to have given no serious offense to the court.

Liszt's oratorio of Christus was performed while I was in Weimar, and it was rather amusing to notice the determined efforts to like the work, among a portion of the society of the place. I confess, after I was informed that a keen, ear-piercing *sostenuto* on the piccolo-flute represented the shining of the star of Bethlehem, I was not in a mood to do justice to the remainder of the performance. Music has its distinct limits, and all schools are false which endeavor to overstep them. If sound can be made so minutely descriptive as is claimed, we shall finally have the ingredients of our soup represented to us by the band, as we sit down to a festival dinner! However, I meant only to refer to the singular lordship which Liszt appears to

exercise over a society, the members of which are so unlike him in race, creed, and habits. That there should be a crowd of young ladies, chiefly foreigners, waiting for opportunities to play before him and hear him play in turn, is natural enough. Were Goethe living, he would doubtless find in the master a new illustration of what he calls the "daimonic" element in human nature.

At the supper, we were seated at detached round tables, five or six persons at each. One of my neighbors was the Privy-Councilor Marshall, a Scotch gentleman of the best and purest æsthetic blood, to know whom was one of the fortunes of my visit. The secretary of the Grand Duchess, the tutor of the princesses in English literature, a friend of Carlyle, an admirable translator of English poetry into German, as well as a poet in his own right, he would have brightened the gloomiest capital, and even here he kept his own distinct illumination. If he should ever read these lines, I can imagine his modest protest; but I am glad that his position at court gives me at least a half-right to mention him by name. I owe him too many happy evenings, too much kind and whole-hearted sympathy in my own personal labors, to be content with a silent gratitude.

My friend Schöll took me one evening to a meeting of the Society of Forty, of which Mr. Marshall is also an old member. Dr. Köhler read a delightful essay on a department of folk-lore, including some fine translations of Servian ballads; and then followed the hearty supper of boiled carp with horse-radish, and venison with salad, which belongs specially to Germany. To my surprise, there was quite as much table oratory as in America or England. All the principal members were called up, and in place of grave dissertations, — which popular impression connects with such occasions in Germany, — there were brief, pithy, and tumorous speeches. The society has been in existence, I was informed, for more than forty years; some of the original members are venerable, gray-haired men, yet there is no flagging in their

furtherance of literary and scientific interests.

Towards the end of November the court returned, and its hospitalities were added to the social attractions of the place. My second meeting with the Grand Duke and his family took place under such exceptional circumstances that I cannot describe it without relating other matters which may seem unnecessarily personal. The ladies of the Gustav-Adolf Verein — a society founded for the support of Protestant pastors and the maintenance of churches in those parts of Germany where Protestants are few and poor — invited me to give one of a course of lectures which they had arranged in the hope of increasing their funds. Since I had done the same thing, a year before, for a branch of the same society in Gotha, it was not possible to decline. I selected American Literature as a subject with which I was most and the audience least familiar, and also as affording me the best chance of dealing a few blows at the prevailing German belief in the all-absorbing materialism of American life.

The Lyceum system does not exist in Germany, as yet; but a few individuals have achieved some success as lecturers. Carl Vogt and Büchner, the naturalists, Jordan, the rhapsodist, and Fritz Reuter, as a reader of his Low-German stories, have made the profession popular and remunerative. This is due, however, to a special interest in themselves and their subjects, as well as to a more picturesque and animated delivery than the people have been accustomed to hear. Lectures have not yet become a necessary form of popular culture, and one reason is the utter indifference of the average German lecturer to the audience which he addresses. Given his subject, he treats it first in the manner of a college thesis, discarding all illustrations or applications which might be adapted to the hearer's habits of thought; then, standing behind a high desk and two lamps, he fastens his eyes upon the manuscript and keeps them there to the end, while he reads in a mechanical, monotonous tone, with little inflection

and less emphasis. I doubt whether an Athenian audience would have tolerated such a manner of delivery; our American audiences certainly will not.

I therefore determined to counteract the disadvantage of speaking in a foreign tongue by committing my lecture to memory, coming out from behind the desk, and addressing the audience face to face. In addition to illustrative quotations in English (which four out of five hearers were sure to understand), I selected a few of Strodsmann's admirable translations, especially that of Poe's Raven.

Thus prepared, I betook myself to the hall, and it seemed like a good omen that the first lady-directress of the society whom I met was the granddaughter of Wieland. Kindly greetings from the grandsons of Schiller and Herder followed, and presently a stir in the outer hall announced the arrival of the grandson of Carl August—the present Grand Duke, Carl Alexander—and his family. A row of crimson plush arm-chairs, in front of the audience, was reserved for them. All present arose as they entered and remained standing until they were seated, after which, without any introduction to take off the awkwardness of the beginning, I entered upon my task.

I will only say of the lecture that the passages I recited from Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, and other poets, seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The Grand Duchess frankly exclaimed, "How beautiful!" at the end of Whittier's Song of the Slaves in the Desert. There was also an evident interest created in the younger authors whom I mentioned, and during the succeeding days I was asked many questions concerning Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, and Bret Harte. If the assertions I made in regard to our culture seemed a little aggressive (since they were directed against an existing misconception), they were none the less received in the most hospitable manner. Had I been sure of as many and as friendly hearers in other German cities, I should have been tempted to under-

take a missionary tour in the interest of our literature.

The Grand Duke is a tall, handsome man of about fifty-five, with a slight resemblance to his cousin, Alexander II. of Russia. He cherishes the literary traditions of Weimar, yet, apart from these, keeps himself acquainted with all contemporary literature and art. At his table, the next day, he began immediately to speak of Poe, whose poem of the Raven he had never before heard. "The conception is terrible," he said. "Of course the Raven can only symbolize Despair, and he makes it perch upon the bust of Pallas, as if Despair even broods over Wisdom." It was a subtle remark; the thought had never occurred to me before, and I doubt whether it has been expressed in any criticism upon the poem. The Grand Duke spoke in enthusiastic terms of Hawthorne's works, and seemed also to be greatly pleased with Mr. Calvert's recent volume on Goethe. "I still distinctly remember Goethe," he said. "I can never forget his grand presence, especially his magnificent, luminous eyes."

During a later visit to Weimar, when I took tea at the Belvedere, a summer castle about three miles from the town, the Grand Duke remarked, "We have just been reading Goethe's Pandora, for the first time; now I suppose you have read it, long ago." "Yes," I answered, "but I should like to hear, first, what impression it makes upon you." "It is wonderful!" he exclaimed; "why is such a poem not better known and appreciated?" Why, indeed? Why is Milton's Paradise Regained snubbed by most readers and critics? Why is not Landor popular? Why is the statuesque element in poetry, the glory of proportion and repose, the creation of a serene world, over which hangs "an ampler ether, a diviner air," so strange and foreign to the tastes of our day? It is enough to ask the question; we need not vex ourselves in the search for an answer.

The two princesses, Marie Alexandrine and Elizabeth, are young ladies of such clear and distinct individuality as

is rarely found within the guarded limits of court life. They have had all possible advantages of education, and are unusually accomplished in languages and music, but each has none the less developed her own independent views of art and life. The Princess Marie surprised me one day by saying, "I have just read De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*; is it a correct account of your institutions?" I replied that it was the best representation of our political system ever made by a foreign writer. "But," she continued, "I am told by Americans that it is quite false; that everything has in reality changed and degenerated." "Were they native-born Americans, or German-Americans, who told you this?" I asked. As I suspected, they belonged to the latter class.

It was easy to explain that a temporary corruption in political practices does not affect the principles upon which a government is founded. The class of German-Americans to which I referred is one which has done us positive harm in Europe. It may not be numerous, but it is loud and active because such expressions are always welcome in reactionary circles, and thus seem to give a social prestige to the utterers. There are, unfortunately, too many external circumstances which may be given as confirmation; and an American who keeps unshaken faith in his republic and the integrity of its people cannot easily make the grounds of that faith intelligible to strangers.

One of my most interesting and valued acquaintances was a lady, who, nearly as old as the century, still retained all the freshness of intellect and sensibility of heart which have made her life beautiful. Related as she is to one whom Goethe selected as the type of one of his noted characters, the most prominent figure in her memory is the poet's. As a child, she regarded him as her stately fairy, coming with gifts and kindly words; as a girl, she loved him as the paternal friend to whom no unfavorable representations could make her disloyal; and as a woman she saw and enjoyed the serenity of his clos-

ing years. Her conversation abounded with pictures of the past, so simple yet of such assured outline that they were almost palpably visible to my own eyes, and many a light, accidental touch helped to make clearer the one central form. Out of many incidents, each unimportant in itself, a quality of character may become gradually manifest, and to this end my studies were directed. Through the memories of those who had intimately known Goethe, I caught a multitude of reflected gleams of his own nature; but I cannot repeat them as detached fragments without going too far beyond the scope of this article.

Both the grandsons of the poet were absent during the greater part of my first stay in Weimar. Late in the autumn, the younger — Baron Wolfgang von Goethe — returned, and took up his residence in the old mansion on the present Goethe-Platz formerly called the Frauenplan. I first met him there, one dark November evening. For the first time I entered the door, upon the outside of which I had gazed so longingly, at intervals of time, during twenty years. A hall, paved with stone, turns to the right as you enter, leading to the foot of the long, gently-sloping staircase, which Goethe ordered built after his return from Italy. At the foot of the steps, on a pedestal running across the end of the hall, are copies of antique statues, including a faun and a hound; at the top there is a good cast of the beautiful group of San Ildefonso, Death and Immortality. Here the word "SALVE," painted on the floor, indicates the entrance to the rooms where Goethe received visitors, now, with all their relics and treasures, inaccessible to the public. The whole of the first story, in fact, is at present unused, except for the purpose of preservation; the family occupies only the upper floor, under the roof.

The old servant conducted me along a narrow passage at the rear of the house, to the foot of a spiral staircase. I now saw that there was a rear building, invisible from the street, and separated from the front by a small court-yard. At

the time it was built, the house must have been unusually spacious. The staircase led to the upper floor, the rooms on which are small and not very conveniently disposed: during Goethe's life they were appropriated to the many guests who enjoyed his hospitality.

Wolfgang von Goethe met me in the anteroom and led the way to his own apartment, looking upon the square. As he sat opposite to me, with the lamp-light falling strongly upon his face, I could not help turning from him to Stiebler's portrait of Goethe (painted in 1828) which hung upon the wall. Except the chin and lower lip, which have a different character in the grandson, I found a striking and very unexpected resemblance. There were the same large, clear, lambent eyes, the same high arched forehead, and strong, slightly aquiline nose. The younger Wolfgang is also a poet, whose talents would have received better recognition had he borne any other name. His poem of *Erlinde* is fantastically imaginative, it may be said; yet it contains passages of genuine creative power and beauty. It never could become popular, for it is a poem for poets: the author writes with an utter forgetfulness of the audience of his day. He was born, and grew up, in an atmosphere which isolated him from the rapid changes in taste and thought and speculation that have come upon the world since his grandfather's death; and now, he and his elder brother are constantly censured, in Germany, simply because they are not other than they naturally and inevitably are. The possession of an illustrious name is certainly a great glory, but it may also become an almost intolerable burden.

The room was filled with souvenirs or suggestions of Goethe. There were some of his drawings; pictures by his friends, Hackert and Tischbein; a portrait of his son, August, and another of the beloved daughter-in-law, Ottilie, who died only a year before my visit. She and her sons were brought nearer by their kindness, in former years, to the one nearest to me; and this blending of half-personal relations with the

task I bore in my mind, and the flashing revelations of the master's face and voice in the face and voice I saw and heard, made my visit an overpowering mixture of reality and illusion, which I can hardly yet separate in memory. The conversation was long and, to me, intensely interesting. Many circumstances, which I need not now particularize, made my object appear difficult of attainment; but I was met with a frankness which I can best acknowledge by silence.

Some days afterwards, I called on a sunny morning, and Herr von Goethe accompanied me through the court-yard and a passage under the rear building into the old garden, which was Goethe's favorite resort in fine weather. A high wall divides it from the narrow street beyond, and later houses shut out the view of the park which it once commanded. But the garden-ground is spacious, secluded, and apparently unchanged in all its principal features. Two main alleys, edged with box, cross in the centre; there is an old summer-house in one of the farther corners; ivy and rose-trees grow at their own wild will, here and there, and the broad beds, open to the sun, show a curious mixture of weeds, vegetables, and flowering plants. Directly overlooking the garden are the windows of Goethe's library and study, and there is the little door of the private staircase by which he descended to take the air and watch the metamorphoses of plants. The shutters were closed: the whole aspect of the building was forlorn and dilapidated, in keeping with the lawless growths of the garden. A cold light, an imagined rather than real warmth, fell from the low Northern sun, and the frost was hoar upon leaves in shady corners. We walked up and down the central alley for a long time, but I cannot remember that much was said by either.

My last visit to Weimar found the elder grandson, Walter von Goethe, at home, and the younger absent. The brothers never act, even in the slightest matters, without consultation, and my hope of seeing the closed halls and

chambers in the Goethe-house depended on the consent of both. Fortunately, the question had been discussed between them in the mean time, and I was most kindly and cordially received by Walter von Goethe. His inheritance of genius manifests itself in a passion for musical studies, and those who know him intimately assert that a sufficient necessity might have made him a successful composer. He is a short, slender, graceful man of fifty-five, with dark hair and eyes, and a strong likeness to his mother and her family. In a day or two my request was granted, and a time fixed for its fulfillment, as the keys of the rooms are kept by a daughter of Schuchart, Goethe's last secretary. It had been a long time, my friends in Weimar informed me, since any strangers had been allowed access to the rooms.

On a bright June morning I once more ascended the broad staircase, and was met at the word *Salve* by my host, who opened the door beyond it. The apartments consist of an anteroom and a large *salon*, occupying the greater part of the first story. It was really a museum of art which I entered, crowded with cabinets, cases, busts, and pictures. Many of the objects have their own separate histories, and, as illustrations of phases of Goethe's life or passages from his works, cannot be spared. There is still, for instance, the picture which he bought in Frankfort, as a boy, the selection being allowed to him by his father, as a test of his natural taste: there are illustrations of his Italian journey by his companions, Tischbein and Kniep; Meyer's copy of the Aldobrandini marriage fresco, and many other objects well known to all students of his works. Whatever interest attracted Goethe, though only temporarily, was made the subject of illustration: he collected specimens from far and near, in order to possess himself of all its features, and thus fix its place in the realms of art or knowledge.

In the large room there is a small but superb collection of Majolica ware, another of antique gems, another of drawings by the old masters, and another of

coins and medals. A careful examination of these treasures would require many hours, and I was obliged to be content with a rapid general inspection, leaving scores of drawers unopened, although my host kindly offered to gratify any special curiosity. But on all things the stamp of the large tastes, the universal interests of the master remained; as a creative man, no form of the creative faculty in man was indifferent, or even trivial, to him. His grand personality lingered in the rich, untenanted rooms; and when Walter von Goethe, turning to some refreshments which had been placed in the anteroom, took a glass of wine and bade me welcome in his grandfather's name, I could not help saying, "Pardon me if I seem to be *his* guest, even more than yours!"

In the right wing, connecting the front with the rear portion of the house, Goethe's collection of mineralogical and geological specimens is preserved. A noted geologist, who examined it during his life-time, informed me that it contained only the rarest and choicest articles; but from lack of scientific knowledge I had no desire to open the venerable cases. Beyond this wing, we first enter the library, a narrow room, crowded with books. There are probably from three to five thousand volumes, nearly every one of which appears to have been well used. All the rooms in the rear building overlook the garden; though small and low, they are full of sun, and few noises of the town reach them.

To enter Goethe's study was almost like an intrusion upon some undying privacy which he has left behind him. Nothing in it has been changed since he went forth. The windows were open; there was a vase of spring flowers on the secretary's table; one side of the room was clear of furniture, so that the poet might walk up and down, as he dictated; his coffee-cup and spoon stood upon a little stand; a wicker-basket held his handkerchief, and the high desk beside the window, where he frequently wrote standing, waited with his inkstand, pen, and some sheets of the large, coarse foolscap he preferred. On this desk I

also recognized a little statuette of Napoleon, in bluish glass, which Eckermann brought from Switzerland, and which Goethe prized as an illustration of his own *Farbenlehre*. The chairs and tables are of the plain, substantial character of the last century; there is neither carpet nor rug on the floor, neither picture nor ornament to be seen; a Bohemian's garret could hardly be so bare and simple.

A door on the eastern side of the study stood half open. I looked inquiringly at

my host; he nodded silently, and I entered. It was a cell, rather than a room, lighted by one little window, and barely wide enough for the narrowest of German box-beds. The faded counterpane was spread over the pillow, and beside the head of the bed stood an old arm-chair with a hard footstool before it. Sitting there, in the same spot, with the counterpane over his knees, the March daylight grew faint to Goethe's eyes, and with the words, "More light!" this world passed away from him.

Bayard Taylor.

"OLD CAMBRIDGE."

AT THE DINNER IN MEMORIAL HALL, JULY 3, 1875.

AND can it be you've found a place
 Within this consecrated space,
 Which makes so fine a show,
 For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?
 And is it really so?
 Who wants an old, receipted bill?
 Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?
 Who digs last year's potato-hill?
 That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth
 Save this dear home that gave him birth
 Some scores of years ago,
 He had not come to spoil your mirth
 And chill your festive glow;
 But round his baby-nest he strays,
 With tearful eye the scene surveys,
 His heart unchanged by changing days;
 That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim
 Live o'er the buried past with him,
 And see the roses blow
 When white-haired men were Joe and Jim,
 Untouched by winter's snow?
 Or roll the years back one by one,
 As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
 And see the century just begun?
 That's what he'd like to know!

I came but as the swallow dips,
 Just touching with her feather-tips
 The shining wave below,
 To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips,
 And listen to the flow
 Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene, —
 To tread once more my native green,
 To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
 That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared
 (We all are sitting "unprepared"
 Like culprits in a row,
 Whose heads are down, whose necks are bared
 To wait the headsman's blow),
 I'd like to shift my task to you,
 By asking just a thing or two
 About the good old times I knew:
 Here's what I want to know:

The yellow meet'n'-house — can you tell
 Just where it stood before it fell
 Prey of the levelling foe? —
 Our dear old temple, loved so well,
 By ruthless hands laid low.
 Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew?
 Whose hair was braided in a queue?
 (For there were pig-tails not a few) —
 That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang?
 And how the seats would slam and bang?
 The viol and its bow?
 The basso's trump before he sang?
 And sweet-voiced Nat. Munroe?
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat?
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat?
 That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
 That stood beside the murdered tree?
 Whose dog to church would go?
 Old Marcus Reemie, who was he?
 Who were the brothers Snow?
 Does not your memory slightly fail
 About that great September gale
 Whereof one told a moving tale? —
 As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town
 Say just where Deacon William Brown
 (Look round in yonder row)

For honest silver counted down
His groceries would bestow? —
For those were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went, —
No hybrid like the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know;

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
And fourpence ha'pennies in between,
All metal fit to show,
Instead of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe.
How sad to think such stuff should be
Our Wendell's cure-all remedy, —
Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
The one you all must know!

I question — but you answer not —
Dear me! and have I quite forgot
How five score years ago,
Just on this very blessed spot,
The summer leaves below,
Before his homespun ranks arrayed,
In green New England's elm-bough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know!

O George the Third! you found it true
Our George was more than double you,
For nature made him so.
Not much a jewelled cap can do
If brains are scant and slow.
Ah, not like that his laurel crown
Whose presence gilded with renown
Our brave old Academic town,
As all her children know!

To-day we meet with loud acclaim
To tell mankind that here he came,
With hearts that throb and glow;
Ours is a portion of his fame,
Our trumpets needs must blow!
On yonder hill the Lion fell,
But here was chipped the Eagle's shell, —
That little hatchet did it well,
We mean the world shall know!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. TENNYSON in his new drama separates himself from nearly all the things that we had always associated with him. Except for two songs, there is hardly a Tennysonian passage in the play; the moods are unhabitual; the diction is strange; in movement and structure the verse is unlike the verse of the *Idyls* and *The Princess*, and all the other blank verse of the laureate. The difference of this drama is an unexpected difference in every way. One would have thought, for example, that the latest tendency of a poet who had made art so much and so beautiful in his poetry, would be toward classic perfection in dramatic form; but this play is arch-Elizabethan in the looseness of its structure, its capricious changes of scene, its vast spaces of time and place. It is, in fact, not a poem, not a tragedy, but a tragic history, like the great histories of Shakespeare. But here its friends had better leave all comparison of it with Shakespeare's plays; for neither in character, nor in dramatic situation, nor in poeticalness will it bear the comparison. For all this, we think it is good: by the mercy of Heaven it is not necessary to be so great as Shakespeare in order to be good. Indeed, it may be that in the one matter of the sweetness of the song which Elizabeth, walking in her prison-garden, overhears the milkmaid sing, it is equal to Shakespeare; but if it is not, then surely no one of our time else has written so glad and simple and arch a song:

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kinecups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kissed me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;

¹ *Queen Mary*. A Drama. By ALFRED TENNYSON.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

Here is music without notes; the words sing themselves; that line,

"And you came and kissed me milking the cow,"

with all its tinkling *k's* — an oriole might have dropped it from his golden throat. It is about the only sound of cheer in the gloomy history that tells of the sorrows and crimes of Bloody Mary; and after it in beauty come those most tender, most touching passages, in which it is related how Lady Jane Grey died: —

BAGENHALL.

Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchman; yet so meek, so modest
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She feared it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmanned — no, nor outwom-
aned —

Seventeen — a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equaled such a bud.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemned to die for treason;
She had but followed the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her through the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei —
But all in English, mark you: rose again,
And, when the headsmen prayed to be forgiven,
Said, "You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly;" then all wept but she,
Who changed not color when she saw the block,
But asked him, child-like, "Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling — "Where
is it?"

Where is it?" — You must fancy that which fol-
lowed,
If you have heart to do it!

There is little else that one can separate from the context and feel the force of; and we must refer the reader to the play itself for proof of our right or wrong in judging it. If it has any unity, any strong, central spring, we have not found it, but have been obliged to content ourselves with its interest as it shifted from scene to scene, often of not much relevancy to the whole, or relation to each other. Mary's coldly requited, pitiable love for Philip of Spain, her deluded hopes of offspring, her sincere, inflexible bigotry, her jealousy of Elizabeth, are historical traits which we cannot see that the poet adds much to; and something like this may be said of most of the other historical persons. He surrounds them with the passions of all the nameless English people of their time, but we do not find that such forms of Elizabethan parlance as the characters use help the verisimilitude much; the effect is literary, rather; it is in regarding these events and men of the past with the conflicting human feelings which are of all times, ours as much as theirs, that the poet is a poet. Now and then there is a hearty burst of English prejudice or generosity, love or hate, that is fine, and all the truer for being in English that is as much Victoria's as Elizabeth's.

Perhaps the present heat in men's minds in Europe, regarding the pretensions of the Roman Church, supplies something of that "fire" to this history which the ocean telegraph told us the London Times found in it; and perhaps it would be well if we could kindle it from the same source. If we cannot, such of us as love the liberties never wholly safe from those pretensions can still be glad that he who is for so many reasons the first voice in Christendom has spoken as he has at this time. He makes us hear again how the great Cranmer, humbled before his triumphant enemies in his recantation, died triumphant over their implacable cruelty by renouncing that recantation; and the last words of the history are an echo of the useful fear which, in spite of the fall of the temporal power and the advance of civilization, still lurks in men's hearts:—

Bagenhall. . . . The papacy is no more.

Paget (aside). Are we so sure of that?

The history ends with Elizabeth's coronation after Mary's death; but the part that Elizabeth has in the play is very subordinate. Her character is accepted from the popular love; and even her person.

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She is to be good Queen Bess, beautiful as good; and not the despotic, silly, immoral, plain old coquette we know from Mr. Motley's pages. It was her greatest good fortune that she succeeded her sister; and under her England was at least saved to religious liberty.

Many weighty facts are supposed to occur, but we see few or none of them; we hear of them from eye-witnesses—eloquent, to be sure, but all the same standing between us and the thing itself. We hear of Wyatt being taken, of Lady Jane Grey put to death, of Cranmer burnt; it is only the minor scenes that the poet can enable us to look on directly, and in this he shows his want of dramatic genius. Not so, not by this veiled and diluted report, would Shakespeare, would the least of his contemporaries, have made things known to us; we should have seen them, heard them, turned hot and cold before them by the evidence of our own senses.

Of course so perfect a master of his art as Mr. Tennyson intends the roughness and unfinish of certain verses; but we do not see what the work gains by these, or by the broken verses Elizabethanly scattered through it; perhaps they may give a greater colloquial ease; but he is a poet who can ill spare his technical perfections. His dramatic experiment cannot be considered successful in a dramatic, or high poetical sense. Of poetry, indeed, whether we mean the poetry of fancy expressing itself in eloquent metaphor, or the poetry of imagination resulting from an impassioned conception of character or situation, there is very little; but it is all extremely interesting history, and it has that sort of poetry which is proper to the historical romance—a novel of Scott's or Manzoni's.

—In spite of its shortcomings we have read with interest and pleasure Miss Larcum's *Idyl of Work*.¹ To be sure the pleasure was alloyed at every moment by the thought of how great an opportunity had been missed; for it happens to very few poets to have personally known so poetic and uncommon a phase of life as that which Miss Larcum has to do with. It is that curious life of the first manufacturing towns of New England, in their early days, when the mill-girls were the daughters, not of operatives, but of farmers and well-to-do mechanics: they had many of them taught school, they were rarely without some culture or

¹ *An Idyl of Work.* By LUCY LARCUM. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

love of reading, they brought at least the grace of home-nurtured girlhood to their toil, and they beautified it by aspirations which to our shame and sorrow we have almost come to think are above work, or incompatible with it. These girls astonished our English visitors and critics by their æsthetic interpretation of the common curse; to the great amazement of travelers who knew the vicious and stupid operative class of the Old World, they even published a literary journal of their own writing. We have never seen any numbers of this periodical, and we suppose perhaps it was not the highest literature; and no doubt the life of these ambitious mill-girls had its droll little vulgarities; but after all, what a truly idyllic episode it was, in the hard history of work! Here is an odd glimpse of one of its phases, some others of which Miss Larcom does well to paint in all their sordidness:—

Then Eleanor: "I wish there were no rule
Against our reading in the mills. Sometimes
A line of poetry is such a lift
From the monotonous clatter."

"To the praise

Of mill-girls be the need of such a rule,"
Said Miriam Willoughby. "Far be the time
When no one shall have reason to forbid
Fruit now desired. And yet I wonder much
How you could be obedient."

Esther smiled:

"We are not; we rebel; at least, evade.
Few girls but keep some volume hid away
For stealthy reading. Some tear out the leaves
Of an old Bible, and so get the whole;
For books, not leaves, are tabooed. Others paste
The window-sills with poem, story, sketch:
No one objects to papering bare walls.
I have a memory-book well filled so. There's
The minstrel of the Merrimack, who sings
For freedom, and is every toiler's friend:
He walks our streets sometimes, and we all know
His Yankee Girl, Angel of Patience, too.
There's Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, *Death of the Flowers*,
Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, likewise his *Song of the Shirt*,

With Shelley's *Skylark*, Coleridge's *Mont Blanc*.
These, and more waifs of lovely verse, I've learned
Between my window and my shuttle's flight.
As well forbid us Yankee girls to breathe
As read; we cannot help it."

The story of the poem is scarcely anything at all: mostly the sayings and goings and comings of four young girls, whose characters are not forcibly distinguished and whose adventures—except in the case of one who is almost led astray by a young man of a well-known type of fashion and selfishness—amount to very little. The value of it all is in its faithfulness to the life it depicts—faithfulness to the daily commonplaceness as well as the higher motives of that life; and the charm is in the

sincerity with which it is treated. It is in fact approached with a good deal of boldness, and handled with perhaps as great simplicity as we could expect of any but the greatest poet in treating the conditions of modern life, which seem to embarrass the minor sort as sorely as the costume of our period does the sculptor of it. Miss Larcom, also, has succeeded in keeping the girlish atmosphere and sentiment perfectly—her people's virtues, faults, hopes, despairs, plans, joys, sorrows, and affectations, strike one as all true girlish, and move one to a compassionate sympathy with girlhood struggling to keep life pretty and nice and even noble in circumstances so adverse. In this way we think her poem is a work of higher artistic effect than she supposes; for in her modest and prepossessing preface she is careful to warn us against expectation of great artistic achievement. It is a pity that having the choice to do so, she did not attempt something more decided and dramatic than she has done; she could have grouped all the characteristic facts of this sketch around the persons of a real story, and there is now distance enough between our time and that she describes to allow of whatever liberties romance needed to take with reality. It would have needed to take so very few.

The following passage will give a notion of the Wordsworthian courage with which Miss Larcom paints the scene of her idyl:—

For the room
Showed legibly its inmates' daily life.
Isabel's couch, a sofa-bedstead, worn
And faded, stood against the whitewashed wall,
The birds-of-paradise upon its chintz
Dim-plumaged; and—perhaps by accident—
A red shawl, flung across the sofa's arm,
Concealed its shabbiness. Above it hung
A colored wood-cut, of an arch-faced girl
Crossing a brook, barefooted, with a smirk
Of half-coquettish fear. Near Esther's bed
Raphael's *Madonna* from an oval gazed,
The Virgin with her Child alone, engraved
In some old German town, a relic left
From Eleanor's home. The bookshelf swung between

Two simple prints,—the *Cotter's Saturday Night*
And the *Last Supper*, dear to Esther's heart,
Though scarce true to Da Vinci. On the shelves
Maria Edgeworth's *Helen* leaned against
Thomas à Kempis. Bunyan's *Holy War*
And *Pilgrim's Progress* stood up stiff between
Locke on the *Understanding* and the *Songs*
Of Robert Burns. The *Voices of the Night*,
Bridal of Pennacook, *Paradise Lost*,
With Irving's *Sketch-Book*, *Ivanhoe*, *Watts's Hymns*,

Mingled in democratic neighborhood.
Upon a small, white-napkin'd table lay
Three Bibles, by themselves,—one almost new
The others showing usage. Little need

To say the unworn one was Isabel's,
Who boasted it her only property
That was not worse for wear.

The same sincerity which appears here is seen throughout, and there is a tender yet hearty liking for nature which gives us fresh, unfurnished landscapes, and outlooks from the mill-life into the hills where one of the girls has her home, and where the others visit her. There are also some common stories of love and disappointment which are made to appeal to us as directly as matters of that kind in real life. In fact, though the poem is shapeless, and as we said almost storyless, it is as we likewise said interesting and pleasant, and one may well give a summer evening to it. Of course it is sad; but it is brave, and that is as good as gay. How can one be merry when there are so many missing links to find? It is not so easy to suggest by quotation the sense of beauty as the sense of truth, which the reader will not fail to find in the poem, and for which we must send him to it. There are several lyrical passages scattered through the story, of which those of a ballad character are the best.

—Mr. William Morris's poetry has always, we will confess it, been a somewhat perplexing affair to us, and this new reprint of some old poems of his only increases our besetting doubt whether it is quite worth while to do the things he does so well. From first to last in him there is a sort of prepossession to return to former mental conditions and feelings; and to read his poems is like looking through a modern house equipped with Eastlake furniture, adorned with tiles, and painted in the Pompeian style, or hung with Mr. Morris's own admirable wall-papers: it is all very pretty indeed; charming; but it is consciously mediæval, consciously Greek, and it is so well aware of its quaintness, that on the whole one would rather not live in it. Then, is Mr. Morris's poetry a kind of decorative, household art? Not quite; but it suggests that. For example, the first four poems in this little book,¹ *The Defence of Guenevere*, *King Arthur's Tomb*, *Sir Galahad*, and *The Chapel in Lyonesse*, are the sort of thing that one would like to have painted on large, movable screens. As it is, they are rather painted than written, and might perhaps serve the desired purpose of decoration if pasted on the screens. They are doubtless true enough to the fabulous Ar-

¹ *The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. (Reprinted without Alteration

thur-world which it is so pleasant to muse upon; but in *Sir Harpdon's End* we have a literary daylight that is more easy to be in, and a resemblance to mediæval feelings, ideas, and traits that once actually were. He is a French knight in the English service just after the time of the invading Edwards, and having cut off the ears of his cousin, he is taken by the French and hanged, and the squire of a French knight who tries to save him is sent to tell his lady; and then "one sings from the outside" something all in Italics. This Italic song had to come in, of course. The rest is very hardly realistic, and the situation is boldly painted, and the compliments that passed between the cousins are set down in good round, relishing terms. There is character in the piece; not much drama; and we take it there is truth. So there is in *The Haystack in the Floods*; which is a butcherly, dreadfully vivid episode, leaving the nerves on edge. But there seems to be less time lost, and fewer words wasted in expressing the mediæval "situation" in the short poem called *Shameful Death*. The good Lord Hugh is hung by Sir John of the Fen, who takes him by stealth and treachery. The brother of Lord Hugh, who cuts the cord from his neck, speaks:—

"I am three score years and ten
And my hair is all turned gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen,
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away."

No misgivings here; no twinges of remorse; no uncleanly scruples; in all the years that have passed, this good soul has been perfectly clear and happy about it! If this is modern, it seems still a wonderfully good conception of things and men as they were. So, too, even in the vagueness of the Arthurian poems, the poet now and then strikes a note that in its great simplicity rings out full and distinct from all the wandering music, as where Guenevere, speaking of her sin with Lancelot, says:—

"Unless you pardon, what shall I do, Lord,
But go to hell? and there see day by day
Foul deed on deed, hear foulest word on word,
Forever and ever such as on the way

"To Camelot I heard once from a churl,
That curled me up upon my jennet's neck
With bitter shame; how then, Lord, should I curl
For ages and for ages?"

It took courage to use the word *curl*, here; from the Edition of 1858.) London: Ellis and White. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

it is almost funny; it is also inexpressibly pathetic, and beyond all other possible phrases true to the sense of the shame lamented.

— Among the numerous publications, good, bad, and indifferent, which the great Centennial called forth, the Bunker Hill Memorial¹ is incomparably the best. It has a clear and neatly written account of the battle by Mr. J. M. Bugbee, and a poem by Dr. Holmes which has now probably been printed a million times throughout the country (allowing for the newspaper publication), and has been seen by a large majority of the reading-and-writing population of the Union. It is therefore rather late to commend it to the public attention, but not too late to recognize it as one of the finest poems, if not the very finest, written by its author. He has, we believe, done nothing else so full of character and drama as this gallant story, which he puts into the mouth of the grandmother who saw the battle from the belfry, and who tells the story of it to her grandchildren. It is indeed a most fortunate blending of qualities, of a fiery enthusiasm that kindles the reader's blood, of a sly sense of the humorlessness of the characters sketched, and of a graphic imagination that sets the successive phases of the scene visibly before us. The old lady who fancies that the uproar is caused by "those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more," the wooden-legged corporal who "would sometimes swear and tittle," and his surrounding of anxious and wildly excited fellow-watchers from the steeple, plucking at him with hand and tongue, —

"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? ARE they beaten?"

are the *genre* elements of a very heroic picture. There are lines in the poem which glow upon the sense like veritable sweeps of color: —

"In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks
on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-
fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward, blushed like
blood along their tracks,"

and other verses in which the dreadfulness of the strife is audible, as, —

"Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum,"

¹ *Memorial. Bunker Hill.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

² *The History of our Country, from its Discovery by Columbus to the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of its Declaration of Independence, etc.*

while the details, the propriety of time and place, are wrought with exquisite felicity. It is a splendid addition to our literature, not to be surpassed in its way; and we know no better way, on the whole.

— Mrs. Richardson has dedicated her *History of our Country*² to her two boys, and she has told it them with a simple clearness which will address itself advantageously to the whole large and growing class of young people ignorant of American history, and to very many of their elders. In some ways it seems to us quite an ideal achievement. While it tells of the great adventures and wars with that generous warmth and color which are their due, it distinctly traces the course of political events, and treats interestingly of the achievements of peace — the inventions, the development of the new territories, the discovery of the Western gold and silver mines, the growth of our wonderful cities. Mrs. Richardson has so presented characteristic events that in running over her book one has a fresh impression of the romance of our past; yet she does not labor to produce any such impression. She takes no freedom with events equivalent to that sort of suppression and transposition of facts which in painting is called "composition," but she has felt the poetry of her material, and she contrives to make her reader feel it by easy, sincere, and generally unaffected narration. Now and then she makes the mistake of dragging into her well-behaved diction some phrase of doubtful taste, caught from our slang-poisoned vernacular, and here and there we are sorry to see that she has trouble with the preterites of such difficult verbs as *lie* and *plead*. But these are very small matters, which need not affect the pleasure of her reader, and which cannot go far to corrupt his diction; generally the style is good American-English — the only kind of English that Americans can be expected to write "like natives."

The history is in two parts, the first of which has to do with the country from the time of the discovery to that of our independence. The early Spanish, French, and English voyagers and adventurers contribute their picturesqueness and romance, and the ever-fascinating names of Narvaez, De Soto, Cabot, Ribault, Raleigh, Smith,

By ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON. Profusely Illustrated. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.; New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1875.

Cartier, illuminate the page, which must be dull indeed when their names will not communicate from it a thrill of enthusiasm and pride in us who inherit their continent. Then come in their order the stories of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements, Roger Williams in Rhode Island, the Dutch at New York, the Catholics in Maryland, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Indian wars, the Salem witchcraft, the wars with the French colonies, the great Revolution. Throughout there is diligent effort to present the social as well as political aspect of the country, and this intention is not sacrificed to the natural delight of reporting battles, which, so long as men fight them, will be interesting to read and write of.

The second half of the history covers ground not yet gone over so often, but of less varied interest; yet Mrs. Richardson has not failed to seize the important facts and present them in an admirably interesting and significant way. The first administrations, with their peaceful and warlike enterprises, the growth of pioneering and the explorations of the West, the reduction of the Algerine pirates, Burr's duel and trial for treason, the invention of the steamboat, are some of the principal matters that bring the story down to the opening of the war of 1812, a struggle which is clearly treated as to its provocation and the position of parties concerning it, and vividly painted as to its glorious triumphs on sea and land. After that the era of internal improvements and of banks began; the stormy period of nullification followed, and the antagonism between freedom and slavery took form. Mrs. Richardson makes very attractive the annals of the antislavery movement, and places its martyrdoms and sacrifices on record among the heroic events of our history. William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, and Abraham Lincoln, each a different expression of the national conscience against a national wrong, are here considered in what seems to us a just relation and proportion, with a temper that need not offend the least of those who have not yet risen to a conception of their grandeur. The story of the War of the Secession is patriotically told, with fervor, and with the distinctness of narration characteristic of the whole history.

The work is by no means free from blemishes, and undoubtedly it is not the "last word" to young people on the subject; but in scope, in fullness, in right intention,

and in interesting management, it is quite the best history of its sort which has been produced.

The mechanical execution of the volume marks a great advance in the style of subscription-book publications. The paper is good, the letter-press of Riverside excellence, and the illustrations mostly agreeable and suggestive pictures, and not caricatures of the proposed subjects.

— Whatever place may be assigned to our civil war among the great wars of modern times, it cannot be disputed that it was a struggle of great intensity, of great cost in blood and treasure, and most important in its consequences. Moreover, it was altogether our own war; nothing like it has ever been waged upon this continent, and thus many circumstances combine to make it a study of extreme interest to every patriotic and thoughtful American. Without undertaking to express an opinion as to which was the most splendid of "its sudden making of splendid names," it is safe to say that General Sherman will always be mentioned among its first three soldiers. The war raised him to the rank of general, it ended only ten years ago, he has written his memoirs,¹ they are published, and he is alive. If anything were needed to add to the interest natural to such a publication, it would be found in the fact that, almost as much as by his victories, he has attracted the attention of the American people by his letters and speeches. His book is such as our knowledge of him prepared us to expect, and it is a treat. It is impossible, within our present limits, to discuss the campaigns which it describes, or to do much more than give some description of its contents. He begins by addressing himself gracefully to "his comrades in arms, volunteers and regulars," and states distinctly that "what is now offered is not designed as a history of the war, . . . but merely his recollection of events, corrected by a reference to his own memoranda," and then he introduces himself to his readers as a lieutenant of artillery, stationed in South Carolina, in 1846, and goes straight on with his story from that point. His style is characteristic of the man. It makes no pretensions to grace, finish, or dignity, other than the dignity of simplicity. It is absolutely free from rhetorical ornament, and it does not hesitate to be colloquial in

¹ *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman.* By Himself. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

the extreme, but it is admirable in its clearness and directness. It may not be good English, but it is excellent American. The book is always interesting, and the style may be described as rapid. He abounds in anecdotes, well told, and often humorous, and sometimes he paints a picture in a few phrases, as when he sketches his last view of Atlanta and the battle-fields around it: no account of the Grand Review has given a better idea of it than his few simple words: "For six hours and a half that strong tread of the Army of the West resounded along Pennsylvania Avenue." If it be added that he never in a single instance yields to the temptation to be sentimental, enough has been said about the manner of the book.

A third of the first volume is devoted to the author's experiences in California, New York, Kansas, and Louisiana, before the outbreak of the war, and it is as agreeable reading as any part of the work, but of course it wants the special interest of what follows, and therefore we leave it without further remark than that it comprises an account of the gold-fever, and that it shows that Sherman displayed early the same qualities that gained for him fame and success in later days and on broader fields. To tell what those qualities were requires a liberal use of adjectives. Those who have read his letters, still more those who have heard him speak, and most of all those who have met him and talked with him in the freedom of unrestrained private conversation, will not be surprised if terms of praise are used freely. We believe him to be a singularly clear-sighted, foreseeing, firm, plucky, determined, prompt, sensible, wise man, full of energy, snap, and self-reliance, reasonably modest, as candid and fair as so vehement a character can be expected to be, plain-spoken in the extreme, thoroughly manly, and intensely wide-awake and natural. A very eminent man lately said in our hearing that he thought no one else between the two oceans could have written the book, and he was sure no one else would. We doubt the justice of this remark. It is true that Sherman blames with great freedom, and that his blame falls freely upon the living, but there is not a trace of malice in the book, so far as we can see, and he never goes out of his way to find fault, and never, or very rarely, imputes unworthy motives for the actions which he disapproves. It is true that his wrath is hot and fresh against Mr. Stanton, and that Mr. Stanton is dead, but the action of "the great

war secretary" against him was public and official, and the right of indignant protest seems to us to be one which is not taken away by the death of the aggressor. So far as our own knowledge goes, there never was a useful, patriotic public servant who was at the same time a more unscrupulous and intolerable tyrant than Mr. Stanton. Time may dull the edge of this feeling, or show it to be incorrect, but if it has not yet done so for one who never smarted under his injustice, it is no wonder that it has not done so for the great soldier who was the most conspicuous sufferer. If the history of our civil war is ever thoroughly written, there will be a painful chapter in it about the intense jealousies of the soldiers warping the action of some of the men who claimed to be and no doubt thought they were true patriots. The question whether the best public man in civil life can, in view of the ambition for power or place or both which is apt to inspire them, be a loyal and zealous supporter of those who conduct military operations, is one which cannot be answered by a sweeping and unqualified affirmative. It may be well to remark in this connection that however Sherman burned with the sense of wrongs done him, he never suffered his indignation to interfere with his action. Early in his career, when he had suffered acutely from the cruel and unfounded imputation of insanity, had outlived the first effects of this injury and risen to high command, and then had been superseded by the intriguing McClelland, we see him exerting himself successfully to induce Porter to waive his prejudice against McClelland. At the close of the war, when, after he had gained all his great successes, he received the sharpest and most unmerited provocation from Mr. Stanton, it does not appear that he allowed his conduct as a soldier to be affected by his feelings.

To come down to particulars about the matter of praise and blame, he gives Halleck liberal credit for his energy at St. Louis in the winter of 1861-62, and ascribes to him the plan of campaign which resulted in the brilliant captures of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, but, on the other hand, he says that his "measures to capture General Johnston's army . . . simply excited my contempt for a judgment such as he was supposed to possess." It is fair to say that this strong language is applied to some orders issued by Halleck in what seems to have been unnecessarily close

sympathy with Stanton's most insulting action, and that it was not the first instance in which Halleck showed a disposition to be arrogantly despotic. It is hard to forget his dispatch of March 4, 1862, to General Grant, after he had captured the two forts: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?" The whirligig of time brings its revenges, and it matters little now what orders the forgotten Halleck sent to Grant or published in regard to Sherman, but there does not seem any very good reason why Sherman, in describing the events of ten years ago, should not say how he then felt about them.

We like nothing in the book so little as the treatment of Thomas. He is praised as "nobly fulfilling his promise to ruin Hood," and as gaining "the brilliant victory at Nashville," and that is about all, while there are frequent references to his slowness and the dissatisfaction which it caused. Without undertaking to criticise the blame, we think it safe and right to criticise the praise. Thomas, in our opinion, gained the most brilliant victory of the war, not unlike in kind and equal in degree to Marlborough's exploit at Ramillies. The success was complete and perfect, not only on the field, but afterwards, for from that day Hood's army substantially ceased to exist. General Sherman's services and successes were very great, but it never fell to his lot to even approach Thomas's success in battle, and his praise of his coadjutor might well have been more cordial.

It is needless to say that he has only praise for Grant, and he speaks in high terms of Dahlgren, and Hazen, and rather well of Kilpatrick; while of Lincoln he says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." He finds fault with Fremont, Buell, McClelland, Halleck, Rosecrans, Burnside, Hooker, and Butler, expressing different degrees of disapprobation of the character or conduct of all. He uses few harsh epithets, and seldom, as we have already remarked, imputes unworthy motives; but the officers we have named, and some of less note, would find certain portions of the book unpleasant reading.

There are some things not in the book, the absence of which is agreeable. In the first place, it is understood that General

Sherman is a Catholic, and much surrounded by Catholics. There is not a word in the memoirs to indicate his religion, except the passing mention of his placing a little girl of his in a convent. He is a regular, and a graduate of West Point, and yet he never says a word about regulars and volunteers at which a volunteer could take exception. More than that, his recognition of the merits of the volunteer officers is full and cordial, while he sets no bounds to his praises of his volunteer troops. Indeed, if he had called the Army of the West, as General Hooker called the Army of the Potomac, "the finest army on this planet," it would have been the equivalent of the language he actually uses: "It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence." Again, he is distinctively, by birth, education, and preference, a Western man, and yet he says nothing in disparagement of the Eastern armies and their performances.

Our present impression is that Sherman is a most able man, an accomplished strategist, and a great soldier; but we doubt whether he is a very good fighter or a skillful tactician. He was surprised at Shiloh, he failed at Haines's Bluff, he was not very successful at Chattanooga, he failed at Kenesaw, he was very roughly handled before Atlanta, he made a tactical failure at Bentonville, and, to go back to his *début*, he certainly did not put his troops in skillfully at Bull Run. It was a curious coincidence, though not in the least his fault, that he was absent from his lines at the surrender of Vicksburg and of Savannah. He seems to be admirable in planning, but not quite so good in execution. He has been a fortunate soldier, but he has won his success fairly. He owes it to his admirable sense, and to his unfaltering determination. His march to the sea has added greatly to his fame, and yet the merit of that lay mainly in the conception. He says himself that his infantry columns met no opposition whatever, and that he never was forced, in all his march through Georgia, to use anything more than a skirmish line.

The free use he makes of his letters, orders, and reports gives a very great interest and value to his book. He is never dull, and he contrives to break up and enliven even the accounts of the movement of troops so that the attention never seriously flags. He had the great merit of seeing clearly and always that our war was war in

eardest, that it was a stubborn, terrible reality, that the whole Southern people was united against us, and that every energy must be bent to the one end of *conquering* the rebellion by force of arms. His letters to Southern generals have often an especial snap.

He was ready and glad to employ black men to aid the operations of our armies, but he scorned the action of Union States in filling their quotas with blacks collected and enlisted in the South. He thought every Northern man owed it to his country to help the good cause himself, and that "the enlistment of every black man did not strengthen the army, but took away one white man from the ranks."

His memoirs close with the great review in Washington, but he appends a concluding chapter on the military lessons of the war, which is full of knowledge, wisdom, and sound sense. His book is one which every true American ought to read, and one which no such man can read without pride and pleasure.

—It is always a trying moment when we are compelled to ask ourselves, concerning some well-known and long-cherished writer, whether at last we have taken the measure of his or her resources, and caught sight of the limits of a genius we should like to think limitless. The worst of such cases is, that an honestly unfavorable opinion is quite as likely as not to be lumped in with the easy verdict of depreciation which the gentle readers of this world are always ready to render on sudden trial, and so to be misconstrued. Nothing Mrs. Stowe may do can destroy our admiring estimate of the remarkable fictions which, after *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, have made her fame. The *Pearl of Orr's Island*, *The Minister's Wooing*, and the *Oldtown* books have done what it was difficult enough for any books to do; they have shown that the immense political and social power of her first novel was only the mask of a strength far more real and beautiful and, artistically, more enduring. Along with the painstaking exactness of representation of the earlier among these, there was a certain admirable carelessness. The authoress walked, as it were, with a divining-rod in hand, and while we strayed with her through the prosaic New England farm and village, it twitched, and lo, a fresh rill of fancy bubbled up from the unsuspected and familiar ground. Nowadays, there is

the divining-rod still, but it has lost its witchery. The change seems to have come, partly at least, through the transference of Mrs. Stowe's interests to a new field, where the purpose of her stories (always a praiseworthy one) is somewhat befogged by the vulgarity of the persons. It is that peculiar kind of American life characterized by what the authoress calls, in remarkable phrase, "undress intimacy," that seems to have attracted her, to her great detriment and our own exceeding loss. The way in which the parties to *We and Our Neighbors*¹ habitually address each other is quite intolerable when we consider that they profess to represent very good elements of our society. Worse than that, even, these literal-sounding reports of their talk are utterly uninteresting. We do not believe that the special phases which Mrs. Stowe has lately chosen to treat are entirely unsusceptible of art; but they clearly do not offer material to equal her earlier successes. *We and Our Neighbors* is a sequel to *My Wife and I*, and is stamped with the same unpleasant mannerism which had infected that book. The plot of this one is not much more distinct, and indeed it seems to have very little excuse for being, beyond the demand of a very large public who will doubtless accept this last labor with entire satisfaction. The story opens up good opportunities once or twice, but all the situations are so baldly treated, and with so little communicative fire, that the volume closes without a single genuinely moving passage having been encountered. An assumption, however, is all along maintained, that the story is pitched in a high key of thought. The impulse, indeed, is high; but the expression and the results of the thinking are nowhere fine. "*We and Our Neighbors*, therefore," writes Mrs. Stowe in conclusion, "are ready to receive your congratulations." We honestly confess that we have none to give; and could it be done without arrogance, we should like to prove that our reluctance proceeds solely from too great a loyalty to what is best in the authoress's genius. The illustrations, it should be added, are vastly superior to those of the antecedent volume, being by Mr. Fredericks. We are sorry to see, however, that in the picture facing page 73 he has reproduced without acknowledgment a clever feminine figure by Du Maurier, the famous Punch draughtsman.

—Readers of Mr. Sage's article in this

¹ *We and Our Neighbors; or, Records of an Unfashionable Street.* (Sequel to *My Wife and I*.) By

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With Illustrations. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1875

number, should they feel the stir of sylvan adventure strongly enough to emulate him, will do well to arm themselves with Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s Guide to Maritime Canada.¹ We venture to say it will be found as indispensable as the onions Mr. Sage recommends. It supplies ample information as to the leasing of salmon rivers, which it is comforting to know are let to the highest bidder; but it does a great deal more than this. It is, in fact, the most interesting and various in its contents of the excellent series of guides issued by these publishers. More than ever, since the publication of Mr. Warner's Baddeck, people are waking up to the fact that in the region here treated of can be found the largest variety of scenery, manners, and historic association combined with cool weather, accessible to the summer-tourist, and Mr. Sweetser offers a convenient key to this new labyrinth of delights. He gives twenty-one days as the time requisite for a glimpse of southern New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the St. Lawrence, and the fares for this

tour amount to about forty dollars. The single tourist can thus get his month of complete recreation at a cost of not more than one hundred dollars. A vast amount of information as to side-trips and trips to Newfoundland and along the Labrador coast is compressed and intercalated between the points touched by this general tour; and travelers will find no difficulty, from the admirable clearness of the arrangement, in devising variations to suit themselves. The book is discreetly garnished with extracts from Longfellow, Parkman, Whittier, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, and Warner, which give one a new sense of the extrinsic value of the places visited, and render the volume as interesting as it is full of information. There are four maps and four plans accompanying it. The only fault we have to charge the former with is the conventional darkening of the water just off shore, which makes such murky work with the names of towns and points along the coast. The plans of towns are perfectly satisfactory.

ART.

THE reader of Mr. Hunt's little book,² or rather of the little book which has been made up of fragments of Mr. Hunt's conversations, would not get a very adequate notion of his instruction without a careful synthesis of a hundred different indications scattered through it here and there, or without many allowances for the momentary conditions that called out this or that reported saying. It is somewhat curious to see a man whose characteristic strength lies so much in the *ensemble* of his work represented in such a bit of unharmonized mosaic. But the book gives material from which the sympathetic reader should get a pretty vivid impression or picture of the artist's way of talking and working. It is full of pithy disconnected sayings, which separately are like Mr. Hunt's pictures, pointed statements each of some single impression, without qualification or detailed explanation, and hung together with as little connection as the artist's pict-

ures would be in a gallery. It is possible that the editor might so have classified and arranged the scraps of conversation as to weave out of them a connected if not a complete discourse, which should have presented a fair statement of the essence of Mr. Hunt's instruction; but in fact they seem to have been tumbled together very much as they were scraped from the backs of canvases and bits of paper on which they were first reported. Hence, though here and there a student may get valuable hints from them, they are likely to pass only as a collection of bright and stimulating sayings about art, to be looked at once or twice and laid aside like any table-talk. Only a few thoughtful and interested persons, we should think, will be at the pains to deduce Mr. Hunt's artistic code from hundreds of disconnected sayings addressed to various pupils at various times, to meet different momentary wants; and more than a few are likely to be offended or misled by the

¹ *The Maritime Provinces: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Chief Cities, Coasts, and Islands of the Maritime Provinces of Canada; also Newfoundland and the Labrador Coast.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

² *W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art.* Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1875.

paradoxes into which a brilliant and impulsive mind is apt to slip in the fervor of unpremeditated conversation.

The book, in fact, is of the familiar kind that suits the reading of those who have a personal sympathy with the artist himself or his works, and it is fair to assume that it is intended for them rather than for the general public. It is full of sparkling and epigrammatic sayings; it abounds in wise and conscientious precepts, or, if Mr. Hunt objects to the word conscientious, we will say, of precepts loyal to recognized principle. It gives the impression, as do Mr. Hunt's paintings, of a frank, fearless, single-minded artistic nature, with keen perceptions and great power of expression, mature study and convictions, and withal singularly free from egotistic assumption.

The publication of this little book and the exhibition of his pictures and sketches have brought on Mr. Hunt many criticisms. He has been roundly accused of carelessness in his work, and, with more reason, of being likely to encourage carelessness in others. But no one who is familiar with his work can well accuse him of doing carelessly those things which from his point of view it is desirable to do. Probably few of his critics have any conception of the intensity of effort with which an artist of Mr. Hunt's quality strikes for the things he wishes to express, even in his most rapid endeavors, or of the vital watchfulness with which his strokes are directed. Negligent he certainly is, and scornful at times of things which the mass of people look for in pictures, and even people instructed in art regard as important. To him, we should say, the first of qualities are singleness of impression and spontaneity of execution. To him the effect of a passing light on a tree is of more importance than the color of it; the depth and mystery of its foliage than the growth and spring of its branches; its exact "value" in the first impression of the scene is more than either. All detail which may divert attention from this first impression is to him an impertinence; all that does not directly help it is at least an unnecessary intrusion, to be put aside as far as possible. Hence the looker-on, untrained to such impressions as Mr. Hunt's, often thinks his pictures false and offensive because he misses the things that he is used to look for, and to more instructed persons whose theory of the relative importance of things does not agree with his, they seem imperfect or one-sided. Hence also

comes Mr. Hunt's jealousy of anything that impedes the quick expression of the painter's idea in its first freshness, his horror of the benumbing effect of laboring over secondary things, of fumbling about for the means of utterance while the thing to be uttered has time to escape; hence his reiterated protests to his scholars against "niggling," patching, scrutinizing, hesitating; hence, finally, the frank charm of his own work to those who can sympathize with it. Add to these things a hearty contempt for laborious aimlessness, for affectation and priggishness, and we have the key to many of his paradoxes.

The value of an impression depends on the mind that receives and transmits it; the preciousness of a first impression, upon the quickness, keenness, and instinctive preference of the beholder. The world could not afford to lose the first impressions of men of such quickened perceptions as Turner or Corôt, or of Mr. Hunt himself. But these instructions are given to fledgelings, and yet, as they stand, are urged as if intended for trained artists. In most pupils, we suppose, the first artistic impressions of any scene that lay before them would be of very little significance, would be likely in fact to miss the most important things, and thus very little good would come from dwelling much on them; whereas a careful study of the scene and all the elements of its effect would be likely to do much more in training their perceptions, though it might not produce a picture. And in the instruction of the majority of pupils the production of pictures is not the object to be aimed at. The value of the impression of a scene upon the trained artist results from his acquired mastery of all the elements of the scene, from the power of instant and involuntary selection which this mastery has developed in him. It ought in fairness to be said, and it would have been well to say it in the introductory note to the book, that the lessons in which these precepts were given were first intended, not as a full course of training for young painters, but to insist upon one part of a painter's work which Mr. Hunt considered to be unrecognized among amateurs in Boston,—the making of "pictures," that is, of paintings of which all the elements are carefully adjusted into one harmonious whole, with a single definite effect. It is evident, nevertheless, that in the course of the lessons the instructions took a wider range than this.

Mr. Hunt has done more perhaps than any other man in our generation to stir and direct aright the artistic impulse among Bostonians. But we should fear that without his restraining hand, of which we see mark enough in the book before us, many of his pupils and followers will be ready to content themselves with a confident crudity and incompleteness in their work. And worse, they may come, and we already see example of the tendency, to take his manner for his spirit and educate themselves into a narrow contempt for everything that is not done in Mr. Hunt's way. We have known a clever painter of his school, with the advantage of European training, who could find nothing interesting in the work of Fra Angelico, and we have heard far more extravagant things among his abler pupils.

It may often happen, too, that a painter, lost in an impetuous effort to present some one phase of truth or nature, and neglectful of others intimately associated with it, will set it forth with a naked and unsupported emphasis that is grotesque; and it seems to us that Mr. Hunt reaches this point at times in the landscape sketches which he exhibits. It is not strange if his followers, feeling no responsibility and therefore no anxiety for the issue of the paths into which they see him stray, should outrun him in this easy direction.

But Mr. Hunt himself is not wanting in catholicity, and it is clear that his teaching would correct many of the excesses to which his precepts may be strained. To one pupil at one time he complains of painstaking, correction, niggling; he praises Millet or Corôt; to another he says, "Make careful tracings from the old masters, especially Albert Dürer and Mantegna." At one time, "Do it in three minutes," at another, "That sketch is smart, but I don't like it. It was done too hurriedly. It shows too much ambition to do a thing quickly." Again he says, "Don't be careless for an instant," and again, "Snub your ideal. It costs trouble, but trouble is the artist's nature." In short, there is no sympathy in the book for easy negligence, but an intense sympathy with the freedom of spontaneous expression.

The discussion over Mr. Hunt's works in our daily papers has connected itself with other controversies concerning the different systems of art instruction in use among us. There is so much effort making in drawing schools and classes, both public and private,

that we hope the discussion will continue till a clear idea is reached of what we should aim at, and how we are to get to it. People need to be reminded that for most of them the object of learning to draw is not to make pictures or drawings, but to develop and train perceptions, to acquire clear ideas of form and relation, to recognize beauty in art and nature. Especially it helps them to distinguish vital from accidental qualities, dominant from subordinate. Some pupils will learn to make good drawings or clever bits of decoration, but for most this is entirely secondary.

The besetting fault of all the arts in our day, perhaps in every day, is the tendency to display and to admire the mere power of execution,—that is, to take the means of art for art itself. To resist this tendency, the pupils should be carefully instructed to work for what is characteristic and beautiful in their models, and to regard neatness of workmanship as strictly subservient to this end.

Here appears the weakness of the system of art-instruction in our public schools. In the first place, the books of copies prepared for them are very inferior. It is not that they are roughly executed, but the examples are for the most part poor and inartistic, and are rendered without feeling or refinement: some are conspicuously bad in drawing. Then in the mass of exhibited work of the pupils there is much laborious finish, but little evidence of thought or feeling, of effort to catch and render the essential character or beauty of the subject drawn. They bespeak the mechanical, not the artistic aim. We know that the statute provides for the teaching of mechanical and industrial drawing. But if this means anything worth paying for or working for, it means the instruction in drawing of mechanical and industrial people, to the end of improving their perceptions, and of infusing into such of their work as must or may take a decorative form a spirit of beauty and art. The mere teaching of mechanical drawing is to our mind an object unworthy of State interference. There is in the course of trade abundant opportunity of learning it for those who need it; it is a matter as purely mechanical as the use of the file or the lathe; and our present system of public education does not include the teaching of specialties.

Mr. Hunt and Mr. Ruskin, in their several ways, the one in a small field, the other in a large, have worked for just the

end we plead for, — the development of the artistic sense, against mechanical and technical display, — yet their methods and results differ outwardly as much from each other as both do from those of our public teaching. Both, through different channels, are exercising much influence on our community, and to most people, we imagine, their influences seem altogether antagonistic. Opposed they are, at many points, and widely separated at most. Mr. Ruskin's domain in practice is landscape and its elements, earth and vegetation, air and water. His system of drawing gives no place to the figure; this is its essential incompleteness, and it almost removes him from contact with the opposite school. The French system, represented among us by Mr. Hunt, is derived by tradition from figure painting, historical painting, so called. Now to the landscape painter no one scene is like another in its elements any more than in its whole effect. Not only is no one species of rock or tree like another, but every individual is characteristically unlike another, and such as each is at one time it is at another, without change. But of figures one is always essentially like another; the characteristic things in their case are momentary changes, which are constant and endless, — expressions, attitudes, movements, grouping. To these may be added effects of *chiaroscuro*, as accidental, or artificially controllable. Thus the landscape painter might naturally be predisposed to dwell on the permanent characteristics of his subjects, the figure painter on their accidental ones. The one cannot entirely ignore what to the other is principal, but he can give it a different place in his scheme. In our day interest in landscape is largely increased, has indeed become predominant. French painters have given it great attention, but they come to it strongly influenced by the habits and traditions of a well-established school of academic historical painters. Mr. Hunt paints landscape, but with the instincts and habits of a figure painter. It is curious, by the way, to notice the analogy of his work to Allston's in this respect, and to see how much their landscape has in common. The English painters, on the other hand, have put aside such academic traditions as they had, and have begun from the beginning. Given to a French painter some shapely masses of foliage, cloud, and rock, perhaps a few vigorously accented tree-stems and surface-lines of ground, and the

rest of his picture, the substance of it, in fact, will be made up of tones and values, of lights and darks, not too closely imitated from nature, but delicately balanced and combined in a single vivid impression. But to any school of naturalistic landscape painters, the essentials of tree or mountain will be the spring and dispersion of branches, the clinging or spreading of foliage, if it is near enough to be seen, — or the cliffs and ravines, the lift of ledges and climbing lines of vegetation, the flow of water-courses and fracture of rocks. No one, indeed, who knows Mr. Ruskin's writings, can accuse *him* of indifference to the larger aspects of nature; no one who knows his artistic work can fail to see his acute perception of general effect. But his followers and those artists who are in the public mind identified with him have not his range. The school that represents him is the school of special truth. Certainly the way of the French artists is the direct way to make pictures. The power of accomplishing this is the one valuable legacy of the older art-tradition. The predecessors of Turner inherited and preserved it. The Englishmen who have succeeded him have in some cases lost their grasp of wide relations, and this has brought on them the scorn of those who study to make pictures. Nevertheless, Dürer knew nothing of "values," and little of *chiaroscuro* in the sense in which it has been used, say since Correggio's time, — as a skillful arrangement of lights and darks throughout a picture: he scarcely painted "pictures" as we now talk of them; yet his work has not lost its eminence. The Japanese know nothing of values or *chiaroscuro*, they do not paint pictures, but their art commands the admiration of those who do. The pre-Raphaelites have been lost in the study of specific character; hence their short-comings. The French extremists have pleased themselves with coördination and subordination, ignoring vital characteristics: hence their one-sidedness.

The perfect landscape painter, whom we and our readers shall hardly live to see, will be he who shall give us to enjoy without let or hindrance the primary impression, the grand aspect of his scene, and then gently lead us to notice, as we should in the scene itself, if we could stay to watch it, the recorded character and action of every member of it, and how each in its place preserves its own life and still something of its own mystery, while it bends to the great influence that molds the whole.

MUSIC.

THE selections from Wagner's writings, translated by Edward L. Burlingame, and collected in a volume under the title of *Art-Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*,¹ meet a want that has long been felt by our music-loving public, and which has most unaccountably remained unsupplied until now. What we have known about Wagner, with the exception of some few of his compositions, we have known simply by hearsay. As Mr. Burlingame says in his preface, "It is safe to say that only a small minority of those who have taken a keen interest in the new school know of even the existence of the nine stout octavo volumes of 'collected works,' which entitle Wagner to the name of its first literary and philosophical expositor, as he is otherwise entitled to that of its first composer." And we may add that of the small minority who know of these "collected works," an almost infinitesimal portion are in a condition to read them to any purpose, on account of the author's wondrously involved and complex style. The matter itself in Wagner's theoretical writings is no light dose to the average understanding. He is indeed a man of extraordinarily subtle intellect; his propositions turn upon exceedingly delicate hinges, and unless the reader follows him carefully, step by step, total misconception of his meaning is too liable to be the result. He is, moreover, a man of very unusual intellectual grasp; his mind deals with the most complex and subtle material with the greatest ease; he has every smallest detail of his subject at his fingers' ends, and often when the perplexed reader is straining every nerve to keep his mental equilibrium in the midst of an argument, Wagner, in the fullness of his enthusiasm for his subject, will launch forth into metaphor upon metaphor, until his arguments are clothed in a perfect glow of poetical color. Like many men gifted with great clearness of mental vision, he takes the same quality for granted in his reader, and seems often to forget that what is perfectly clear to him may not be so to other people. Add to this that for intrinsic difficulty and involved phraseology his style seeks its fellow even in Germany, and we

have abundant reasons for his works being little known in America. But this unfamiliarity with Wagner's writings is much to be lamented, and we see the evil effects of it every day. The astounding theories of art that have been and still are constantly ascribed to Wagner by many of our musical critics would probably make the poet-composer stare, if he were to see them. But if the difficulties that Wagner's style places in the way of the general reader are great, the obstacles that it places in the path of the translator are frightful to contemplate. We have ourselves, in unguarded moments, tried to put passages from his writings into intelligible English, much, we fear, to the dismay of our readers. When we think of what Mr. Burlingame has done, it really makes our flesh creep. He seems to have fully appreciated the difficulty of his task. He says:—

"Without asking any undue indulgence for the translations here given, justice to Herr Wagner himself makes it necessary to say something of the very unusual difficulties in the way of rendering his style satisfactorily into English, or into satisfactory English—the reader may interpret the phrase in whichever way he will. No explanation of these difficulties will be needed by any one who has ever read any of the original German; but to any one who has not, I can perhaps best explain the hardness of the labor by asking him to imagine such an undertaking as the endeavor to render Carlyle's English into French; a task which does not seem to me, as I look back over my work, to present a greatly exaggerated comparison. Indeed, as far as the mere use of language is concerned, Wagner's style has not a few characteristics of Carlyle's. The absolute independence with which he coins words is one of these; and he indulges to the full in that inexhaustible resource of the German metaphysician, that immense length of sentence which does not hinder the intelligibility of his own language, but works much ruin if we endeavor to transfer it into our own. The very nature of his subject compels the coining of words and even phrases; L. BURLINGAME. New York: Henry Holt & Co 1876.

¹ *Art-Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*. Selected from his Writings and translated by EDWARD

the purely metaphysical character of much of it often renders almost necessary the length and intricacy of his clauses; but behind this, the chief difficulty in rendering his writings is a certain diffuseness of style, the result of his being essentially a poet and an artist, rather than one accustomed to express himself in exact and careful prose. He constantly acknowledges this in his essays, expressing his dislike for critical and speculative writing; but his translator is forced to refer to it also; and while I have no wish to escape from any judgment of my work, I feel justified in believing that some passages which may appear too diffuse and vague are only unchanged representatives of similar parts in the original, passages where Wagner forgets the expositor, in a moment's dreaming over ideals that need no explanation for himself."

The problem of *translating* Wagner into English is, in fact, almost an insoluble one. There are only two alternatives. Either the *sense* of the original must be put into good, easily flowing English, or the very risky attempt must be made to paraphrase Wagner's style in some as yet undiscovered idiom, that shall have something in common with what is usually known as English, inasmuch as it is composed of English words. Mr. Burlingame has chosen the former, safer alternative, and has succeeded far better than we should have considered possible. Indeed, in reading his book, it is only our familiarity with the original that reminds us of the fact that we are reading a translation at all. The selections made are most judicious; we had almost said that this book was the first judicious thing that has been done about Wagner, either musically or literarily, in this country. It is really an introduction to Wagner, beginning at the right end. All that it is absolutely indispensable for the intelligent music-lover to know about Wagner's theories is contained in the two chapters, *The Music of the Future*, and *The Purpose of the Opera*. The other chapters in the book are interesting either from their connection with some of the author's more familiar dramatic compositions, or from the light they throw upon passages in his life. *Der Freischütz* in Paris, especially the second part of it, entitled *Le Freischütz*, a Report to Germany, is an excellent example of Wagner's caustic humor, and of the pitiless use he makes of sarcasm in musical criticism. Wagner's wit is very grim, though often irresistibly funny. It is direct and unsparing, like Swift's. It has little

of the easy grace and lightness of touch that we find in Berlioz, who is after all the prince of musical humorists. But if Wagner's wit is less subtle than Berlioz's, it is often more laughter-provoking, and hits its mark with a more hearty good-will. Take, for instance, the following, from *Le Freischütz*, in which he descants upon the failure of the work at the Grand Opera:—

"The Parisians in general are wont to look upon the performances of the Grand Opera as fairly faultless; for they know of no establishment where they can see an opera better given. And so they could not be of any other opinion than that they had also seen the *Freischütz* perfectly well performed, and certainly better than they could have seen it at any of the theatres of Germany. Everything which seemed to them tedious and foolish about the *Freischütz*, they were therefore not disposed to attribute to the faults of the performer, but at once adopted the conviction that what might be a masterpiece for Germans was for *them* mere twaddle. The remembrance of Robin des Bois¹ confirmed them in this belief; for this rearrangement of *Der Freischütz* had made, as I had already sufficiently explained, an unheard-of success: and since this honor was not conferred upon the original also, the universal impression was naturally that the rearrangement must be infinitely better. And in truth, it did have the advantage that M. Berlioz's terribly long recitative did not counteract the effect of the airs from Weber; and besides, the author of Robin des Bois had been so fortunate as to introduce Logic into the proceedings of his drama

"There is something very extraordinary about this logic. As the French have arranged their language according to its strictest rules, they demand that these rules must be respected in all that is spoken in that language. I have heard Frenchmen who were otherwise greatly pleased with the performance of the *Freischütz*, who nevertheless came back to this one point of objection—*there was nothing logical in it*. Now it had never occurred to me in my life to make logical researches into the *Freischütz*, and I therefore asked precisely what one was to understand by the term in this case? I learned that the number of the magic bullets gave special offense to the logical natures of the Frenchmen. Why

¹ Robin des Bois was what Berlioz calls "an infamous pasticcio" upon the *Freischütz*, made by M. Castil-Blaze and brought out at the Odéon.

—they said — *seven* bullets? Why this unheard-of luxury? Were not *three* enough? three is a number that can be easily looked after and used, under all circumstances. How is it possible to bring about the sensible employment of seven bullets in one short act? There ought to be at least five entire acts, to give the proper opportunity for solving this problem correctly, and even then one would encounter the difficulty of disposing of several bullets in one act. For in truth it is no joke — that appeared evident — to have to do with such magic bullets; and how opposed it is to all common-sense, to imagine that two hunters could so thoughtlessly and without reason mold *six* such bullets on some fine morning — knowing, too, as they must have done, that there was something uncanny about the seventh!

“A similar opinion was expressed, with undisguised dissatisfaction, about the catastrophe of the piece. ‘How was it possible,’ they said, ‘that a shot aimed at a dove could apparently kill a maiden and really put to death a worthless hunter? We grant that there is a possibility of a shot’s missing a dove and killing a human being, — such accidents unfortunately occasionally occur; but how a bride and all those who are present could imagine for five full minutes that they too were hit, that surpasses all belief! Besides, this shot is wanting in all dramatic probability. How much more logical it would be if the young hunter, in despair at missing his shot, should shoot himself through the head with the last bullet! The bride rushes toward him and tries to seize the pistol from his hand; it goes off during the struggle, the bullet flies past the hunter — thanks to the efforts of the bride — and shoots down the godless comrade, placed in a direct range behind him! There *would* be some logic in that!’”

It is true that Wagner does not always confine himself to irony when he has to do with anything that displeases him. In fact, he is rather famous for the skill and directness with which he can apply the lash when he chooses. Take the following quotation from *The Music of the Future*, in which he pays his respects to Italian opera: —

“I find in the frequent and shrill demands of our superficial musical *dilettanti* for ‘Melody, melody!’ a confirmation of the belief that they derive their idea of melody from musical works in which, besides the melody, complete lack of melody occurs, — which makes what they think me-

ludious appear so precious. In Italy, an audience assembled at the opera, which occupied its evening with amusement. To this entertainment there belonged music, sung upon the stage, music which was listened to from time to time during the pauses of the conversation; during the conversation and the constant exchange of visits between the boxes the music continued, fulfilling the same function for which music is introduced at great dinners, — that is, to encourage by its noise the otherwise timid chat to become louder and more lively. Such music as is played for this purpose fills out the great bulk of Italian opera; whereas, that which is really listened to makes up perhaps a twelfth part of it. An Italian opera must have at least one air that people like to listen to; if it is to succeed, there must be something to interrupt the conversation and be heard with interest at least six times; and the composer that can draw the attention of the audience a full dozen times to his music is celebrated as an inexhaustible musical genius. And what shall we think would become of such an audience if, suddenly finding itself in the presence of a work which demands a like attention through its whole duration and for all its parts, it should see itself torn from all its ordinary customs at musical performances? And if it could not possibly identify with its beloved ‘melody’ that which in its most successful presentation could only pass for an improvement of that musical noise which, in its simpler application, only made agreeable conversation easier, while it now forces itself forward with the pretension that it really must be listened to? Such an audience would call for its six or twelve melodies again, that it might gain opportunity and protection, in the intervals, for its conversation, which is after all the chief object of an opera-evening.

“In truth, what from a singular narrowness is looked upon as richness, must needs appear to the more cultured mind as very poverty. The loud demands that are based upon this error may be pardoned in the public at large, but not in the art-critic.”

Wagner, like many other composers, has a very sincere and, we will own, a very proper contempt for that hapless anomaly, the art-critic, and is never loath to having a gentle fling at him when he finds a chance. As for instance when he says, —

“What the true artist most desires to find is the ingenuousness of pure human

sympathy; he fails to meet with this among our theatre-going public; then he is forced to seek for help from the side of the cultured artistic intellect — he must engage the mediation of criticism. The disgust I soon conceived of the public at length forced me into this needy attitude towards criticism; and it was precisely here, where I even sought it, and therefore could not reject it, that I came to fully understand the nature of our modern criticism, and now was forced to engage almost alone in opposition to it.

“What I have since published concerning art does not constitute, as many have supposed, an appeal to popular opinion, but in these writings I turned from the modern public, which I had to give up as a senseless, heartless mass, and set my face against criticism, *i. e.*, against uncritical, false criticism, that criticism which is guided neither by sympathy nor by correct understanding; which rests simply on the ignorance of the masses, which lives by this ignorance, and even favors it from motives of self-interest. I say I set my face against this kind of criticism; I did not appeal to it. For the thought even of giving it a true direction can never occur to any one who has already been obliged to abandon his hopes of the public. The public is, at least, not willful in its perverseness, whereas criticism is of set purpose and radically perverse. Still I ever made my appeal, as was unavoidable in literary compositions, only to criticism, that is, to the new criticism of right reason; in other words, the understanding, which never for a moment deserts its constant support, right feeling. Thus I did not appeal to the critical routine of the old method, which was quite divorced from feeling — a method based on the same perversion of feeling and the same stupidity which is seen in the public. My appeal was to the enlightened judgment of those cultured minds which, like my own, are as ill-con-

tent with the modern public as with the criticism of the present day.”

Of the value of the volume there can be no two opinions. However various the opinions may be about the truth or falsehood of Wagner's musical theories, all agree that he is one of the leading writers on æsthetics of our time, and we can only rejoice that he comes before the American public in so very readable a shape. We congratulate Mr. Burlingame upon having in a great measure avoided those distressing mistakes in musical terminology that have defaced every English translation from the German or French (not excepting theoretical works) that we have yet seen. Another comparatively small matter is also worth mentioning. It is a great comfort to see *clarinet* spelt without an *o*! We feel personally grateful to any one who will help hunt all clarionets and violincellos from our much-suffering earth.

— Sarah Tytler's *Musical Composers and their Works*¹ is a concise and readable enough compendium of the principal facts in the lives of most of the noteworthy composers from Dunstable, Palestrina, and Orlando Gibbons, down to the present day. The author depends for her facts, and indeed for many of her ideas, upon well-known authorities, and there neither is, nor pretends to be, much original matter in the book. It will no doubt be found useful as a school-book, and is better than anything we know of in so concise a shape.

— In sheet-music we notice *First Loss*,² by Kulling, as an uncommonly good song for a high voice. The *Echo*,³ by the same composer, is commonplace at best, but gains much by the way the accompaniment is put upon the piano-forte.

— Max Mueller's *Tuberose*⁴ is pleasing and well written, though perhaps a thought too psalm-tune-like; a quality which the flowing accompaniment does not quite counteract.

¹ *Musical Composers and their Works*. For the Use of Schools and Students in Music. By SARAH TYTLER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² *First Loss*. Words by GOETHE; English translation by AUER FORESTIER; music by F. A. KULLING, Op. 33. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

³ *The Echo*. Song. Words by E. V. W.; music by F. A. KULLING, Op. 37. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

⁴ *Tuberose*. Song. Words by EDMUND F. OSBORNE; music by MAX MUELLER. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.